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SPORTING

IN BOTH HEMISPHERES.

1870

1870







# SPORTING

## IN BOTH HEMISPHERES.

BY J. D'EWES, ESQ.,  
AUTHOR OF "CHINA, AUSTRALIA, AND THE ISLANDS OF  
THE PACIFIC."

"HIC ET UBIQUE."

*SECOND EDITION.*

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1858.

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# NOTES

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TO  
MY OLD FRIEND,  
JAMES DEARDEN, ESQ.  
OF ROCHDALE MANOR,

These Pages  
ARE DEDICATED.

J. D.





## PREFACE.

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THE Author of the following pages feels it necessary to apologize to the reader for the very discursive, and, in some respects, disconnected character of the little work he offers to his perusal, which, indeed, is merely a simple, yet faithful record of many scenes and adventures that have formed some of the "sunny spots" in his long and varied career through life's wilderness.

He does not aspire to the character of either a first-rate sportsman or close observer, but gives his own views and impressions on the different subjects contained in this narrative, satisfied, at least as far as he is concerned, with having realized the school-boy prophecy—" *Forsitan hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*"

Although the earlier scenes must be traced through a long vista of intervening years, some of them may be interesting, particularly at this moment, to the general reader, and to those who well remember the quiet and happy security with which we enjoyed our sports and pastimes in the East; and even should the Author meet that critical severity he doubtless deserves, he feels convinced of sympathy from his brethren of the rivers, woods, and fields.

Whilst recording these few souvenirs of former days, the news has lately arrived of the fearful mutinies and their attendant atrocities that have taken place in India; and every former resident in that country, who has not gradually watched the progress of events, must have been struck with surprise and astonishment to find that a Sepoy army, hitherto so well disciplined, obedient, and in almost every respect excellent soldiers, could have been capable of the enormities they have been, after so many years of quiet and apparent content, with very few exceptions.

The mutiny at Vellore was certainly a proof of what their passions might be roused to upon any infraction of what they considered the dignity of their caste, or the ceremonials attendant upon it, with regard to dress, *coiffure*, &c.; and a very similar circumstance occurred in one of the Nizam's cavalry regiments a short time before my arrival in India, when a Captain Davis, commanding, and several other officers were murdered by their own troopers on the parade-ground at Hydrabad.

Since the period when I resided in India the military and civil educations of the Company's servants have been much better regulated than formerly, when any boy with interest of some sort or other could obtain a cadetship, with no previous military knowledge or examination, and perhaps not much education of any kind. He arrived in India, and if not possessed with much zeal for the service, the simple learning of his drill from a native sergeant was, and remained, the extent of his acquirements in a military capacity. He gradually picked up a little Hindostanee by

rote; perhaps engaged a "moonshee;" and, after some years, was able to converse a little with his own soldiers in their native tongue. Regiments, with their full complement of companies, were not half officered, and most of the companies were commanded by lieutenants, the captains being absent on some staff-appointments away from their corps. The native officers, in fact, did all the substantial work of the regiment, with the exception of the European quartermaster and paymaster (John Company's hard bargains having little else to do than spend their time in the manner I have mentioned in a succeeding chapter), and could have had no very exalted idea of our military zeal or general morality. One circumstance, it is true, tended greatly to conciliate the Sepoy troops. The religious ceremonies of both Hindoos and Mahometans were treated with the greatest respect, and every facility and leave granted for their performance. An officer would have been cashiered for insulting their creed in any way, and no attempt at proselytism, at least that I ever saw, took place at Jaulnah. That religious fanaticism, fostered by a native press, is one of the chief, if not the only cause of the present outbreak, there can be no reasonable doubt. It is the only point upon which all castes and opinions will rally together, as each sect hates each other, but would combine for this one grand object. Imprudent missionary attempts at conversion amongst the higher castes may also have conduced much to inflame their minds; at all events, it has given us a pretty good lesson—and which may be eventually beneficial—never again to trust the higher castes as soldiers; and, as we must have a native army, to a

certain extent select the lower ones, or even those inhabitants, such as the pariahs, &c., who have no caste at all. Let every regiment possess its full complement of officers, and let them do their duty, and let a certain knowledge of the native languages be an indispensable condition to promotion and preferment.

J. D.



# CONTENTS.

---

## CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
EARLY REMINISCENCES . . . . .	1

## CHAPTER II.

VOYAGE TO INDIA—MADEIRA—TENERIFFE—CAPE OF GOOD HOPE— ARRIVAL AT MADRAS . . . . .	11
---	----

## CHAPTER III.

MADRAS—WALLAJABAD—CHOLERA—HIGH LIVING—SNIPE SHOOTING— SNAKES—CONJIVERAM—MONKEYS AND PEAFOWL—VELLORE— MARCH TO JAULNAH—ADVENTURE WITH A TIGRESS—BEJAPORE— HYENA—ARRIVAL AT JAULNAH . . . . .	22
--	----

## CHAPTER IV.

JAULNAH—CAPTAIN SHERIFF—SHOOTING—FOX-HUNTING—ANECDOTE OF A WILD HOG—PHANSIGARS, OR THUGS—A SUTTEE—ANECDOTE OF AN ELEPHANT—LOSS OF MY HORSE—A TAME CHETAH! . . .	43
---	----

## CHAPTER V.

PAGE

AURUNGABAD—MAUSOLEUM OF RABEA DOORANEY—TANKS AND GARDENS—DANCING GIRLS—DOWLATABAD—THE CAVES OF ELLORA—SHOOTING AT ELLORA—RETURN TO JAULNAH . . . . .	64
--	----

## CHAPTER VI.

DEPARTURE FROM JAULNAH—THE DECCAN—MARHATTA VILLAGES—AHMEDNUGGUR—POONAH—HOG-HUNTING—ANECDOTE OF A BHEEL—ARRIVAL AT BOMBAY . . . . .	84
--	----

## CHAPTER VII.

BOMBAY—A PSEUDO ARAB—A REAL ARAB—PARSEES—RETURN TO ENGLAND . . . . .	94
--	----

## CHAPTER VIII.

STAG-HUNTING NEAR PARIS . . . . .	106
-----------------------------------	-----

## CHAPTER IX.

THE FOREST OF MARLY—ANECDOTES OF BOAR SHOOTING—THE POACHER—ANECDOTES OF CHARLES X. . . . .	115
--	-----

## CHAPTER X.

A CHASSE IN THE "PETITS ENVIRONS" . . . . .	134
---	-----

## CHAPTER XI.

ST. CLOUD—ANECDOTES OF CHARLES X. . . . .	145
---	-----

CHAPTER XII.

	PAGE
CHARLES X.—LAST CHASSE AT RAMBOUILLET—THE 26TH JULY, 1830	154

CHAPTER XIII.

WILD-FOWL SHOOTING NEAR THE BOIS DE LA TRAPPE—THE CURÉ OF FRIAIZE . . . . .	180
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

SHOOTING IN SPAIN, NEAR SEVILLE . . . . .	189
---	-----

CHAPTER XV.

BRITTANY—THE DEPARTMENT OF THE FINISTERRE—QUIMPERLE— SHOOTING—TROUT AND SALMON FISHING—MY FIRST SALMON— ENCOUNTER WITH A BRETON—SEA-FISHING AT THE ISLES DES GLENANS—DRUIDICAL REMAINS—DEPARTURE . . . . .	200
---	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

HUY—TROUT-FISHING—ANECDOTES OF THE LATE EDWARD A——, ESQ. —SHOOTING AT HUY—MONS. MASSON—ROMANÉE . . . . .	219
---	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

OFFENBURG—DUCHY OF BADEN—M. VOELKER'S CHASSE—BADEN AND THE MURGTHAL—THE KINZIGTHAL—RHEIN BISCHOFFSHEIM— BARON SELDERNECK—CAPERVAILZIE SHOOTING—ENORMOUS QUAN- TITIES OF GAME—WOODCOCKS . . . . .	233
---	-----

## CHAPTER XVIII.

	PAGE
A DAY'S SHOOTING NEAR BOPPART . . . . .	250

## CHAPTER XIX.

TROUT-FISHING AT BRUKENAU, IN BAVARIA . . . . .	262
---	-----

## CHAPTER XX.

DEER-SHOOTING IN HUNGARY—THE CHATEAU OF MARIENTHAL . .	269
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE CHASSE IN PRUSSIA, 1845 AND 1846 . . . . .	279
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXII.

GUINEA-FOWL SHOOTING IN THE ISLAND OF BRAVA, CAPE DE VERD ISLANDS, 1853 . . . . .	313
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXIII.

PORT PHILIP—MELBOURNE—ANECDOTES OF NEW ARRIVALS—OLD SPORTSMAN—SHOOTING IN THE DANDENONG RANGES—SNIPE— BLACK SWAN—LYRE-BIRDS—FISHING—DEPARTURE FOR BALLARAT —RIDE TO BALLARAT—THE DIGGINGS—ANECDOTES OF MURDER— BUSH-FIRES—GAME BIRDS AND ANIMALS OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD —FOREST SCENERY—CRESWICK'S CREEK—LALLAL—WILD TURKEY— SHOOTING AT CHEPSTOW—A SQUATTER . . . . .	322
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXIV.

SYDNEY AND ITS ENVIRONS—A DRIVE TO BATHURST AND THE TURON DIGGINGS . . . . .	363
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXV.

PAGE

NEW ZEALAND—PORT OF AUCKLAND—COLE'S INN—WILD PIGEON- SHOOTING—CURLEW AND DOTTEREL SHOOTING—DEPARTURE . .	372
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXVI.

CHINA—SHANGHAI—SNIPE AND OTHER SHOOTING—EXCURSION TO THE TAI-HOU, OR GREAT LAKE—PHEASANT-SHOOTING—CORMORANT- FISHING—SOU-CHEOU-FOU—TAI-HOU, OR GREAT LAKE—ISLANDS AND SCENERY—SHANGHAI RACES—DEPARTURE FROM CHINA . .	378
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# SPORTING IN BOTH HEMISPHERES.

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## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY REMINISCENCES.

PREMISING that I trace a direct descent by my mother's side (a Beresford of Ashbourne), from that jovial angler, but rather imprudent financier, Charles Cotton,\* whose history and cypher are so beautifully blended with that of the immortal Isaac Walton, it is not surprising that I should have inherited, at an early age, some of the peculiarities of my ancestor ; and when I add that the greater part of my

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\* Charles Cotton, son of Charles Cotton, of Ovingden, in Sussex, and where his wife, daughter of Sir John Stanhope, of Elvaston, in the county of Derby, by Olive, his first wife, daughter and heir of Edward Beresford, of Beresford, in Staffordshire (Mrs. Cotton was heiress to her mother, and by her the estate of Beresford came to Charles Cotton), was born the 28th day of April, 1630, at Ovingden, where, having received such rudiments of education as qualified him for the University, he was sent to Cambridge, and had for his tutor Ralph Rawson, who had been ejected from his fellowship of Brazen-nose by the Parliament visitors in 1648. This person he has gracefully celebrated in a translation of an ode of Johannes Secundus.

Oldys says that, in 1656, Cotton then being in his twenty-sixth year, and before any patrimony had descended to him, or he had any means of supporting a family, he married a distant relation, Isabella, daughter of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, of Owthorp, in the county of Nottingham, Knt. The difficulties that might have arisen from this imprudence were averted by the death of his father in 1658, an event which put him in possession of the family estate, which seems, however, to have been considerably encumbered. It, indeed, excites no wonder that struggling with law-suits

youthful days was spent on the banks of the Dove, it would have been wonderful indeed if I had escaped its piscatory temptations in the first instance, and had not sympathised with all its romantic and poetical associations at a later period of life. Such, indeed, was the case. I believe nature intended me for a bad poet and a good fisherman, and I seconded her impulses by every means in my power, and particularly by neglecting more useful tasks for an indulgence in this enchanting pursuit, dating from catching my first minnow with a crooked pin, to landing my first salmon with a single gut. Indeed, the first objects of interest that my memory recurs to, were connected with the finny tribe, and an ardent admiration for the professors of the gentle art, whose positions in the social scale were of indifference to me, provided they possessed the science of inveigling the inhabitants of the waters.

This unconquerable attachment to the society of characters,

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and the growing difficulties of a family, we find him turning author by profession, and acquiring considerable credit, particularly by his translations, although, perhaps, with but little emolument.

Angling having long been Cotton's favourite recreation, we cannot but suppose that the congenial attachment for the same pursuit, so pre-eminently displayed by Walton in his *Complete Angler*, excited in the former a desire to become acquainted with the author. Certain it is that before 1676 they were united by the closest ties of friendship. Walton, as also his son, were frequent visitors to Cotton at Beresford, whose residence was singularly advantageous for ripening such friendship, being situated near the Dove, then the finest trout stream in the kingdom; and Cotton, no less for their accommodation than his own, erected a fishing-house on its banks, with a stone in the front thereof, containing a cypher, which, incorporating the initials of their names, has blended them in an indissoluble tie, which entitles them to respect for ever.

These circumstances, and the formal adoption by Walton of Cotton for his son, were probably the inducements with the latter to the writing a second part of the *Complete Angler*, and therein to explain more fully the art of angling, either with a natural or artificial fly, as also the various methods of making the latter.—*Life of Walton*, by T. Zouch, D.D. 1823.

such as S——y, the Ashbourne barber, famous for his skill as a fly-fisher and a fly-maker, and little F——t, the quack-doctor of W——e, who was equally noted for great depth and research in all the arcana of bottom fishing, was the source of much misunderstanding between my pastors and masters and myself.

The early part of my life, or rather that portion of it which dated from the first development of my moral perceptions to the assumption of the important position of a Rugbeian—in fact, an interim of some four years between the ages of six and ten—was chiefly spent between the banks of the Dove and those of the Avon, two rivers, each possessing highly picturesque beauties, but of widely different character. The former rapid, clear, buoyant, and gay, now flowing through some rocky gorge, where a separate peak rises in solitary majesty, and the current, angry at being confined, rushes with mad impetuosity onwards towards open meadows, fringed with alders and willows, through which, as the morning sun beams on the broad and silvery stream, many a glorious trout and grayling may be observed glancing and leaping on its surface. The latter quiet and sluggish, winding “the easy tenor of its way” through verdant meadows and flat alluvial soil, its sedgy banks the hiding-place of many a colossal pike, and its deep and quiet holes frequented by gigantic perch. Amongst other denizens of its waters, I must not omit to mention the bream, which coarse, but often large fish, not only afforded much exercise for my early piscatory skill, but frequent opportunities of accompanying my friend the quack-doctor to a celebrated hole on the river, where, at “early dawn,” we were pretty sure to capture several large specimens of this genus. This locality was always designated by the latter as the “*Brem ole*,” and was the scene of many a practical joke, played off by me as a mischievous boy, on little F——t. A more enthusiastic

fisherman (of the worm and gentle species) never lived ; but he aspired to higher things, and lived, I believe, to arrive at the height of his ambition—viz., the possession of a cottage on the banks of a *trout stream*.

My intimacy with this village Esculapius was much impeded by a female cousin of mine, who occupied the position of Lady Bountiful at my father's house, and who physicked the villagers *con amore*, in opposition to the doctor's paid professional services. Each had the most supreme contempt and dislike for the other. The latter, however, possessed a far and wide reputation for his cures of dropsy in its worst stage, by an old receipt that he had managed to obtain (rather surreptitiously) from a farmer's wife in the neighbourhood, and so celebrated had he become for this "specialité," that upon one occasion he was actually sent for into Oxfordshire, to attend the Countess of M—— for this disorder. The specific, however, unfortunately failed, but the doctor consoled her friends and himself by the observation, "I can cure my Leddy of the dropsy, but I can't gie her a new liver."

My cousin used all the influence she could with my father to break off my bands of intimacy with her adversary, who sported a broad-brimmed hat (*à la* Abernethy), and laughed at Miss ——'s prescriptions and administrations; but our sympathies, or rather my own obstinate attachment, were too strong to be disunited by the utmost efforts of our opponent, and the first blush of daylight generally found me at the doctor's door, where, after an early and simple breakfast, prepared for us by Madame, *sa femme*, who did not at all relish this unseasonable ejectment from the marriage-couch, we sallied forth to some favourite spot on the river, or the brook, and, as I was usually home by the breakfast-hour, with a few fine fish, perch, pike, or bream, to display to my father, who had been an ardent fisherman in his



time and still loved the sport, not many questions were asked.

Being an only child, having lost my mother at an early period, and my father being old and infirm, my school vacations were chiefly devoted to the "gentle art," and in my solitary rambles around the neighbourhood of W——, both on the banks of my father's preserved water, and that of the adjoining proprietors, where I had obtained permission to fish, I not only perfected myself in the art of bottom angling, but formed some curious acquaintances and associations.

Adjoining my father's estate, and merely separated by a lane and rural bridge, lay the beautiful park and mansion of ——. The brook which had hitherto flowed through our own meadows in a humble and unpretending manner, became a wider and more important stream upon its entrance into the park, and finally discharged its waters into the Avon, immediately in front of a noble old Elizabethan mansion; and it was this conflux of the two streams that formed my favourite angling ground, and where many a well-fed perch was often transferred from its curling eddies to my fishing-basket. The surrounding landscape was the very perfection of park scenery: troops of deer reposing in picturesque glades, noble trees, the growth of centuries, both singly and in groups and avenues, stood in every variety of ornamental position. Here, too, our immortal Bard of Avon is related to have made rather free with the venison, and to have been imprisoned by the relentless proprietor, who, if at all sensible to the shafts of ridicule, must have subsequently very much repented his severity.

It was not without much difficulty and some manœuvring on my part, that I obtained permission to follow up my amusement here, and indeed I was the only person who possessed that privilege. The then proprietor, the last and

distant branch of a long line of ancestors, had not many years previously been summoned from a small living in a remote and distant part of the kingdom, to take possession of this noble estate, with all its historical *souvenirs* and ample revenues. He was a person of advanced age and most eccentric appearance, and, owing to his previous poverty and seclusion, had contracted habits of close parsimony, and a peculiar method of expressing the vernacular, that he continued to practise even in his present altered circumstances. In fact, he was, to a certain extent, the wonder and amusement of the country, and few old dames in the surrounding villages but had some mysterious story to tell about him.

The habits of his wife and himself certainly warranted some extraordinary conclusions, as they avoided nearly all society, shut themselves up in the old hall, and lived chiefly upon the produce of the park—viz., rabbits and venison. Frequent differences arose between the eccentric proprietor of —— and the neighbouring gentry, with regard to county matters, in his position as a great land-owner and magistrate; and they generally found him a very stubborn person to deal with; but with all his peculiarities of character and language, he was a staunch Conservative, and had a profound respect for aristocracy.

Once in every year he invited a large assemblage of the surrounding gentry to what he termed a *cold collection*, upon which occasion, habited in a very rusty suit of black, and crowned with an old Welsh wig, he pointed out the ancient portraits of the different members of his family with these memorable words—"These, ladies and gentlemen are my post——s."

The Rector of W——e, an inveterate Whig and wag of that day, but a very talented man, took great pleasure in tormenting poor Mr. ——, and amongst many other humorous jokes he circulated at his expense, was the report that



the beautiful Elizabethan windows that adorned the great hall were nothing but old cucumber-frames.

A *jeu d'esprit*, written about this time, by the same individual, relative to two incidents in the life of the owner of —, created much laughter in the county, and may amuse many of my readers. The language was such as the old gentleman commonly used, and the subject—first, the arrest of an unfortunate Frenchman who resided quietly in the village, following up his profession as an artist, on the joint warrant of Lord W——k and his own, on suspicion of his being a French spy : second, upon being recommended by his physician to try change of air in some quiet sea-bathing place for the benefit of his health, he objected to the expense of travelling if recognised as the great Mr. —, and suggested that he should perform the journey *in a cog*.

Some rides in a coach, and some rides in a shay,  
And some in a curricule jog;  
Some mounts on a dicky, so brisk and so gay,  
But I always goes *in a cog*!

For a cog is so snug, as a bug in a rug;  
And when we to Charmouth do jog,  
We sees the world dashing, and flaring, and flashing,  
Whilst we keeps ourselves in a cog.

Now um do tell me that Bonipartee  
Will surely come o'er in a fog;  
He's a long time a coming, and we keeps a drumming,  
But I thinks he'll come in a cog.

Last year, devil rot him, I thought I had got him,  
Or some such French rascally dog;  
For the miller, d'ye see, he come and tell me  
That a fellow was here in a cog.

So I ups with my sword, and I goes to my Lord,  
And my Lord jumps about like a frog.  
"Mr. —," says he, "Mr. Osborne," says he,  
"What can this chap do in a cog?"

"No good," replies I, "as your lordship may spy.  
 But my conscience it gave me a jog,  
 For I know'd all the while, how many a mile  
 My wife and I goed *in a cog!*

So we seized all the cantles, trunk, box, and portmantles,  
 And made an exact catalogue  
 Of writings so curious, and pamphlets so furious,  
 That belong'd to this man in a cog.

But my Lord went too far, for the laws do declare  
 That not all the fat bulls of King Og  
 Can fright a man's reason, or make it high treason  
 To live if he please in a cog.

So all ye that be wise, nor good counsel despise,  
 Enjoy your firesides and your grog,  
 And leave off your wine, and cease to be fine,  
 And keep yourselves snug in a cog.

I does so myself, and I looks to the pelf;  
 Um says that I lives like a hog,—  
 Yet I've oxen and barns, fat deer and fine farms,  
 And cash! that I keeps in a cog!

A near relation of mine (a lady) was riding one day between my father's house and the nearest county town, and upon passing the park railings, observed several of the deer that had escaped by some aperture into the road. She met Mr. — shortly afterwards, and informed him that she had seen several of his *bucks*, upon which the old gentleman demanded—"War 'em bucks, mam? 'Ad 'em 'orns on?"

Such are a few brief sketches of the old gentleman, from whom, by a well-timed offering of some fine perch, or good-conditioned jack, I obtained permission to explore all the nooks and corners of the "soft flowing Avon," not only in its circuitous meanderings about the park, but through many miles of rich and verdant meadow. I think I see him now, as I introduce myself and my basket with a quiet ring at the back entrance (always about one o'clock), and am

conducted by an elderly serving woman to a low parlour, where the Lord of —— is represented by a very diminutive old man, in a greasy flannel dressing-gown and Welsh wig, seated by the mistress of the mansion, attired with equal simplicity, and generally discussing a dish of deer's fry, of which I was always invited to partake, together with a glass of home-made wine. He loved a bit of gossip, and was very skilful in extracting all the news he could from a boy like myself, and even carried his partiality to me so far sometimes as to dismiss me with a present of sixpence for school disbursement.

Peace to his manes ! His memory is associated with some of the happiest days of my early life ; and although the mysterious economy of the old hall has been long since replaced by the profuse and noble expenditure of the present race, and mischievous schoolboys like myself are no longer allowed to poach in the preserves, or luxuriate on deer's fry with the proprietor, still there is a lingering charm about the olden time of —— that no modern magnificence can dispel.

Guided by the advice and directions of my father, who was the best practical angler I ever met with in my life, I seldom made use of any other bait in this river or its tributary brooks, than the live minnow ; indeed, during a very long fishing experience, and after having tried most of the inventions and *soi-disant* improvements of modern science and ingenuity, I know of none to be compared to it, as the most killing, at all times, seasons, and weathers.

I have generally found in open unobstructed water, that roving with a minnow on a middle-sized triangular hook (three hooks bound together) through the back fin, and hung on very fine silver gimp, is even preferable to spinning, and in quiet deep holes, not easily accessible by reason of trees and bushes, the *Pater Noster*, or several live baits, hung at different depths on a line leaded at the bottom, is almost

an infallible attraction to pike, perch, or chub. It must be borne in mind, that I am now speaking only of those streams that are supposed to contain the above kinds of fish; it would be sacrilege on my part to recommend this comparatively simple and poaching mode of angling in preference to the noble art of fly-fishing with all its beautiful associations and ingenious refinements; still I should not be afraid of betting a large wager, that with a live minnow on fine gut, I would at any time kill a heavier weight of trout in a given time than would be achieved by the most accomplished fly-fisher, in his favourite stream.

Salmon are not exceptions to this rule, and are to be caught by a minnow or small gudgeon, when the fly or even the lob-worm fails to attract them. The chief point to be observed in fishing with a minnow is to select bright coloured ones if possible, and by every possible precaution, such as a large tin, with plenty of holes for the admission of air, and frequent change of water, keep them in a lively condition. Some of our most distinguished brethren of the angle, amongst whom I may quote, perhaps, the most remarkable, (Sir H. Parker,) have advocated the use of the artificial minnow, which is used similarly to the fly, and is considered by those who have attained the necessary skill and practice to throw an artificial minnow some twenty or twenty-five yards, and to make it describe a light curl upon the water, as it gently descends into the centre of the radius occasioned by the recent rise of some large trout or other fish, as one of the most intallible of baits; but few, very few, have the skill or patience to be able to use it with advantage.



## CHAPTER II.

VOYAGE TO INDIA—MADEIRA—TENERIFFE—CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—  
ARRIVAL AT MADRAS.

I HAD hardly completed my sixteenth year, when a volatility of disposition, an unconquerable attachment to field sports, to the prejudice and disparagement of other and more important pursuits, and a precocity of intellect directed in a totally opposite direction, than towards the quiet and dignified profession (the Church), for which I was originally intended, induced some of my *friends* to suggest that my follies and escapades might be effectually cooled, or rather warmed, down, by a voyage to India; a proposition to which I cordially assented, anything like change or adventure being delightful to me. Accordingly, a cadetship was easily procured, and arrangements made for dispatching me to those sunny climes, from whence, considering my tastes and habits, it was no doubt considered very unlikely I should ever return.

I am sorry to confess, even at this distant period, that military glory, in its legitimate sense, formed no very great portion of my inducements for the step I was taking. Adventure of any kind was the first object, and India was chiefly associated in my mind with nabobs, shawls, diamonds, and bayaderes, and with still greater temptations—elephants, tigers, leopards, and other *feræ naturæ* affording inexhaustible delights to the dreams of an embryo sportsman. My mind was absorbed in a confused dream of Williamson's *Indian Field Sports* and the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.

I was impatient to change this very matter-of-fact country for all the enchantments of Eastern romance, and my preli-

minary outfit being very soon accomplished, was sent down to join the ship in which my passage was taken, at Gravesend, under the charge of the old family butler, whose duty it was to guide my erring steps during their last footprints on their native soil. Alas! it was only another illustration of the "blind leading the blind." Well do I remember how the fat old gentleman, after several glasses of post-prandial punch, caught the infection of my own gaiety, was induced to accompany me to a sailor's hop, where more punch was consumed, and more temptations exhibited, and "chill'd remembrance shudders o'er the rest."

I have wandered since that period over many parts of the globe, and witnessed many curious things, but never did my eyes encounter such a scene of utter confusion as greeted them upon my ascending to the deck of the good ship *Orient*, 800 tons register, and bound to Madras and Calcutta.

Cadets of those times were very different from the young gentlemen of the present day, of precocious manners, finished educations, and more military science, or at least theory, than then fell to the lot of most old officers in the Indian army, but a set of rough, noisy boys, just emerged from some school or other, their previous education totally unconnected with their future profession (with the exception of those who had obtained appointments to the Artillery or Engineers from the Military College at Addiscombe), and it was into the midst of such a group as the former, every member of which was vainly endeavouring to discover his own property, cabin, or dormitory, amidst a chaos of boxes, bales, packages, and cargo of all descriptions, that I found myself suddenly introduced, and taking an equally active and unsuccessful part in the general occupation. The sailors were weighing anchor. The captain, (an old Navy lieutenant,) was cursing everything and everybody. A cutting March wind, accompanied with snow and sleet, added to our miseries, and increased



our difficulties. The old butler, weeping from the effects of our last parting and his previous night's dissipation, had slipped over the side, and returned to the shore, and it was under such very unpromising auspices that I first bid adieu to my native land.

The *Orient* was not a regular East Indiaman, but what was termed a chartered ship. She was an old teak-built vessel, possessing many disadvantages, a bad sailer, badly found, and badly rigged; indeed, I may go further, and say badly commanded, as the choleric Navy lieutenant seemed to consider the cat-o'-nine-tails as the only medium through which he could make the men understand their duty or work the ship, and few days elapsed without an exhibition of this description at the gangway.

By the time we arrived in the Downs, we had somehow or other shaken ourselves into our respective places. I was chummed with another incipient infantry warrior, of about my own age, in a cabin between decks, and we had engaged the services of a very amiable but remarkably ugly specimen of the negro genus, who performed a great variety of parts in the nautical drama, to act in the capacities of *femme* and *valet de chambre* to us during the passage. The ship was crammed to its full extent, every cabin in the cuddy, and those between decks, were occupied to the extent of their capabilities, and hammocks and cots were swung in all possible parts of the steerage.

On three separate occasions we weighed and sailed from the Downs, and three separate times were we forced to put back by adverse winds. The third time our return was celebrated by a bump on the Deal beach, which, if wind and tide had not been in our favour, might have rendered our stay a permanent one; as it was, we escaped with a severe fright, and the loss of an anchor and chain-cable. A tremendous gale of wind,—the loss of our fore-topmast,—a very

narrow escape from being wrecked on the Stark Point,—our coming to anchor in Torbay, and a frightful debauch on Devonshire clotted cream on shore at Brixham, which caused a second edition of sea-sickness, concluded my adventures in the Channel; and after realizing all the poetical descriptions I had read of the Bay of Biscay, I was glad to encounter milder breezes and smoother seas on approaching the verdant island of Madeira, which was destined to be our first stage *en route* for the far East.

The island of Madeira itself, and the approach to it, has been so often painted in prose, poetry, and pencil, by far abler hands than mine, that I shall say no more about it, except that during a week's stay at Funchal, I admired all the natural beauties for which the place is famous; and smelt all the nasty smells for which it is infamous, enjoyed the noble hospitality of a princely wine-merchant (Mr. Blackbourne), drank more Malvoisie than was good for my young brains; consumed great quantities of sweetmeats for the benefit of the nuns of the Convent of Sta. Maria; and attempted the impracticable feat of galloping a Portuguese donkey without a guide. Having completed our cargo of "London particular," we sailed for Santa Cruz, on the island of Teneriffe, at which place we arrived in a day or two after our departure from Madeira, and where we were destined to remain a longer period, and for the same purpose, viz., taking in wines for the Indian market. The "Constitution" having been lately proclaimed in Spain, the place was very gay at this period, and the priests had lost all their authority. The piazza was crowded with showy uniforms, and graceful females, whose eyes gleamed through their black mantillas, and made sad havoc with the hearts of the cadets of the *Orient*, and I fancy some of their purses also. A party, in which I was included, crossed the island on mules, to the opposite port of Orotava, which is beau-

tifully situated, embosomed in groves of oranges, vines, &c., at the foot of the Peak, and where we received great kindness and hospitality, especially from the signoras.

We were, however, again soon compelled to change all these pleasures for the close and mephitic atmosphere of a crowded ship in the tropics, and to run the gauntlet of long-continued calms (so frequently met with during the mistaken navigation of those days), and every species of annoyance, for about the space of three months, which elapsed between our departure from Teneriffe and our arrival at Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, which we effected almost totally minus provisions and water, our rigging hanging in shreds about the masts, and with the loss of another anchor and chain-cable, in False Bay.

I now began to feel that I was realizing some of the visions that my fancy had painted in such glowing colours on my departure from England. The stupendous mountains, sandy deserts, and wild scenery of the Coast of Africa were immediately connected in my imagination with lions and elephants, and I longed to commence operations as a Nimrod without further delay.

We were informed that we should probably be detained a month, as the vessel had to undergo extensive repairs, as well as to take in provisions, so that a party of us determined on proceeding to Cape Town, and amusing ourselves as well as we could during the interval. The interminable teams of little horses with rope harness and light waggons, that formed the mode of conveyance, and galloped up hill and down dale, and by the side of frightful precipices, with undiminished speed and recklessness, are too well known to need description. We hired one of these, and at day-break in the morning were conveyed in a very short time the twenty miles' distance between Simon's Bay and Cape Town. On approaching the latter by a road leading through sometimes

a sandy desert, sometimes through an extent of country covered with the most beautiful shrubs and flowers, we found ourselves immediately in front of the Table Mountain, the summit of which was wrapped in a thick white cloud. The whole range of neighbouring hills was also enveloped in mist. When the sun had gained a certain height these mists began to open and disunite, and rocks became visible through the chasms. Portions of cloud then separated themselves at short intervals from the main body, and moved slowly and majestically away. Some, after rolling a considerable distance down the mountain, remained stationary at its sides; other fragments sailed off in a horizontal direction and hung suspended over the neighbouring ravines and valleys, and one beautiful wreath ascended upwards, and gradually unfolding itself, became like a scarf of net-work floating over a ground of blue.

The whole Table Mountain stood out in bold relief; its flat and barren summit presented an awful picture of stillness and repose: still, an expression of calm magnificence pervaded the scene, and imparted a soothing and tranquilizing influence to the beholder.

The first view of Cape Town was pleasing enough from the extreme regularity of the streets and buildings, and from its peculiar position, sheltered as it is by the Table Mountain and other hills. Nothing very remarkable was to be met with in our wanderings through the town at the period I visited it. The houses were a mixture of Dutch and English architecture, spacious, and comfortable; everything was enormously dear, and paper currency (rixdollars) the only medium of exchange.

The parade ground in front of the town was very handsome, where a military band played every evening. A curious assemblage of all tribes and nations were to be seen then congregated—English merchants, Dutch Mynheers,



Indian officers on sick leave, mixed with Hottentots, Caffres, Malays, Negroes, Mulattos, Hindoos, Portuguese, Lascars, &c. &c., forming altogether a Babel-like scene, only to be realized by ocular demonstration.

A fine piece of ground near the town was styled the Governor's Gardens, and was once kept in a state of cultivation by the East India Company. Lord C. Somerset, the Governor at this period, had turned it into a farm, on the produce of which he fed his horses, and nothing remained of the original design but a long and broad gravel walk, overshadowed by trees, which was the evening promenade and resort of most of the inhabitants of the town during the summer. Some very large barred cages, or rather enclosed areas, containing five or six very fine lions, were situated at the extremity of the garden. They had plenty of space for exercise, and were well-grown, active, and in high condition.

We shortly made up a party to ascend the Table Mountain, accompanied by an old Rugby schoolfellow of mine, whom I had discovered holding an official position at Cape Town. For a short distance the ascent was not very fatiguing, but soon changed its character, and became full of obstructions. Our road at first wound along the declivities of the mountain; but we now came to the foot of a range of cliffs about six hundred feet high, in which there was an immense chasm, wide at its mouth, but gradually narrowing towards its termination. Before entering this, we remained for a short time to observe the prospect beneath us. The streets of Cape Town, above which we were elevated upwards of three thousand feet, appeared like white streaks, and no moving object could be seen in any part of them. Thin wreaths of smoke hung over the houses, and rendered them more indistinct than they would otherwise have been.

Table Bay was situated immediately beneath us, and re-

flected the clouds and sky so clearly on its glassy surface, that a most extraordinary optical delusion was produced. The ships seemed suspended in the air between two layers of clouds, whilst the water in which they floated had the appearance of a vast plate of glass placed between two firmaments exactly similar to each other. We entered the chasm, and proceeded through the bottom of it, enormous cliffs overhanging us on each side. As we advanced, the passage gradually narrowed, complete silence reigned around us; birds, insects, and every indication of animal life had disappeared, we hurried on in spite of the steepness of our path, and gained the top of the mountain after about four hours very hard labour, and great fatigue.

The summit is nearly level, and is about a mile and a half long, and half a mile in breadth; the view very similar to the one we had obtained at the bottom of the precipice. The air was delightfully cool and refreshing, and soon with renewed vigour and elastic step, we retraced our way to Cape Town.

Our next visit was to the celebrated vineyards of Constantia, where, as is the case with all visitors, we were most kindly and hospitably received by the Dutch proprietor, who derives a princely income from his comparatively small possessions. The finest wine was offered to us, but it is of too rich and clogging a nature to drink much of, although some juvenile votaries to Bacchus, in the shape of midshipmen, and full-grown ones, in the form of corpulent skippers, have been known to exceed the exact bounds of propriety in their potations of this rich and luscious liquid. One of the most extraordinary facts connected with this and other products of the vine, is, that apparently with the same description of soil, the same aspect and the same temperature, one vine, a few yards distance from another, and of the same kind, should produce a totally different wine. This can only be explained by some peculiarities of the soil itself, but is a



common occurrence, not only at Constantia, but at and near all the celebrated vineyards of Europe, although, perhaps, the extraordinary difference of quality is nowhere so sensibly felt as in this locality, where there exists only the space of a few feet between a grape producing perhaps the richest, most racy, and delicate wine in the world, and (to all appearances) a similar vine from which is manufactured the coarsest and most earthy of vinous beverages.

Cape Town, I remember, was rather a dull residence; and long before the month of our detention had expired, we had exhausted nearly all its resources. We regretted the dollars we had spent, and longed to be again ploughing the stormy deep on our way to our destination. These wishes were soon realized. The old *Orient*, repainted, retarred, and revictualled, seemed fully capable of performing the remaining portion of the voyage; and aided by a stiff south-wester, and our course directed towards the spicy regions of Ceylon, we commenced our voyage through the Indian Ocean under tolerably auspicious circumstances. It is superfluous to relate all the different wiles that were employed by a party of mischievous boys to entrap hungry albatrosses or innocent Cape pigeons, or the cruel experiments tried upon the vitality of sharks after they were captured; circumstances concomitant on all voyages to India before and since. Two little anecdotes, however, the one tragic, and the other comic, remain vividly impressed on my mind, after the lapse of so many years.

I remember one cold raw night, shortly after leaving the Cape, we were sailing under reefed top-sails, with half a gale of wind on our quarter, and in that tremendous long and swelling sea, peculiar to those latitudes in stormy weather, a very fine young man, named Hardman, an artillery cadet, was pacing up and down the poop in conversation with me, wrapped up in a thick boat-cloak. The life ropes, that served as a railing around the poop, were very low; and some

remarks had already been made on their inefficiency. During our walk, the vessel was struck by a heavy sea, and gave a tremendous lurch to leeward, that caused us both to lose our footing. I being the lighter of the two, and unencumbered with a large cloak, soon caught hold of some object and regained my feet; but Hardman, less fortunate, was precipitated over the side into the roaring ocean, where, by a bright moonlight, I saw the poor fellow's last look of imploring despair, as he vainly endeavoured to extricate his arms from their encumbrances. An alarm was instantly given, the ship brought-to, and a boat lowered, but all too late; my poor friend had disappeared beneath the waves long before any human aid could reach him.

The second was as follows:—We were seated at the cuddy-table at breakfast, on a broiling morning in the tropics, when suddenly a loud cry of terror issued from one of the side cabins occupied by a Captain R——s and his newly-married wife, who were *en route* to Madras. A sudden rush was made to the door of the cabin in question, and the cause was soon explained. Madame, who was leaving her “highland home” for the first time in her life, and whose rather robust figure, golden hair, and freckled complexion, were all decidedly anti-tropical, had been reclining in her cot in a state of light deshabelle, the upper part of her person close to the open port-hole, in order to catch any breath of air that might arise, when an adventurous or amorous flying-fish darted through the aperture, and lit upon her bosom. This piscatory intrusion was the cause of the screams we heard; the lady's knowledge of natural history, or perhaps her belief in its laws, not having extended to this very remarkable marine phenomenon; and all the answer she could be induced to give to her husband's explanations and endearments, was the repeated assertion of “Auch mon, it's the deil!”

At length we were directed to elevate our noses, and sniff the spicy gales and perfumed breezes that were said to be wafted from the island of Ceylon, and some of us persuaded ourselves of the fact. Soon the coast of Hindostan became distinctly visible, and long lines of cocoa-nut and palmyra trees, with now and then a pagoda, ushered in the first announcement of our arrival at the land destined to be a home to some and a grave to many of us ; indeed, I believe, from after information obtained, that I am the only survivor of the passengers of the *Orient*.

## CHAPTER III.

MADRAS — WALLAJABAD — CHOLERA — HIGH LIVING — SNIPE SHOOTING —  
SNAKES — CONJIVERAM — MONKEYS AND PEAFOWL — VELLORE — MARCH TO  
JAULNAH — ADVENTURE WITH A TIGRESS — BEJAPORE — HYENA — ARRIVAL  
AT JAULNAH.

WE dropped anchor in Madras roads, were surrounded by catamarans and native craft; and began, by dint of an immense purchase and consumption of tropical fruits of all descriptions, to lay in the seeds of dysentery and cholera before our time. Traps, trunks, and boxes were hunted up, and the captain, glad to get rid of us, discharged his human cargo of unruly cadets with their baggage into a capacious massoola boat alongside. Onward we go, pulled by the sinewy arms, and almost deafened by the cries, of the native boatmen, through the various mountains of surf that encompass the coast, and are at length hauled on shore through the last and most dangerous of all—a *finale* that seldom occurs without a complete ducking of self and baggage.

Anxiously awaiting their cargo of European victims, were drawn up on the beach a motley group of native servants, of every grade of rascality, from the grey-haired dubashee to the infantine chokra, who were all ready to take Massa under their especial charge, and provide him with every necessary, animate and inanimate, out of pure philanthropy; and dooly or palanquin bearers, with their doolies, to convey him to his destination. Ours happened to be chiefly the cadets' quarters or barracks, situated about two miles from the shore, and where, considering the intense heat, we arrived in our novel conveyances in a wonderfully



short period. The whole of the quarters being occupied, we had tents allotted to us, pitched in the compound, or ground attached to the building, which were destined to be our residence until our appointment to different regiments up the country.

Everything was new and interesting to us except the heat and the mosquitos: the richness of the tropical vegetation—the picturesque costumes of the natives—the luxuries of an oriental tiffin, so different from what we had been accustomed to, with its endless variety of curries, and pale ale, and Madeira accompaniments, and all the delicious fruits peculiar to this part of the world.

I presented my letters of introduction, and received the usual conventional dinner invitations; attended the Governor's and Commander-in-Chief's levees, and in the course of a few weeks was appointed to do duty—that is to say, learn my drill and the first elements of military science, of neither of which I had the slightest previous knowledge, with a regiment stationed at Wallajabad, a cantonment situated at about fifty miles distance up the country.

I was ordered to join a large detachment of cadets and soldiers, both native and European, under the command of an officer *en route* to different stations in the Presidency, and having provided myself with the usual complement of sable domestics, purchased a tattoo (or pony), procured a subaltern's tent from the Government stores, and filled my bullock trunks and cowry baskets with what was considered necessary for use and comfort, I fairly started on my Indian career.

As I am not about to fatigue the reader with the oft-repeated description of Indian scenery, and all the phases of an Indian military life of those days, but merely recapitulate a few of my own adventures, I shall merely add that our mode of travelling was by short marches of from ten to

fifteen miles between daybreak and sunrise, the tents and baggage being dispatched in the first instance on bullocks and camels, in order to the former being pitched at the next halting-place, and if possible, breakfast in due preparation by the time we arrived either on horseback or in palanquins, as suited our purses or inclinations.

The route between Madras and Wallajabad being, even at that early period, much frequented, did not offer such opportunities for sporting as the more distant parts of the Presidency; but as our halting-places were generally fixed in the vicinity of some tank where wild fowl in great variety were sure to be found, and the paddy fields near the villages afforded a certain harbour for snipes, the newly arrived griffin\* and incipient sportsman, who, in defiance of doctors, fever, and liver complaint, was determined to prosecute his favourite amusement, even beneath the rays of a tropical sun, had plenty of work for his gun. Some very young hands, to whom shooting flying was as yet an art to be learned, carried on an indiscriminate slaughter upon blue pigeons, turtle doves, paddy birds, and such innocent objects as were foolish enough to sit still and be shot at; and others recklessly wasted their skill and ammunition upon the turkey buzzards and vultures that were always hovering around in search of the offal of the camp.

I think it was at our second halting-place, when having observed a large tank not far from our camp, encircled by a broad belt of grass and reeds, and dotted with water-fowl in the centre, that after tent-pitching, breakfasting, and performing the prescribed duties of the morning, I took my gun from its case, and accompanied by my maty, or second servant, started on my first shooting excursion on Oriental soil.

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\* Name given to a cadet during his first year's residence in India.



Resisting all temptations that continually presented themselves of firing at snowy white paddy birds, jungle pheasants,\* and a great variety of the plover and sand lark genus, although with much nervous apprehension of treading upon cobra capellas or other venomous snakes, I was at length rewarded for my perseverance by killing several beautiful teal and widgeon, and one splendid specimen of the large Brahminé duck, as it is here termed, with which I returned with no small self-exultation, although suffering severely from the blistering effects of the sun, to the camp. On arriving at my tent, however, with the intention of ordering my dubashee to have a couple of teal nicely cooked for tiffin, with lime-juice and Harvey sauce accompaniment, I not only found that worthy absent without leave, but that all the most valuable contents of my bullock trunks, including my plate (a few silver spoons and forks), had simultaneously vanished. On immediately reporting the circumstance to the commanding officer, I found this was a matter of very general occurrence, and that I was not the only sufferer in camp. It was then a very general practice for the servants engaged at Madras by cadets to leave their masters on the first or second day of their march, taking with them all the most valuable property they could carry, which they disposed of immediately at the thieves' bazaar.

The same evening my maty, who evidently saw that I regarded him with eyes of suspicion as being implicated in the disappearance of my baggage, followed the example of his companion, and decamped also, but too closely watched to appropriate any more of my baggage; indeed, there was little left of any value to take, so that my establishment was reduced to a chokra, or boy, whose relations resided at Wallajabad, a horsekeeper, grass-cutter, and bullock-driver,

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\* A sort of magpie.

and I was thrown entirely upon the resources of my companions for my meals, &c., for the rest of the march.

The country through which we passed was very barren and uninteresting, with no cultivation of any kind, except in the immediate vicinity of the villages, near which we always made our halting-place, for the sake of procuring provisions. These villages were nothing more than mud walls and mud huts, and displaying every sign of decay and dilapidation, and the inhabitants, with the exception of those attached to the pagodas, exhibited signs of great poverty and misery. Itinerant pigs, of the most filthy appearance and habits, and half-starved pariah dogs roamed about the walls in all directions, and water buffaloes, buried up to the shoulders in mud, gazed in stupid astonishment at a white stranger. Sheep, rice, fowls, and ghee (liquid buffalo butter) were, however, generally to be procured, as well as the indispensable ingredients for the universal curry, without which no repast is complete, either native or European.

After a little more than a week of this description of marching, we arrived at the cantonment of Wallajabad, which was situated in a low, swampy position, amidst vast fields of paddy on one side and low jungle on the other. Two battalions of native infantry were stationed here, and at the time of my arrival the cholera was making sad ravages amongst them. The quarters for the officers were a long line of low buildings, with a piazza or verandah extending the whole length of them, and in spite of the intense heat the walls and ceilings were green and discoloured by the damp. One room was appropriated to each occupant. I remember that I had hardly taken possession of mine, had arranged it as well as I could, by the purchase of a few necessary articles from the bazaar, and was reposing in one of my two chairs, with a consolatory glass of brandy pawnee before me, when I received a visit from a young married officer, who had

been my fellow-voyager from England. The subject of cholera was brought on the tapis, and after describing the horrible sights he had witnessed, he exclaimed, in a jocular manner, helping himself at the same time to a glass of brandy and water,—“This is the way I keep out the cholera.” About half-an-hour after his departure, a native servant summoned me to his quarters, where I found his young wife in an agony of despair, by the bedside of her husband, who was writhing beneath an attack of spasmodic cholera. All the usual remedies were applied, which in those days consisted chiefly of brandy and opium, in large quantities, which, if it did not cure the patient, at all events alleviated his sufferings; and under this treatment, apparently insensible, and in a very few hours, expired poor L——r. Many other European victims to this fatal disease were added to the list, and few days elapsed without the sad details of a military funeral, and the mournful notes of the “Dead March in Saul,” as the body was carried to its last resting-place.

I cannot help here remarking, although the system is *said* to be changed in these days, and that temperance and sobriety have usurped the places of drunkenness and debauchery, that the mode of life adopted by many officers, both young and old, was but too favourable to the propagation of disease of every kind. I shall not instance exposure to the sun as one of the fatal causes, as opinions are divided on this head, some considering that the exercise, amusement, and excitement caused by a moderate indulgence in sporting, even under the rays of a tropical sun, may counterbalance, in beneficial results, any evil effect it may produce, but describe the ordinary daily course of life of an Indian officer during the period that I was in the service, and leave the reader to judge for himself. I do not for a moment deny that there were many exceptions, but they only proved the rule.

During several days in the week he rose early, either for drill, parade, or other military duties, which were always concluded by eight o'clock. Breakfast, which was usually partaken of in the society of several companions, was served soon after, and generally consisted of curries, salt fish, rice, eggs, omelettes, &c., after which, and perhaps the smallest taste of brandy pawnee, the hookah, narghile, or cheroots occupied his leisure time until eleven. He then dressed himself; that is, put on a clean suit of white; and if the regiment possessed a billiard-table, played a few games before tiffin, which was always served in the mess-room at half-past one, and which, indeed, to the old hands, was the principal meal of the day, and at which most of the materials and concomitants of a sumptuous dinner appeared upon the table. Hot and high-seasoned dishes pampered the weakened and depraved appetite, and Madeira, claret, and pale ale, flowed in reckless profusion. About four or five o'clock, if there was no evening parade, which was not often the case, billiards were resumed, or perhaps rackets, (rather a singular game for an Indian climate, and after a profuse meal.) Towards sunset, a short ride; and at seven, a dinner was served in the mess-room, similar in most respects to the previous tiffin, and at which those members, whose powers of absorption and inglutition were equal to a fresh tax upon their strength, again made their appearance,—again fought their way through curries, stews, and grills, and again distinguished themselves amongst the votaries to the shrine of the immortal Hodgson.\* The post-prandial sittings were also

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\* The great pale ale brewer. At the period of my arrival in India, this and the names of "Day and Martin," the blacking manufacturers, were so well known amongst the natives, that they were considered universal celebrities; and upon one occasion, having a quantity of books I had no means of carrying with me, and I wished to dispose of to a native hawker, I was asked by him whether the works in question were Hodgson's or Day and Martin's!



prolonged to a late period of the night, or perhaps an early one of the morning, and once a week at least (the public night, when strangers and officers of other regiments were invited), the potations were deeper and more prolonged, and accompanied by some very loud, and very problematical vocal music, in the form of convivial and amatory songs. Such a mode of life (and that of daily recurrence) was quite sufficient to make inroads on the constitution in the most bracing and healthy climates; what then must have been its effects beneath the baleful and enervating skies of India! or was it wonderful that so frequently the fine youth, full of promise and vigour, was consigned to an early grave, or lived on, useless to himself or the service, a wretched example of his own weakness and infatuation?

Although exceedingly fond of the good things of this life, drunkenness was never my besetting sin, and I could always manage to raise spirits enough without seeking them in the brandy bottle. The rock upon which I was most likely to founder was exposure to the sun, as my propensity to sport, under any difficulties, was perfectly uncontrollable, and I had here every opportunity of indulging my tastes and inclinations. The snipe-shooting in this neighbourhood was considered some of the best in the Madras Presidency, and certainly I have never seen anything like the enormous quantity of these birds in any other part of India, or indeed the world (with the exception of several days' shooting near Shanghae in China), that I was constantly in the habit of meeting with here.

The paddy or rice fields were their principal resort, and they were found here of four kinds. The large, or solitary snipe, nearly as large as a small woodcock; the common full snipe; the painted snipe, rather larger than the former, of beautiful dark and variegated plumage, slow on the wing, and not so much esteemed for the table; and the jack or half



snipe. These birds breed and remain in the same localities all the year round, and I imagine never migrate. Although a young and very indifferent shot, I could always manage to kill from twenty-five to fifty couple of snipe during a morning's shooting, washing out my gun as fast as it became heated, and restoring my own energies, rather exhausted by heat and perspiration, with a little cold brandy pawnee.

I must own, although I was laughed at for my apprehensions, that one of the greatest drawbacks to my enjoyment was the constant fear of coming in contact with venomous snakes, of which I had an instinctive dread, although pretty well familiarized to their presence; nothing being more *domestic* in its habits than the deadly cobra, and I have several times *all but* stepped on one, comfortably curled up on the stone step of my quarters. They were frequently discovered in officers' beds, and once when attempting to leap a small nullah or ditch, at which my pony stumbled and fell, I was pitched over his head on to the opposite bank, and upon *gathering myself up*, espied a cobra capella creeping away within a few yards of me. With all these risks (although I have heard of many), I never witnessed a fatal accident in India.

The story of the drunken soldier in Fort St. George has, I believe, been often related in print and otherwise, but I will risk a repetition of it.

A soldier belonging to an Irish regiment, a part of which formed the garrison of Fort St. George, was condemned for repeated acts of drunkenness to twenty-four hours' confinement in the black-hole, a term given to a dark and subterraneous cell, used as a place of punishment and confinement for similar offenders. He had not long been conducted there, locked up, and left by the jailor in utter darkness to his own reflections, stretched upon his straw pallet, when he felt a substance gliding over his person which he well knew,





The Soldier and the Cobra.—p. 81

from its movements, must be a snake, and, in all probability, a deadly one. He dared not touch it with his fingers to ascertain the fact, of which indeed there could be little doubt; but knew that his only chance of safety consisted in his remaining perfectly motionless, and allowing the reptile to follow undisturbed the bent of its own inclinations. In this instance, according to the man's account, when the snake had crept up to his breast, it insinuated its slimy length beneath his military undress jacket, and curled itself up comfortably to repose. The sensations of the soldier, and one whose nervous system had been previously weakened and irritated by habitual intoxication, may be imagined were not very agreeable; particularly as he had to endure many hours of this frightful torture and suspense before he could expect to be released from his cruel position, and even then, in all probability, at the expense of his life. Providence, however, mercifully ordained it otherwise. When the term of his imprisonment had expired, and the door of the cell was rather suddenly opened, admitting the rays of light to enter, the serpent glided from his bosom into an obscure corner. The man rushed through the open door, presenting a deplorable picture of emaciation and terror; his hair, which was of a dark colour twenty-four hours previously, had turned perfectly white, and he died in a very short time, although he never tasted liquor afterwards.

Upon the cell being carefully searched, a large cobra capella was discovered and destroyed, which had, somehow or other, managed to gain an entrance.

In the course of several months, having gained a little knowledge of marching and counter-marching, penetrated the mysteries of the sword and musket exercises, and illustrated some of the elements of "Dundas," but, above all, considerably improved in my shooting, by my own request I was appointed to a regiment on field service, or rather



receiving field pay and allowances, and stationed about seven hundred miles to the north-west, at Jaulnah in the Deccan, and was ordered to the fort and station of Vellore, to join a large detachment about to march up the country in the direction of my own destination.

I now hoped to exchange the flat and swampy paddy-fields and uninteresting scenery of Wallajabad for the mountains and forests that I had so long dreamt of, and the wholesale destruction of snipes for larger and nobler game ; and it was with very few feelings of regret that I bid adieu to this celebrated *locale* of snipes, paddy-fields, and cholera.

My first march on the road to Arcot, at that period the largest cavalry station in the Presidency, was Conjiveram, celebrated for its curious and extensive pagoda, and I was there very nearly getting into a terrible scrape with the Brahmins, and breaking one of the most strict rules in the service, unintentionally and from sheer ignorance of the almost supernatural respect paid by these people to their religious usages and emblems. This immense pagoda, like most others, is surrounded by a tope or grove of magnificent trees, banyans and others, and amongst the branches of which I quickly espied some beautiful peafowl. Concluding they were of the wild kind, and being the first I had seen in India, I soon brought down a splendid cock bird, which I handed to my sable attendant, who was a pariah, or, as he called himself, "Christian caste ;—all same caste as Massa :—" "drink brandy, eat ebery ting, all same as Massa." Upon proceeding further, and gaining the front or chief entrance to the pagoda, I observed that all the salient points, roofs, and pinnacles, were covered with monkeys. These I considered were far too numerous to be individual pets, and was totally unaware of their sacred attributes, and having slipped a ball into one barrel, was in act of taking aim at a very impertinent looking member of the tribe, who was



making grimaces at me from an abutment of the edifice, when my arm was touched by my attendant, and on looking round I observed a troop of horror-struck Brahmins advancing towards me in threatening attitudes.

Fortunately the peacock was concealed in a game-bag, which my servant carried, and I beat a quick retreat to my tents, which were hard by, where, by an apology on the plea of "youth and inexperience," made by my head-servant for me, and the timely present of a few rupees to be spent as a peace-offering to their offended gods, I got out of the scrape.

The pea-fowl and monkeys were both sacred, and regarded with religious veneration ; the latter particularly so, being one of the incarnations of Vishnu.

I proceeded to Vellore, which, as everybody knows, is a walled fort, surrounded by a wide and deep moat, full of alligators, once belonging to Tippoo Sahib, and famous for the mutiny that took place there on the 10th July, 1806.\*

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\* Whilst I am recording these souvenirs of my early days a terrible revolution, or rather mutiny, after so many years of quiet and confidence, is absolutely taking place in India ; and this portion of our Eastern history seems to have escaped the observation of the many commentators and theorists as to the present or remote causes of the lamentable catastrophe. It seems to me that many circumstances attendant upon the present outbreak precisely coincide with those that preceded the mutiny at Vellore in 1806, and prove, not only the extreme susceptibility of the native character in all matters connected with their religion or caste, but also the danger of leaving at large, or out of the immediate surveillance of the British Government, any of the immediate descendants or relations of deposed or conquered sovereigns. It is a pleasing task, also, to recal to the minds of our present rulers the courage, promptitude, energy, and resolution that were displayed on that occasion, and which were, no doubt, the means of averting evils and consequences exactly similar to those that have occurred in our Bengal Presidency. An admirable and concise description of this event is contained in Routledge's edition of Macfarlane's *History of British India*, from page 337 to 343.

Permission to shoot the alligators (some of them of tremendous size) was granted only to one person, a certain well-known fort-major, an excellent shot, and who well knew the only vulnerable spot in the animal. Many of them had rings and bangles attached to their feet, which had remained since they were first put into the moat as *puppies*,—a method adopted at an early period by the Mysore Government to prevent at the same time desertion from their own troops, and render the attack of an enemy more dangerous and difficult. An instance had been known of an Irish soldier, in the face of almost certain death, repeatedly swimming over by night to the bazar opposite, for the purpose of obtaining a bottle of arrack ; but who eventually fell a victim to his temerity. I here joined a very large detachment of officers and troops about to proceed to different stations on my own line of march up the country, such as Nundydroog, Bellary, Belgaum, Kulludjee, &c. My own destination, Jaulnah, was the most advanced cantonment in the Madras Presidency, and the head-quarters of the Hyderabad subsidiary force.

The commander of the party was a very original specimen of the old Indian officer of those days—a certain Colonel W——, and regarding whom some droll anecdotes were in circulation, amongst which I shall quote two that occur to my memory. Upon one occasion he sent in a charge against a subaltern under his command, to head-quarters, worded in the following manner :—“For flying in the face of his commanding officer.” In answer to this accusation, the adjutant-general replied that he was not hitherto aware that flying was a military crime ; but if Colonel W—— could point out where the young man was likely to alight, a guard should be dispatched to capture him. Another, and equally characteristic one, was :—He was observed one day making out his monthly returns by the aid of a Johnson’s

Dictionary, and was evidently puzzled relative to the orthography of some word that he could not discover in the pages of his favourite author. At length he threw down the book in great dudgeon, violently exclaiming, "D—— the book!—it hasn't got the word 'Pukallee' in it."—Pukallee being the Hindostanee term for a water-carrier, and used indiscriminately with English words, like many other native names expressive of different callings and professions.

Our tents were carefully overhauled, as the rainy season was likely to overtake us on our march. Bullocks and camels, with their drivers, were engaged. I exchanged my pony, and some rupees into the bargain, for an old, but very handsome Arab horse, and suffered as most people do for being caught by appearances, as the Tattoo, for endurance and fatigue, was worth two of him. I carefully rubbed up my gun and laid in a store of ammunition, and even went so far in anticipation of future glory as to purchase a hog-spear. Some tea, brandy, and Harvey's sauce formed the extent of my provision in the commissariat department; for the rest we trusted to supplies obtained on the road and the produce of our guns. Two medical men accompanied the detachment, and a complete camp equipage, and we all looked forward to a very pleasant march, in which we were not doomed to be disappointed. The next halt of any consequence was fixed at the military station of Bellary, several hundred miles from hence. The intervening country was at that period very favourable for game of all kinds, and dreams of tigers and wild boars filled the imaginations of all the young hands of the party, most of whom as yet had met with no opportunity of exhibiting their courage and address in the pursuit of any animal larger than an iguana or a bloodsucker.\*

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\* A large and very ugly lizard.

Shortly after leaving Vellore, and approaching what were termed the Ghauts,\* a range of hills covered with forests, the country became far more picturesque and wooded, and abundance of game was seen. A troop of antelopes would frequently cross the road at a short distance, stop, gaze, and bound away again in their rapid and graceful course; coveys of quails and partridges would suddenly rise from the brushwood, and now and then a hare start from beneath our feet; bustards might be seen stalking in the plains, and packs of rock-pigeon, of grouse-like plumage and appearance, skimmed along the surface of the hills; flocks of culms, a very large bird resembling a heron, and scarlet flamingos were wheeling their giddy flight high in mid-air, and amidst trees and near the mud villages thousands of parroquets were screaming out either their surprise or welcome, and flashing in the sun like a shower of emeralds. At night, when the bivouac fires were lighted, and the camp had sunk into repose, commenced the continued and mournful yells of multitudes of jackals, intermixed with those of the wolf and hyena, with the occasional addition, when encamped near jungle or forest, of the roar of the tiger or screams of the chetah.

The mornings before sunrise and during the period of our march were sometimes very cold, but by the time we had arrived at our ground, and breakfast was prepared, the sun had attained its full power, and the heat was tremendous; but this did not prevent me, in spite of blistered hands and face (the skin of which was continually peeling off and re-forming, so that during the period of a month I underwent several complete changes of complexion), immediately after the performance of the morning's duties, from invariably sallying forth with my gun and attendant in search of sport and

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\* Gaujhts.



adventure. What to an old Indian would have appeared madness in the first instance, and uninteresting in the second, to me was the height of enjoyment; and, although I persisted in the same course during a three years' residence in the most unhealthy part of India, and between the ages of seventeen and twenty, I never suffered from cholera or any of the fevers peculiar to the country; and, in fact, never had a day's illness, with the exception of a few bilious attacks, brought on as much by over-indulgence in the good things of this life as from any other cause.

My expeditions were generally solitary, as I could find very few companions, even amongst the old or young hands, who felt disposed to encounter the formidable dangers of a tropical sun for the sake of shooting a few partridges, hares, or other game, and who did not prefer the far more enervating recreation of sipping sherbet, or perhaps brandy pawnee, smoking their hookahs, ensconced in their *fauteuils*, and fanned or punkha'd by their servants.

I usually hired a few coolies to act as beaters, from the nearest village, and if I could engage the services of a "Shikaree" or native sportsman, who was likely to indicate the whereabouts of any game, I had all the better chance of success. The different descriptions of game birds to be met with in the country I was now traversing—but depending of course in a great measure on the nature of the ground—were wild pea-fowl, found in jungle near grain fields, nullahs, and ravines full of thick scrub or bush, and in the forests; that rare and most delicious of Indian dry game, the "florikan," partridges of three sorts, the black, grey, and painted, several descriptions of quail, rock-pigeon of rather a lighter brown, and smaller, but feathered in a similar way, and resembling the grouse; near tanks and paddy-fields wild-fowl of all descriptions, many unknown in Europe, besides the several varieties of snipes. I am aware that since the



vast extension of our Indian possessions, and the ascent and adaptation of the Neilgherry and other high mountains to sanitary purposes, that a long addition has been added to the game list of ornithological varieties, but am merely speaking of my own experience on the flat country of Mysore and the Deccan. Jungle-fowl, or wild poultry, could be heard crowing in every direction at early dawn in the woods, but it was nearly impossible to get a sight, much more a shot at them, and that noblest of game, the bustard, generally defied the best contrived methods of the hunter to approach him on his native plains. Hares were tolerably abundant, but as we never used dogs, the climate being too hot for any scent to lie, or to admit of their hunting, they were very difficult to start, and the antelope was far too wary and timid to allow a griffin to get a shot at him.

Of the "feræ," a gorged jackal sometimes fell a victim to a well-directed shot at the first break of day, as he was retreating from his nightly orgies, and at the same time a dummel gundy, or hyena, cantered off scathless from a volley—(I never knew one shot). Tigers and chetahs were known to inhabit the country, and I had several times, when out shooting, observed the prints of their feet in the sand and mud, but as yet had not obtained a sight of either one or the other in their native wilds.

Our party, consisting chiefly of young officers about to join their respective regiments for the first time, with few, if any, old Indian sportsmen amongst us, did not possess the experience, and had none of the appliances for hunting the nobler sorts of game, such as wild hog, tiger, &c., which might have been found in some parts of the country we passed through.

I shall never forget my first introduction to the king, or rather queen of beasts at least, in Central India.

We encamped one morning on our march between the stations of Bellary and Dharwar, near a large tank encircled by thick and very high grass and reeds, that extended for a considerable distance. A wide extent of jungle formed the background, and a mud fort and village were situated near the camp.

My servant informed me that he had been told in the village that there were several tigers in the neighbourhood, and they had lately committed many ravages upon the cattle. This news, however, which I had often heard before, did not at all deter me from seeking my usual sport, particularly with such promising ground before me. Accordingly I engaged a couple of beaters, and, accompanied by my "maty," proceeded to push my way through the grass and reeds, which were often far above my head, towards the more open parts of the tank. We had proceeded some distance without flushing anything, when suddenly I was startled by a tremendous roar in my immediate vicinity, in comparison to which it still seems to me that any similar sound I may have since heard either at the Zoological Gardens at feeding-time, or any other exhibition of the kind, was like a penny trumpet to an ophicleide, and upon turning my eyes in the direction from whence it issued, observed an enormous tigress seated on her haunches in a sort of natural bower formed by the grass and reeds, with two kittens, evidently a very few days old, playing at her feet. I can only describe my sensations at the time as if a feeling of petrification was stealing over me, and that my limbs were powerless to obey the impulse of the mind. This was happily but momentary; I stole one more furtive glance at the terrible object before me, and making a sudden effort, retraced my steps as fast as my bodily powers, and the natural obstacles before me would permit, in the direction of the camp. My attendants had vanished long before, and had

spread the news of a "baag" or tiger, before my arrival at my tent, I must own, in rather a nervous condition, and very glad to partake of that universal Oriental restorative—a glass of brandy pawnee. Every gun and musket in the camp were shortly laid under contribution for a combined attack upon the tigress, but upon returning to the spot (very cautiously as may be imagined) where I had first seen her, both she and her family had vanished. We traced her to the jungle, but there lost her tracks in its thick intricacies. This first and rather abrupt meeting with a royal tiger inspired me with a deference and respect towards their feline majesties which I had hardly felt before, was destined to last for the remainder of my life, and was confirmed by all subsequent experience.

Several days afterwards, while shooting in a high jungle, I came upon a troop of monkeys; I had not seen any since my Conjiveram adventure, and considered that this time jacko was at all events fair game. Accordingly, I loaded with ball, and taking deliberate aim at one of the largest I could approach within shot of, brought him to the ground. Upon going up to him the poor beast applied his paw or rather hand to his wound, looking up in my face in an imploring manner, and the tears trickling from his eyes. I was shocked at the wanton cruelty I had committed, soon put an end to his sufferings, and never shot at another monkey.

One of the most interesting halts we made on our line of march was at the ruins of Bejapoor or Visiapour. The immense extent and colossal grandeur of these remains, attested what must have been once the power and magnificence of the Mogul Empire. Domes, still standing, much larger in circumference than St. Paul's, and the walls, of an immense thickness, described a circumvallation of more than twenty miles. Several stone guns of enormous

calibre still remained, but what was once a flourishing city was now a mass of shapeless ruins, overgrown by jungle and brushwood; no doubt the haunt of the tiger and leopard, and where I got some good pea-fowl shooting. At this place I witnessed a curious proof of the toughness of a hyena's skin. Some of our companions had observed an animal of this species enter a hole in one of the ruins, and a Shikaree, who happened to be in camp at the time, offered for a small reward either to catch it, or make it bolt from its lair, as we pleased.

We chose the latter, and several of the party stationed themselves immediately above the mouth of the hole with hog-spears, whilst others stood close by, their guns loaded with ball.

The Shikaree commenced operations by making a second opening in the earth, some distance behind the first, and after removing some large stones, and gradually feeling his way with a long and sharp spear, a low growl was heard, and a large dummel gundy made his appearance at the mouth of the hole, from which he had no sooner half withdrawn his body than several spears were thrown, or *poked at him*; but which, although sharp as penknives, bounded off his hide like a racket-ball, and had only the effect of accelerating his pace upon emerging from his hiding-place and gaining the open ground. Several shots were fired at him at very close quarters, none of which appeared to take effect, or at least to retard the ungainly canter, which soon carried him far beyond our reach. I really believe these animals bear charmed lives, as I have many times seen them escape in almost a similar way from apparently certain destruction, and have myself planted a hog-spear, sharpened to the finest edge, right between the shoulders of one that I had ridden down on the plains near Jaulnah, without being able to pierce the impene-



trable hide, and was glad, after the experiment, to make off myself.

Whilst encamped here at night, we heard the roar of tigers in very close vicinity, and indeed prepared to receive them should they make their appearance, which was not however the case, as they have a strong objection to fires. From this place, in a few marches, and without any incident worth relating, we arrived at our destination—Jaulnah.



## CHAPTER IV.

JAULNAH—CAPTAIN SHERIFF—SHOOTING—FOX-HUNTING—ANECDOTE OF A  
WILD HOG—PHANSIGARS, OR THUGS—A SUTTEE—ANECDOTE OF AN  
ELEPHANT—LOSS OF MY HORSE—A TAME CHETAH!

THE cantonment of Jaulnah, although by no means celebrated for its salubrity, and situated in the midst of a flat and barren country, almost totally devoid of timber or shade, except that of a few gardens and topes, presented a very animated appearance. One regiment of cavalry, three of native infantry, and a strong force of artillery, were then quartered there. It was situated at only a short distance from the city of Aurungabad, one of the Nizam's military stations, and not only the remains of a fine Eastern city, but famous for its beautiful "tag" or mausoleum, erected by the Emperor Aurunzebe, in memory of his daughter, and which was subsequently a very favourite resort of mine. Convenient bungalows were to be bought or hired, and the mess accommodation, billiard-tables, racket-court, &c., were all on the usual scale of Oriental luxury; and I heard excellent accounts of the shooting, particularly the larger sorts of game, such as deer, elk, neilghau, and wild hog. Tigers were also common in this country, but few in the immediate neighbourhood of Jaulnah; for here dwelt at that period one of the most determined slayers of these animals that was ever known in India, and who had acquired, amongst the natives, the name of "Baagwalla," or the tiger-killer. Captain Sheriff, the chief superintendent of police in this district, was a Highlander of the most undaunted courage, and at the same time possessing a coolness and pre-

sence of mind equal to any occasion or emergency. He was an admirable shot with both rifle and pistol; and when upon his tiger or chetah-destroying expeditions, rarely or ever allowed any other European to accompany him. His fame and prowess were so well known, that whenever any traces of a tiger were discovered within many miles of the cantonment, a Shikaree always arrived to impart the news to him, and he took his measures accordingly, which, indeed, were simple enough, as they generally consisted in placing a bait for the animal, near the spot he was known to haunt, in the shape of a calf or bullock. When aware of the whereabouts of his victim, Sheriff always approached him silently and single-handed, his object being to get a full front view of the tiger at a very short distance if possible, not more than ten or fifteen yards, and to plant his ball exactly between the eyes. This, of course, was rarely done without attracting the observation of the beast, which, in some instances, received its death-wound when in the act of springing upon its antagonist, to whom a miss fire, or the slightest want of nerve, would have been fatal. His weapon was a double-barrelled Joe Manton's rifle, of not very large calibre, but I believe he rarely had to use the second barrel; nor do I remember any occasion, during my residence of two years at Jaulnah, and in which he had killed upwards of twenty-five tigers, that he undertook an expedition for this purpose without bringing home the animal as a trophy.

He despised the usual method of hunting as practised in India, securely seated in a comfortable howdah on the back of an elephant, with some forty or fifty guns, besides your own, ready to fire a volley into the unfortunate tiger immediately he makes his appearance, but absolutely courted all the dangers attendant upon his own daring system. Many years are past and gone since I last met this hero of the

Deccan, and am ignorant whether he ultimately fell a victim to his favourite pursuit, or still lives to recount his wonderful achievements. Sheriff, after killing a tiger, generally returned in a sort of triumph with it to the station, slung upon a long pole, and borne by several coolies. The native women rushed in crowds to meet it, with the hopes of wetting their handkerchiefs, or portions of their dress in the blood, which they consider a charm against misfortune and barrenness, and also to possess many other virtues. He was as efficient and valuable an officer as a hardy and keen sportsman, and the expulsion and destruction of many of the murderous and predatory bandits that frequented this part of India, was mainly owing to his perfect knowledge of the different languages, acuteness of perception, and promptitude and decision in action.

I was soon domiciled in a very agreeable bungalow, in company with several other young officers, our united forces forming rather an imposing establishment; and being now finally appointed to the regiment to which I was destined to belong, was soon initiated into my duties, which I did not find very severe, the mode of life being in most respects similar to that I have described at Wallajabad. A taste for sporting, in spite of exposure to the sun, was perhaps more prevalent, and the consumption of beer and brandy pawnee something greater.

I look back with feelings of pleasure to the many delightful shooting excursions I have made in the neighbourhood of Jaulnah. One of my favourite resorts was a large tank, or rather swamp. Situated on the other side of the native fort and town, in rather a pretty situation, groves of mango trees on its banks, and surrounded by low, undulating, bare and rocky hills, here I was sure to find snipe of several kinds, although forced to wade up to the knees in black and offensive mud, with a burning sun overhead, the snipes rising

every few yards, and settling down at a short distance again. When tired of this rather perilous sport, packs of rock-pigeon and coveys of the dark-brown quail, amongst the rocks and on the sides of the hills, afforded plenty of sport until it was time to return to tiffin and pale ale: for both of which my morning's amusement had given me an appetite, to be envied by those who passed their time in sedentary occupations at home.

Not far from this spot, and amongst a tope of mango trees, was situated the quiet little abode of a Fakeer,\* with whom I had managed to scrape an acquaintance, and from whom I learnt, by rote, some of the first elements of Hindostanee I picked up. He was not one of those dirty and disgusting objects so common amongst this class, but a venerable, respectable-looking character, quite of the "high church" school; and whatever his conduct may have been amongst his own *parishioners* or co-religionists, he certainly never attempted to practise any humbug or imposition on me. When tired with shooting, and bathed in perspiration, I sought his shady little garden, and, squatting down in the shade beside him, smoked my cheroot as an accompaniment to his "hubble-bubble," he always had a "chatty" of cold fresh water, and my boy produced the bottle of cognac, which I informed the old gentleman was an English medicine, beneficial in most cases, but a sovereign specific for hypochondria. I have a strong suspicion that Mahomed Bundar's experience in the world had made him quite *au fait* to the real state of the case; but, at all events, he concealed his knowledge, if he possessed it, and received and quaffed his medicine as one of the most docile of patients.

Amongst the sports peculiar to the East, and for the

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\* A Mahometan wandering priest, or devotee.



enjoyment of which the vast open plains, intermixed with rocky ground and ravines, in the immediate vicinity of Jaulnah, presented excellent opportunities, was that of fox-hunting; not, indeed, that noble recreation upon which so many thousands are spent, and so much emulation exists in our native land, but the pursuit of a beautiful little animal, not much more than half the size of the British fox, with silvery fur and black bushy tail, that is found at early dawn, and descried by the practised eye of the hunter creeping silently and singly over the plain, or skulking amongst the rocks, and which often affords an excellent run, trying the speed of a brace of greyhounds, and the pace of an Arab horse, before they are either killed or earthed.

The same description of ground on which these animals are found presents a curious and interesting field of observation to the Indian officer who delights to rise on the first break of morn, and, summoning his "syce," or horsekeeper, mounts his trusty Arab, and taking with him his gun or rifle, dogs, and spear, repairs to the barren plains and hills of the Deccan.

Troops of jackals retiring from their nightly "razzias," here and there some wolves, or a solitary dummel gundy or hyena making his way, in a deliberate and ungraceful canter, from the glare of the sun and the haunts of men to some hole or cave, are the first objects that strike his view.

Flocks of antelopes are seen in the distance, and bound away upon his approach; and if these all vanish without affording a chance for either rifle or spear, he consoles himself with a careful scrutiny for the miniature Reynard, which is to afford him an opportunity for an exciting and invigorating gallop, before the sun's rays render such an amusement unpleasant, if not impracticable, and returns with a brush or two to the discussion of an Indian breakfast, with an appetite which the souvenirs of the previous evening's



jovialities, and a consequently lengthened repose, would not have engendered.

This, at least, was the only sanitary system I adopted during my residence in India on non-parade mornings, and I sincerely believe that I may attribute the impunity I enjoyed from tropical ailments, during my stay in the country, to its beneficial results.

Bustard of very large size are often met with on these plains, but are exceedingly difficult of approach; and during my stay at Jaulnah, I never knew one killed by a European sportsman. The Shikarees sometimes brought them for sale, and I have known one of forty pounds weight served up at our mess-table.

I happened to be on a week's shooting excursion some distance from the cantonment, with an officer of another regiment, who was one of my most frequent companions on such occasions,—a good sportsman, who had gained skill and experience by a much longer residence in India than myself. We had our usual camp equipage, and were prepared for any sort of game we might meet with; and B——e, who was well mounted, had with him a couple of beautiful Arab greyhounds, for the purpose of fox-hunting, and his spears, in case of finding wild hog, into which sport he had been initiated, and had already killed his hog single-handed.

After moving from place to place, and killing our usual complement of pea-fowl, hares, partridges, and quails; observing tracks of several tigers, but not taking any *particular* trouble to find them; and stalking several neilghau unsuccessfully, we arrived near a village, where we learnt from a Shikaree that wild hog were in the habit of frequenting a sugar-cane plantation by night, near the place where we were encamped, and returning to a neighbouring jungle, about two miles distant, on the break of day.

Acting on this information, we opened our campaign on

the "suers" by engaging coolies, in the first place, to beat the sugar-cane, with orders to make every possible discordant noise they could, naturally or artificially. B——e and I loaded our double-barrelled guns with ball, and placed ourselves on each side of the sugar-cane field, and about the centre of it.

At the farther end, and nearest to the jungle where the hogs were likely to bolt, was stationed a boy, with the two Arab dogs, and near him a horse-keeper, holding B——'s horse and spear, in readiness for him to mount, and pursue the game through the intervening ground between the canes and the jungle.

From where I stood I could distinguish neither the one or the other of the latter individuals.

I had not been long in the position I had at first taken up, and the air resounded with the cries of the beaters, when I distinctly heard the rush of some large animal through the canes in my direction, and presently an opening was made in the cactus-hedge, and, with a tremendous grunt, an immense hog stood exposed to view, about twenty yards below where I was standing. I was not long in bringing my gun to my shoulder, taking steady aim behind the shoulder which was presented to me, and firing both barrels in quick succession. The animal rushed back into the sugar-canes. Suddenly a cry of lamentation was heard about one hundred and fifty yards below where I was standing, and, on running forward to ascertain the cause, I found B——'s boy crying and wringing his hands, and one of his master's fine dogs lying dead beside him, shot through the head. As I have before stated, from where I was standing I could not see the boy or dogs, and, in fact, did not know where they were stationed; however, according to all appearances, I had missed a wild hog at twenty paces distant, that seemed to me nearly as large as a bullock, and had killed a valuable dog

of my friend's, that I could not see, at at least one hundred and fifty.

My friend, as may be imagined, was not very profuse in his compliments to me on this occasion, and I was retiring, discomfited and extremely ashamed of myself, from the scene, when a shout arose from the sugar-canes, and presently several coolies appeared, dragging with difficulty the body of a wild hog—or rather sow, as she turned out to be.

Upon examination, we found that both my balls had taken effect, rather lower down than I intended, and had passed clean through her, so that the dog must have been killed by one of them after its exit from the “suer's” carcase, which, indeed, did not present much resistance, being as fat as butter—or, at least, as a diet of sugar-cane with mud-baths could render it, and probably, acquiring some obliquity of direction by this means, performed the difficult feat of shooting round a corner ; at all events, I am relating a fact. The wild sow weighed upwards of four hundred and fifty pounds, but was big with young.

This interlude prevented my friend B——e from following the remainder when they broke cover, which they did in gallant style, to the number of twenty or thirty, and some very large boars amongst them, in the direction of the jungle.

I shall relate a circumstance that occurred during my residence at Jaulnah, which gave additional lustre to the fame of my friend Sheriff as a “Cutwall Sahib,” or Chief of the Police :—

From the sudden and unexplained disappearance of many individuals in the surrounding districts, and even women and children from the Jaulnah bazaar, it was more than suspected that a strong party of Phansigars, or Thugs, must be in the neighbourhood. The existence of this horrible and almost incredible race of beings was a fact which at this

period had not been long established in our Anglo-Indian dominions. To quote the words of a writer on Indian affairs —“That thousands of practised murderers, organized into a brotherhood, and bound to each other by mysterious, but indissoluble ties, and who held a language only known to themselves, should be congregated at all seasons and in every class of society, and so well initiated in their bloody calling, that however far apart the residence of two Thugs might be, yet they no sooner encountered each other than immediate recognition should follow, was indeed little suspected, since such a state of things could not enter the imagination of persons living under an efficient government.” The only means of detecting and bringing to justice these monsters was through the treachery and cowardice of their own sect, who, upon the first danger of discovery, rushed which should be the first in the field to come forward and turn approver, or give evidence against their comrades, by which they escaped the penalty of hanging, which was in every case inflicted on a convicted Thug; and so concise and complete in all the details was this evidence, and so thoroughly established by subsequent proofs, such as finding bodies or skeletons in the exact spots where they were stated to have been murdered, that no doubt could exist of its credibility.

Thuggism in Bengal has been so well described by Captain Meadows Taylor, that I shall simply confine myself to the evidence produced before Captain Sheriff as to the manner it was carried on in this part of the Deccan. It not only embraced every class of society, but every age and sex, from old age to almost infancy. Every member of this diabolical fraternity was liable to be summoned at any period, night or day, to assist or join in a conspiracy for the sake of plunder and murder; and as the Phansigars represented all classes and callings in society, such oppor-



tunities were very frequent, as they easily obtained the knowledge of intended journeys of persons on business, and who were likely to carry money or valuables with them, met them on the road, or at caravanserais, and managed to keep company with their victims until their party was sufficiently large to enable them to achieve their bloody work with security.

The Phansigar always added murder to robbery. It formed an imperative item of his creed. The female, for the sake of her bangles or armlets, or the poor child, for its brass lotah or water-vessel, were alike pitilessly strangled, and buried or concealed in the most convenient spot. They were, however, most cautious in their proceedings, and always selected the most secluded and unfrequented places for the scenes of their atrocities.

When a party was to be attacked *en masse*, the number of Thugs was generally about equal to the travellers, when, by a given signal, and at a favourable part of the road, and whilst apparently in friendly conversation and companionship, each Phansigar, great and small, selected a victim, by adroitly throwing a noose round his or her neck, and the work of murder was soon finished, either by strangulation or the knife; but they preferred the former mode. The bodies, after being despoiled, were immediately buried in the most secluded spot they could find.

As I before stated, the police had every reason to believe that a large party of these assassins were haunting Jaulnah and its immediate vicinity, and steps were taken in consequence to discover them.

An old, and rather mysterious personage, apparently a Marhatta of high caste, and who occupied the position of a shroff, or money-dealer in the Jaulnah bazaar, and, indeed, had even had some transactions in that way with some of the officers of the camp, somehow or other fell under the

suspicion of Sheriff, who was not long in acting upon these surmises. He was quietly seized one morning and handcuffed, whilst reckoning up rupees on a counter in his dwelling. A strict search was made, and upon digging beneath the mud flooring of the hut, a hole was discovered full of every description of property, including ornaments, money, jewels, &c. He admitted at once the fact of his being the chief, as well as receiver and banker, of a band of Phansigars, and offered to point out to the police every one of them, men, women, and children, on condition of his own life being spared. This offer was accepted, and the old assassin, thoroughly disguised, was accompanied by a strong body of police to the different towns and villages and religious festivals for about fifty miles round the cantonment of Jaulnah, until he had betrayed about two hundred of his associates into their hands. Once captured, and when they were aware by what means, there was no difficulty in bringing their crimes home to them. Orientals are all fatalists, and when they consider their time is come, or even great danger impends, they do not trouble themselves by trying to avert it, but give themselves up to their fate with the greatest coolness and resignation. A trial took place for form's sake, when the male portion of the band were all condemned to be hung, and the women and children to imprisonment for life.

The executions, to the number of about one hundred, were ordered to take place at different towns and stations of the Deccan, so as to strike terror, if possible, into any actual or embryo Thugs that might still be in the vicinity. Ten were to be hung at Jaulnah, and the night previous to their execution I accompanied Sheriff into the cell where these wretches were chained. The conversation was carried on in the Marhatta language, of which I was ignorant, but Sheriff informed me, that upon his questioning them whether they did not feel

some remorse for all the murders and crimes they had committed, and a dread of their present awful position, they replied that, on the contrary, they had done their duty as good Phansigars, exactly as faithfully and well as he had performed his as a Cutwall Sahib; that they well knew that death was at all times impending, and whether it arrived by natural means or otherwise was a matter of perfect indifference to them; indeed, if I could judge from the expression of their countenances, not only was there a total absence of fear, remorse, or sorrow, but a sort of boastful consciousness of their own merits, and an anticipation of future reward for their meritorious acts in this life.

The gallows upon which they were to expiate, or rather celebrate their crimes, was erected on the banks of the then dry bed of the Jaulnah river, between the cantonment and native fort. It was very rudely constructed, and not more than nine or ten feet high. Troops were marched to the spot to maintain order, and many thousands of natives were assembled to witness the execution.

The Phansigars themselves marched with a firm and steady step to their death, singing a sort of triumphal hymn or slow chant, and smoking their hubble-bubbles, or cocoa-nut water pipes. When they arrived at the foot of the gallows, and the first was ordered to ascend a short ladder and deliver himself into the hands of the executioner, who was sitting astride on the cross-beam, and waiting to adjust the noose, he embraced his fellow-prisoners all round, took one last whiff at his pipe, and gave it into the hands of the nearest Phansigar, who, in his turn, acted in a precisely similar way, until the whole ten were suspended side by side, and scarcely a struggle was observed in one of the bodies. When, however, the last execution had taken place, an unexpected event occurred, for which we were totally unprepared. Large bodies of natives, that had been standing in the background,

came suddenly forward, and closed around the gallows. Several men detached themselves from these groups, and rushing upon the suspended Thugs with long knives, hamstringed them, or severed the *tendon Achilles*. This, we afterwards learnt, was to prevent their ghosts from walking, and continuing the same pursuits after death that they had followed during their lives.

I was invited to breakfast one morning with the amiable and worthy Colonel of the Madras Rifle corps, and who was also at that time the senior officer in command of the cantonment, when a servant intimated that a Hindoo female of high caste wished to speak with him. Although at this period the "suttee," or self-immolation of Hindoo widows, was in full operation, yet it was ordered by the Governor in Council that in all divisions of the British army, previous to the celebration of this ceremony, that it should be necessary for the female to obtain the consent of the officer commanding the place or division to her performing this act of devotion.

The object of this order was to enable him, if possible, by advice and persuasion, to deter those unfortunate victims of prejudice and superstition from carrying out their fatal resolutions, but to which end I believe it was perfectly useless.

On this occasion a young and very handsome woman was introduced, who simply stated that her husband, an old Brahmin, was just dead, who inhabited the city of Jaulnah, and that it was her wish and intention to perform "suttee," or burn herself beside his body on an appointed day, and that she had presented herself before the Colonel Sahib in accordance with the regulations she had been instructed to observe.

K——s, who was as good and kind-hearted a man as ever lived, but no great orator or sophist, ran over the usual list



of objections in his best Hindostanee, much in the same way that he would have performed his task before his moonshee, or language master, to all of which the lady listened with a kind of lurking smile, not very complimentary to his powers of persuasion; and when he arrived at the peroration, in which he informed her that if she would renounce, &c., absurd determination, she would be protected by the East India Government, and her pecuniary wants supplied, &c., she answered that, having several lacs of rupees of her own, she was not at all in need of such assistance, and coolly and politely reiterated her fixed resolution to act in conformity with the rules and ordinances of the religion of her forefathers.

Of course the commandant had nothing more to say, and having expressed his regret, salaamed her out of the bungalow, with a promise to send a military guard to honour the ceremonial by their presence, which I was also myself determined to witness. I must say that there was no appearance of either gross and ignorant superstition about this woman, or of her being acted upon by intimidation, but a calm and dignified resolution and manner that would have done honour to a Roman matron.

When a woman had thus expressed her determination to burn herself with the dead body of her husband, it was always decisive, although nothing was left undone by the Brahmins and her relatives to keep up her enthusiasm, and work upon her mind, by representations of all the glory she would obtain in this world, and eternal felicity in the one to come, by the sacrifice she was about to make.

The funeral pile, parts of which was composed of precious and sweet-scented wood, was erected in the sandy and dry bed of the river. A quantity of dry brushwood, straw, and easily inflammable materials, were placed beneath it, and the open surface, at the height of about eight or ten feet, was

covered with the fragrant flowers of the gardenia, or Cape jessamine. On one side was extended the body of the defunct Brahmin, anointed with sweet-smelling ointments, and on the other a vacant space was left for the bride, and a ladder fixed against the side to facilitate her ascent.

A number of religious ceremonies took place in a temporary pavilion near the spot, and shortly the victim, painted in the sacred colours of her caste, in which red predominated, her hair flowing loosely, and chanting her death-song, issued forth at the head of the procession. Drums, tom-toms, and all the discordant elements of Hindoo music, drowned away other sounds that might arise, and with eyes and gestures wildly animated by the effects of fanaticism, and probably "bang,"\* she moved towards the pile, scattering handfuls of flowers around her on her course, and even on ascending the ladder, some of which I caught and preserved long afterwards, in memorial of this heartrending scene. She then quietly placed herself in a recumbent position beside her husband; more logs were heaped upon the bodies; the cries of the attendants and the noise of the instruments were redoubled, and amidst them the pile was ignited. Immense volumes of smoke soon hid everything from view, and I hoped and prayed that this poor victim to the grossest and most cruel of superstitions was suffocated, and met a comparatively easy death before the flames touched her body. Be that as it may, a very short time sufficed to reduce the costly pile, the dead Hindoo, and the young and innocent wife to a heap of smouldering ashes.

Amongst the many and true anecdotes relative to the sagacity and memory of the elephant that I have heard and read of in India and elsewhere, I do not recollect a more

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\* An exciting and intoxicating compound, made use of by Orientals on desperate occasions.

remarkable one than an occurrence that took place during my residence at Jaulnah.

A commandant of one of the battalions of native infantry then stationed there possessed an elephant of large size and extreme docility. When on a march, and carrying heavy burdens, or on a shooting or other excursion, nothing could be more obedient or even-tempered than the animal in question; and when picketed at his quarters he would permit little children to play with him and tease him in a variety of ways, lift them up with his trunk upon his back, and place them again in safety upon the ground with the greatest care and tenderness.

Every one who has been in India knows that an elephant on occasions of state or ceremony has two attendants attached to his person; one the "mahout," who rides on his neck, and guides his course, and the other in the shape of a sort of running footman, who follows him in a gay dress, and carrying a spear, which, in case of extreme sluggishness or obstinacy, he uses with more or less severity on the hinder part of the animal.

The latter personage, it appears, many years previous to my acquaintance either with the elephant or his master, had very wantonly and cruelly abused this privilege, and had been in the habit of pricking his charge with his spear from sheer recklessness, and not without great personal danger to himself, as the elephant, when enraged or excited, is by no means the clumsy animal he appears, but is sometimes very quick in his movements; and, as was the case in this instance, often suddenly turns round upon his tormentor, to the risk and inconvenience of the occupants of the "howdah," or box-seat on his back, and lashed out at him with his trunk. The man had long since been dismissed; indeed, I believe a period of six years had elapsed since his discharge, when he happened, from some cause or other, to visit Jaulnah.

Finding that his old friend, or rather enemy, was at that time in the cantonment, he paid him a visit, and was approaching him with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance, when the elephant, usually so mild and tractable, with a terrific glance from his sunken eye, seized the unfortunate man with his trunk, and throwing him violently on the ground, stamped upon him with his colossal feet, reducing what had a few seconds before borne the semblance of a human being into a shapeless mass of blood and dust. This story was related to me by an eye-witness a very short time after it happened, and I saw the beast as quiet and amiable as ever a short time afterwards.

We were in expectation of a visit from the late Sir T. C. Metcalfe, on his way from Hyderabad, in the Deccan, at which place he was then resident, to Aurungabad and Bombay, and were determined to receive him with every display of hospitality in our power. No man in India was more deservedly admired and respected by all classes than that eminent statesman, then in the zenith, or rather commencement of his fame.

Although at that period there were not more than half-a-dozen ladies in the cantonment, and they could not all strictly figure as "belles," in the true sense of the word, yet a ball was arranged to take place; and private theatricals, in which I took an active part, were in actual contemplation, as a precursor to it.

Our mess-house was to be the theatre and ball-room, and we were soon actively engaged in scene-painting, costume-making, and all the different theatrical preparations necessary to the performing of that very *difficult and complicated drama, She Stoops to Conquer; or, The Mistakes of a Night*. Having volunteered to write a sort of opening address or prologue, and to take two rôles in the comedy, I had full occupation for the several days that intervened.



before these gaieties were to take place. Our *dramatis personæ* were all of the male sex, and we had no small difficulty in transforming some of our young hands into lady-like representatives of Goldsmith's heroines. Indeed, I alluded to this circumstance in my prologue, in the following doggrel:—

Though here in vain the eye may rove in search  
Of simple chapel, or more sacred church,  
Yet, come all ye who walk in wisdom's way,  
And find a school of morals in our play.  
Come matrons prim, and tender misses—all  
From Johnny Groat's to gates of Leadenhall,  
Lighten our efforts with your smiles—nor fear  
That aught immoral shall be acted here.  
Our mimic scene in changeful guise shall show  
The rough old hand a young and polish'd beau;  
And few of all the critics here will tell  
The nut-brown ensign in the blushing belle.

Sir Charles arrived in due course. The public dinner given on the occasion was all that could be desired, and the subsequent speeches pithy and appropriate. *She Stoops to Conquer*, with an extemporized overture by the Rifle corps band, went off pretty well, except that the gentleman who recited my prologue resolutely refused to keep his stops, and thus rendered what was before not over plain perfectly incomprehensible; and that Tony Lumpkins was tipsy *de facto* instead of *de more*. Then followed the ball, in which more curious figures were introduced than even modern invention has produced; and then the supper. But I have merely mentioned these circumstances as a preamble to a little adventure that occurred to me subsequently, or rather in consequence of them.

The supper, as most ball-suppers are, was prolonged to a late, or rather early hour of the morning, when a party of us agreed to turn out on the hills, and try and kill a fox, instead of turning into our beds. A few days previously I

had purchased a country or Cutch horse, from a cavalry officer, cheap, as I imagined ; but these animals, in contradistinction to Arabs, are notoriously vicious and intractable. We soon found the object of our search ; the dogs were well laid on, and away we went with every prospect of a fine run. I soon discovered I had no control whatever over my great brute, and we were fast approaching a wide and rocky nullah, which I did not imagine he either could or would jump. There was nothing for it but to take my chance ; so, attempting to guide him to the most practicable part of the ravine, I rammed him at it.

A sudden stop, with a jerk sufficiently violent to shake a statue from its pedestal, and then a plunge into the ravine, were all that I could remember distinctly. When I came to my senses, I found myself lying on a shelving edge of the nullah, on the opposite side, bleeding profusely from a wound that had cut through the bridge of the nose, and almost divided the cartilage. In fact, I must have been jerked from my seat across the nullah, and descended upon my nose on a sharp stone ; fortunately it was not my forehead. My horse was nowhere visible, and after a fruitless search, I returned to camp, where I imagined he had preceded me, behind one of my companions. This, however, was not the case ; and although I sent men in all directions to search and make inquiries after him, I never saw or heard anything of horse, saddle, bridle, or stirrup-irons again !

We were seated one day at tiffin in the mess-room, when a travelling fakeer, or dervish, entered the "compound," leading a chetah, or leopard, blinded and muzzled, as a medium of procuring alms. One of our *old hands*, who had witnessed many wild-beast fights and similar exhibitions in Mysore, considered this a good opportunity for attempting a very cruel experiment, which he had seen practised before ; and, accordingly, the fakeer being communicated with, and

paid for the use of his chetah, the animal was fastened by a long chain to a strong post in the centre of the ground. A donkey was then procured, and the greater part of a bottle of brandy poured, or rather forced down its throat. Neddy, upon feeling the effects of the *eau de vie*, began to make strange capers, and utter the loudest and most discordant braying that ever issued from asinine lungs. In the course of his evolutions, he approached the chetah, who had been relieved of his ocular encumbrances, and was crouching on the ground in a very menacing attitude, his head between his paws. No sooner had this unusual spectacle struck his observation, than with a bray of defiance, and turning towards him that part of his person not usually presented to society, he directed a straightforward kick with each hind leg full on the muzzle of the "leopard couchant," which had not only the effect of arousing him from any dreamy aberration he might have been indulging in, but also of separating the ligaments that fastened it.

A roar! a bound! and in a second the chetah was on the donkey's back, his claws buried in the shoulder, and his fangs in the neck of the unfortunate beast, whose horrible cries it was dreadful to hear. The fakeer had lost all control over him; and terror (and drunkenness as well, I presume) had so overpowered the donkey, that he did not attempt to escape beyond the range of the chain to which the leopard was attached, and thus drag himself away from the terrific embrace of his enemy, but rolled over on the ground, the chetah still retaining his hold, and still sucking his lifeblood. This scene was not of long continuance; the poor donkey soon fell a victim to his temerity, or rather the cruel experiment that had been played upon him; indeed, every one was sorry for the tragic *dénouement*, but could in no way assist to prevent it, an enraged leopard not being a pleasant animal to meddle with. After gorging him-

self with blood, he again slunk away into a recumbent position, and apparently fell into a *siesta* after his dinner, during which time his master managed, much to our astonishment, to muzzle and blind him, without any opposition on his part, and to lead him away, the animal exhibiting the utmost docility. The power of the natives over wild animals and reptiles is certainly very surprising; indeed, it seems to be almost fabulous; but in what the secret consists by which they can tame the most venomous serpents, and reduce to quiet submission the most savage and treacherous of animals, is only known to themselves, as I fancy they have not imparted it to Europeans, even in these days of knowledge and progress.



## CHAPTER V.

AURUNGABAD—MAUSOLEUM OF RABEA DOORANEY—TANKS AND GARDENS—  
DANCING GIRLS—DOWLATABAD—THE CAVES OF ELLORA—SHOOTING AT  
ELLORA—RETURN TO JAULNAH.

MY first expedition to any distance, on obtaining a month's leave of absence, was, in company with several companions, to the city of Aurungabad, to the camp at which place we had received a general invitation from several of the Nizam's European officers who had partaken of our hospitality when passing through Jaulnah.

We made the journey by short marches, the shooting on the road, particularly hare and partridge, being excellent. Three days sufficed to accomplish the distance, when I beheld, for the first time, these splendid ruins of Moslem architecture, and we pitched our tents in the garden surrounding the beautiful mausoleum erected by Aurunzebe to the memory of the lovely Rabea Dooraney. A cool fountain was before us, and a perfect forest of rose-trees shed their delicious perfume around us. The tomb itself, in excellent preservation, with its elegant fretwork of most delicate tracery, and of snow-white marble, with its graceful towers and fairy minarets, stood out in bold and beautiful relief to the surrounding foliage; and I really thought I had at length realized one of those enchanting scenes that my imagination had created of itself, or formed from the perusal of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, or similar works of fiction; indeed, it would have been difficult for any description to exceed the reality.

The approach to the mausoleum, which is modelled from

the celebrated "Tag" at Agra, is through handsome gates of embossed brass, by a long avenue, having a fine piece of water, and thirteen fountains in the centre. At the end of this avenue, on a spacious terrace, stands the edifice, which is eighty feet square. From the foundation to a height of upwards of six feet, it is composed entirely of pure white marble. The windows, three in number, are of the most exquisite trellis work, so fine and minute, indeed, that it must have required infinite skill not to have damaged the material, which must inevitably have suffered from the least flaw of the chisel or inattention of the workman. Above the height mentioned the superstructure is of stone, stuccoed, but the large dome surmounting the whole is of marble.

The tomb is placed in the centre, and you descend to it by steps. It is enclosed by a light and elegant screen of trellis work, of an octagon figure. Nothing can be more elaborately exquisite than the carving and chiselling, which must have been executed from a solid block of marble. The floor within the screen is raised two inches above the outer aisle, and the tomb itself stands on a terrace ten inches higher than the floor. The whole of this spacious vault is composed of white marble, and, from being quite open at the top, resembles a bath.

A little above the level of the tomb, and a few feet distant, is an open gallery, that embraces the whole extent of the building, which is entirely composed of marble.

Over the tomb of Rabea Dooraney was thrown a covering of scarlet velvet, with a deep rich gold fringe, held down by marble knobs.

The paved terrace that surrounds the building is of considerable extent. At each corner is erected a tower or minaret, seventy-two feet high, and ascended by a spiral staircase, of one hundred and twenty-two steps, and at the summit is a balcony thirty feet in circumference. The

prospect from the top is very fine, embracing a landscape of great extent and variety, and at its foot lies the city, with its mosques, spacious edifices, numerous gardens, fountains, tanks, &c.

On one side of the mausoleum, and between the gardens and the building, is a handsome edifice, containing one room. The floor is composed of black and white marble, in alternate streaks. The entrance to it is by a Gothic arch, very prettily carved. The whole stands upon a raised terrace. The name of the room was said to be Jummal Caun, a retiring-place for the priests to assemble before proceeding to their daily orisons at the tomb of Rabea.

Another building, much smaller, but equally beautiful, was situated amidst a grove of lime trees, that filled the air with their fragrance. This was said to be a favourite retreat of Aurunzebe, who was accustomed often to retire here, in company with Rabea and a learned mollah, particularly previous to his setting out on one of his great hunting parties, he having at that time about thirty miles of the country around Aurungabad enclosed entirely for the preservation of wild animals and game of all kinds.

Next in beauty, and as an interesting souvenir of Mahometan architecture, was "Shah Musafir's" tank. This reservoir, which is very large, is surrounded by a handsome wall, built on pointed arches. This wall was then completely covered with plants and creepers, and four fountains shed their refreshing spray around, and heightened the perpetual verdure. Rich and beautiful gardens, full of the finest trees indigenous to the East, and amongst which the cypress added greatly both to coolness and shade; pretty kiosks, glittering with gilded ornaments, and the cool waters of the lake, all contributed to render this place a favourite resort of the Mahometan population, and an agreeable promenade to Europeans visiting the city. I well remember with what

delight I gave myself up to all the luxury of perfect repose in these delicious gardens after a hot march, the last stage from Jaulnah, and how it struck me that, after so long a residence in India, this was the first time my fancy had revelled in one of those visions of the East so ably painted by our Anacreontic bard.\* The great square—the handsomely gilded and painted mosques—the weekly processions of females, in their white veils and gracefully folded robes, carrying flowers to scatter over the shrine of Rabea, are all present to my memory, and form by far the most delightful souvenirs that I retain in any way connected with India.

The cantonment of Aurungabad outside the city walls was at this time occupied by several battalions of the Nizam's infantry. Mr. William Palmer, one of the brothers of the great Indian banking-firm of that name, resided here with his daughter (a very accomplished young lady, who had just returned from England) in a magnificent bungalow, or rather palace, and Mr. Canning, a near relative of the great minister, was political resident here.

Both these gentlemen were celebrated for their splendid and profuse hospitality, a quality, indeed, so common with all European residents at this place, that a stay amongst them for any lengthened period was attended with some risk to the constitution.

The entertainments partook more of an Oriental character than we were accustomed to at Jaulnah, and generally terminated in a "nautch," or native ballet. Aurungabad was celebrated at this time for possessing some of the most beautiful and accomplished votaries of Terpsichore in India, both Hindoo and Mussulman; and although I am aware it has been the fashion to cry down these exhibitions, and often

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\* Thomas Moore.



with reason, as unbecoming, immoral, and void of grace or beauty, still there are exceptions; and I can well remember that in India, and at the age of nineteen, I have gazed upon the embroidered muslins and graceful pirouettes of some fair dancing girl with quite as much excitement as I have subsequently witnessed the performance of a Taglioni or Duvernay, and listened to the "Tazu be Tazu," warbled by some dark-eyed Moslem songstress, with as much delight as to the solfeggio of an opera-singer.

Soon afterwards I was the guest of a Mr. Johnson, an officer in one of the Nizam's regiments of infantry, whose hospitality was so unbounded, that he was always taxing his brains how to find some means of entertaining me. He had just been praising the beauty and accomplishments of some dancing-girls at Aurungabad, but that he might procure a particularly good set, make due preparations, and invite some of his native friends to the nautch. He deferred it until the following night.

Messages were accordingly sent to some of his native friends for the occasion. No people stand more upon ceremony, and are more punctilious in the observance of all forms of etiquette, than the inhabitants of Hindostan, even to the lowest classes, who bow and salute their acquaintances with much form. In the upper classes it is almost carried to an excess of politeness and deference.

But to the dance. To quote the words of a friend—"These dancing girls were some of them very young, very beautiful, very fond, and possessing the finest and most delicate forms that can be imagined. Willing to please, and desirous to be admired, they neglected nothing that could set off their persons, or excite admiration in the beholders. True disciples of the Paphian Queen, still they had very few of the vices that disgrace the sisterhood in Europe. Their manners were good, their tempers mild, and their dispositions of the most affec-

tionate kind. Drunkenness, quarrelling, and swearing were unknown to them, and in their habits they were temperate, docile, and cheerful. No vulgarity, ingratitude, or deception in their character; they followed their vocation without those disgusting traits that are met with in Europe. They were proverbially faithful and cleanly, and to a certain degree modest, although brought up professed courtezans from their earliest youth. Never experiencing want, and being never ill treated (as their numbers and community protect them), and living in a fine climate, if the horrors of prostitution (a necessary evil in all countries) can anywhere be palliated, it is in India, for there it is unattended with those outrages, cruelties, and insults which characterize the treatment and life of that unfortunate class in England.

“The brutal and unfeeling usage that those poor creatures experience in England in their nightly and desolate walks, in cold and wet, searching for a miserable meal through the opulent metropolis, beset by the rapacity of police officers, and the hypocritical morality of the opposite sex; these helpless creatures, these midnight wanderers, more ‘sinned against than sinning,’ would present to those who took the trouble, from motives of humanity, to perambulate the streets at night, a more appalling picture of wretchedness and distress than those unacquainted with the subject would believe to be possible.

“Look at home, Christians and philanthropists, and before you go to India to reform and improve, cast your eyes at home at the suffering thousands in want of shelter, in want of a meal, in want of clothing to cover their bodies. In England you can do good, in India none, and will only produce evil.

“In the instrumental parts of these performances there was but little to please, and nothing to admire. The vocalists

and dancers had the accompaniments of small, noisy, harsh drums, beaten with the fingers and a stick. The drum was suspended from the neck, and rested on the vest of the player. They had a kind of guitar, played either with the bow or the fingers. To produce 'soft sounds,' in accordance either with the step or whirl of the dancing-girl, the musicians distorted their countenances by the most hideous grimaces. The whole neck and face appeared convulsed, the mouth wide open, and the player roared out with all his might and main a symphony to his own music. Their violent motions evinced exertion and the utmost enthusiasm in gesture, torturing as it were some dulcet sounds (as they thought) from their rude and inharmonious instruments. These performers were nervously alive to their calling, and so desirous of improving the dancing and singing, that they got into a profuse sweat, and appeared as if bewitched with the wish to please, and the ravishing effects of their own noise, than which nothing could be more discordant or frightful, equally devoid of sweetness in the instrument, and of taste in the performers. When you could prevail on the girls to sing without the execrable accompaniment of the tom-toms, the guitar, and cymbals, it was a great treat. Their voices were often mellifluous, their persons graceful, their countenances soft and expressive, their motions and attitudes classically elegant; but when these obstreperous sons of Orpheus stepped in, farewell to all harmony.

"The girls sang the strain on the old subjects, love and war, and in relating the delights of the former did not fail 'to suit the action to the word,' but they seldom overstepped the 'modesty of nature,' except urged on by imprudent and volatile young men. Round the ankles of the girls were placed rows of very small silver bells; these they moved in cadence, quickly or not, according to the step or figure they were engaged in. There were generally three or

four performers at a time, who alternately took a part in the dancing or singing, as one or other receded or got exhausted. The quick movement of the loins and hips, the whirling motions they took (in which our figure dancers are mere novices), and both hands playing castanets, and flourishing them over the head, must have been most fatiguing. They often sang at the time of dancing, and the exhilarating air, 'Tazu be Tazu,' generally commenced the melody. Buffoons and mimics occasionally lent their drolleries as an interlude. Such dancing and singing girls as Michee, Begum, Jahn, Hingan, and others, would not go out under a hundred rupees each for a night. Their fine tresses were perfumed and adorned with fragrant flowers, their dress and ornaments were very showy, and they wore full-bottomed petticoats of the finest muslin, which flew out and expanded as they took their whirling evolutions."

Our party did not break up till late, although after the first hour or two of the entertainment there was not much variety in the amusement. In the intervals of dancing and singing, lounging on couches, smoking, and conversing with intelligent natives, who were sitting around on carpets, was an agreeable pastime enough.

Mr. Johnson was a well-known and successful tiger-killer, and had destroyed many of these beasts, both in this neighbourhood and near Ellora. His usual method was to take up his position at night in some large tree, at the foot of which was tied a live goat or sheep, as bait to any beast of prey, and which, whether tiger, chetah, wolf, or hyena, if attracted by its cries and bleatings, were pretty sure to fall victims to his unerring rifle. The forests in the vicinity afforded him ample scope for this description of sport, and the trophies he possessed in the shape of teeth, skulls, and heads, attested his success.

Latterly he always had a sort of hut constructed for him.



in the branches of the tree where he meditated taking up his night's quarters, as a precaution against danger in the event of his falling asleep during the long hours of his watch, having several times very nearly tumbled from his perch under the influence of Somnus. More than once a wounded tiger or leopard had perceived his enemy, or at all events his whereabouts, and had commenced the ascent of the tree in order to wreak his vengeance on his destroyer, but Johnson had several spare guns placed in convenient positions, and had always succeeded in putting an effectual stop to such attempts long before any danger could reach him. He gave me some good accounts of the elk and neilghau shooting at some places not far distant, and volunteered to accompany me and give me not only the benefit of his experience, but the more solid comforts of his establishment, on a short visit to the celebrated Caves of Ellora.

Our first day's march conducted us to the fortress of Dowlatabad, which, as is well known, is erected on the summit of a high and conical rock, rising abruptly from the level country beneath. From the base upwards, to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, the rock is scarped, and presents a perpendicular naked wall, whilst a succession of walls and bastions surrounds the upper parts of the hill, forming additional defences to the stronghold itself. A double fortification of great extent surrounds the base of the rock, between the walls of which there existed an almost impenetrable jungle, the abode of tigers and other wild beasts. The only mode of access to the fort is by a narrow well or passage, hewn out of the heart of the mountain, winding and ascending to the top. An enemy attempting to force this passage would be inevitably suffocated by fires lighted from above. At the time of our visit the Nizam's flag was floating from the citadel, and several brass twenty-four pounders were mounted on the walls. Dowlatabad was

considered by the natives as perfectly impregnable, and no doubt was so, according to their mode of warfare. Our system of military tactics and operations, however, soon reduced these hill forts, and put the natives very much out of conceit with them.

Quitting Dowlatabad, we passed a ghaut or mountain, the ascent to which was entirely paved by Aurunzebe, and at a short distance farther encamped beneath the walled town of Roza.

This place is celebrated as being the burying-place of the Emperor Aurunzebe, whose tomb is a very shabby memorial of his greatness. It stands on a level terrace of great height, and commands a beautiful and varied prospect, Aurungabad being seen in the distance. A mile and a half from hence the traveller arrives at the head of the long range of granite rocks, in which are excavated the wonderful caves and temples of Ellora, and commands the most enchanting view of the country beneath. Forests and groves of magnificent trees, white temples and pagodas peeping from amongst them, and handsomely constructed tanks, all formed a charming *coup d'œil*. A precipitous and winding path, excavated in the mountain itself, led us to the village of Ellora, which is beautifully situated below, embosomed in a grove of trees, and inhabited entirely by Brahmins of the highest caste.

We encamped not far from the most magnificent tank I had yet seen in India. The retirement of the place, and the beauty of the country, added much to the effect. Brahmins and Brahminees were bathing in its waters almost in a state of nature; gorgeous peacocks were strutting with expanded tails about the walls and terraces, and great black monkeys were contemplating the scene in calm security. Apropos of the sacred nature of these birds and beasts in Hindoo mythology, a curious passage occurs in the First Book of

Kings x. 22—"For the king had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram: once in three years came the navy of Tharshish bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks."

As I am not presumptuous enough to enter into competition with the many able and learned men who have published long and elaborate descriptions of those astounding monuments of human labour and ingenuity, I shall content myself, and I hope my readers, with a very brief sketch of my own impressions and ideas on my first visit to them, and confine myself to one or two of the most remarkable. I subsequently visited the Caves of Elephanta, near Bombay, but they bear no comparison whatever with those of Ellora. The largest and by far the most elaborately carved temple is that of Keylas, which is hewn out of the solid granite rock, and separated from it by a space two hundred and fifty feet deep and one hundred and fifty broad. In this space or area stands a magnificent temple or cathedral, formed according to the strictest rules of architectural symmetry, with all its aisles, naves, pillars, &c., of gigantic size, and exquisite proportions, covered with the most minute and elaborate bas-reliefs and carvings. The size of this enormous specimen of separate excavation is five hundred feet in circumference; a fabric surpassed by no other relic of antiquity in existence.

It is difficult to form a conception of a body of men, however numerous, possessing skill, courage, and enthusiasm, and with resources however great, sufficient to excavate from the hardest rock, and with the chisel alone, an edifice like this, with all its galleries, chambers, statues, and carving in endless profusion, and the imagination becomes lost and bewildered in the magnitude of the idea.

It must be borne in mind that Keylas is only one of about twelve caves and excavations that extend for about two

miles along the range of mountains, on the summit of which stands the town of Roza, and at the base the village of Ellora, and the beautiful and picturesque country that surrounds it.

It is, however, by far the most splendid and considerable. Most of the others are caves, most elaborately and artistically carved and sculptured in the interior, but not often at the top. Keylas, I believe, in both these respects, although an isolated excavation from the solid rock, stands unrivalled in the world.

It is entered from below by a splendid gateway, and upon emerging into the area many sculptured figures of Hindoo deities appear right and left, but all seems hewn out to make room for the grand temple in the centre, which is approached by a vast staircase leading to the porch. I shall omit any description of the multitude of chambers, galleries, and balconies that are passed, and present themselves to view on all sides, and conduct the reader at once into the great hall of the temple, where a magnificent scene strikes the beholder. Massive and elegantly sculptured pillars, placed at equal distances, support the highly-polished roof of solid rock, and having their foundation in the rock itself, which forms the base; these are not only polished to the greatest degree of brilliancy, but are most accurately cut and finished.

Two gigantic figures guard the entrance door, the height of which is twelve feet, and the breadth six. The length of the hall itself is one hundred and four feet, and, including the platform, one hundred and forty-three feet, and the breadth sixty-three feet, without including the balconies which project from the sides and overlook the courts below. This magnificent hall is divided by four ranges of square pillars, leaving aisles or passages between them. A whole pantheon of gigantic statues, male and



female, stand on pilasters on the outside of the last row of columns, comprising every variety of the Hindoo mythology, and at the upper end of the chamber is a vast representation in polished granite of the god "Maha Deo" (Siva), the presiding deity of the temple. Leaving this hall by a small flight of steps, a chamber is entered, in which is placed the "Lingham," thus described by a celebrated writer on India :—"This symbol, which is placed in the centre of the *sanctum sanctorum*, is a stone of cylindrical shape, bedaubed with red ochre and sweet-scented oil, and strewn with odoriferous flowers. The worship of this stone, with the ceremonies observed, need not be detailed; they are of an impure kind. It is an emblem of the generative power. These apartments are profusely and richly adorned with sculptured figures of the Hindoo mythology, some of them of very obscene delineation, a thing but too common in the writings and conversation of the Hindoos. The following observation of an Oriental writer sufficiently elucidates the subject to preclude the necessity of going further into the disgusting detail :—"It seems never to have entered into the heads of Indian legislators and people that anything natural could be grossly obscene."

Many of the statues, figures, and reliefs are emblematical of the Buddhist creed, which was prior to that of Brahmah; but the history and date of these wonderful excavations are totally unknown; indeed, the Hindoos invariably ascribe their formation to superhuman agency, and relate a wild traditional story of a being named "Pandoo," who had seven sons, and who, wishing to please the god Crishna, excavated caverns for religious purposes, and in order to do something very extraordinary, prayed to the god to grant them a night which might last for the space of a whole year. When these excavations were finished, the day broke forth, and revealed these wonderful caves and temples to the astonished sight of the

inhabitants of this country, who soon spread the news, and millions from all parts of the world came to worship at these magnificent shrines. The presiding deity of most of the temples is Maha Deo, or Siva, with his wife Parvati, who is thus described by Major Moore :\*

“Maha Deo, or Siva, and his consort Parvati, are more generally worshipped than any other of the numerous deities on the western side of India. He has been likened to Osiris, to Saturn, and in his character of Rudra, to Jupiter. Like Saturn, he delights in human sacrifices, and also represents Time. As with Osiris the ox, apes are sacred to him. He has usually a collar or chaplet of skulls to denote his sanguinary character. In Ellora he is generally represented with four hands; in Elephanta he has eight. From his head the Ganga (Ganges) descends, and on his forehead is represented the moon. Sometimes he has three eyes, denoting, as some suppose, the past, present, and future. Serpents are seen issuing from the locks of his hair, hence his name Dhow Ghati, or with twisted locks, but his general compound name is Cal, Agni, Rudra; Time, Fire, and Fate. His colour is a dirty white, and his votaries, the Sunayasses, bedaub themselves with the dust of cinders. The sectaries of this deity are named Saivas. Parvati, or Bhavani, or Mala Cali (the great goddess of Time), like her lord, has skulls and snakes as her symbols. As Doorga, or active virtue, or difficult of access, she is held in great veneration, and great rejoicings take place at the Doorga Puja. Human sacrifices were formerly offered to this Hecate or Proserpine. In the Calica Pavana, one of her prayers, it is enjoined: ‘Let princes, ministers of state, counsellors, and vendors of spirituous liquors make human sacrifices, for the purpose of obtaining prosperity and wealth. Let the victim offered, if a buffalo,

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\* Major Moore in his work on *The Pantheon of India*.

be five years old, if human, twenty-five.' The immolation of a human female is strictly forbidden. I have seen most horrible looking casts of Parvati as Mala Cali, with the mouth distorted, and presenting large fangs rather than teeth; the tongue protruded, nails very long and curved, human skulls and snakes suspended round the neck, and dancing on a dead body. A circumstance may be here mentioned, that during the expedition to Egypt against the French, the Bombay sepoy, who formed a part of the army that proceeded by the Red Sea and Suez, recognised this and many other mythological figures, particularly the sacred bull, 'Nundi,' the great object of Hindoo veneration and worship. This information they conveyed to their officers, exclaiming that the people who formerly inhabited Egypt must have been Hindoos. It is perhaps more probable that the Hindoos borrowed some of their mythological ideas from the country of Osiris." But to quote again the words of the same author:—"Where now is the whole mechanism of Ellora's former splendour—the mystic dance, the beautiful priestesses, the innumerable midnight lamps, the choruses of hundreds of devoted victims, the responses of music, the shouts of fanatical fakeers, the solemn supplications of the graceful-looking Brahmin of the olden day, clothed in long white vestments? All are fled, and succeeded in the revolutions of time by a degenerate, stupid, and oppressed race, whose very presence in the halls of their noble sires is a disgrace. Great has been, and great is the revolution going on amongst millions of Hindoos; but if we consider the very vicious system of their native governments—five times invaded, and thrice subjugated—the only surprise is, that the moral fabric has not been more deteriorated."

But I have digressed too much from the simple relation of my own adventures into a field which I am well convinced of my own incapability to explore, and which has been

trodden by so many able and enlightened men, amongst whom Major Moore, in his works on Hindoo worship, stands pre-eminent. .

Johnson, who had frequented these caves during his shooting expeditions for many years past, pointed out to me the luxury and convenience of the great hall of Keylas as a residence during our stay at Ellora, and accordingly, by affixing the kanamts or sides of our tents round some of the pillars of the nave, so as to leave a quadrangular space within, we had not only a cool and delicious retreat from the scorching rays of the sun, but were hidden from the gaze and curiosity of any wandering pilgrims or fakeers who might happen to approach the shrine during the period of our stay. Cisterns of cold water were at hand for bathing and drinking purposes, and the few Brahmins that frequented the caves were now so accustomed to the intrusion of Europeans, that they made no further remonstrance against this desecration, always, however, stipulating that all cooking should take place, and the horses be picketed, on the outside of those sacred excavations, and that no beef in any shape, which, to their horror, was slaughtered and eaten by the Mahometan population at Roza, should be employed in our *cuisine*. They have the utmost aversion to the very name of the sacred ox being mentioned in any way. However accidentally or slightly alluded to, the mere mention of it will put a high-caste Hindoo into a cold sweat of horror, and cause his countenance to assume a livid colour. They will spit on the ground on the moment, that their mouth may not be contaminated by the dreadful sound. We had salt provisions with us, but it would have been a cruelty to have outraged their feelings by letting them know it, nor would it have been a very wise or very safe thing to have informed them we had such an article in our possession.

In one of the front rooms, near the balcony over the gate-



way, is the bull Nundi himself, the daily object of adoration and worship, so it will be seen whether keeping our salt beef a secret was not necessary.

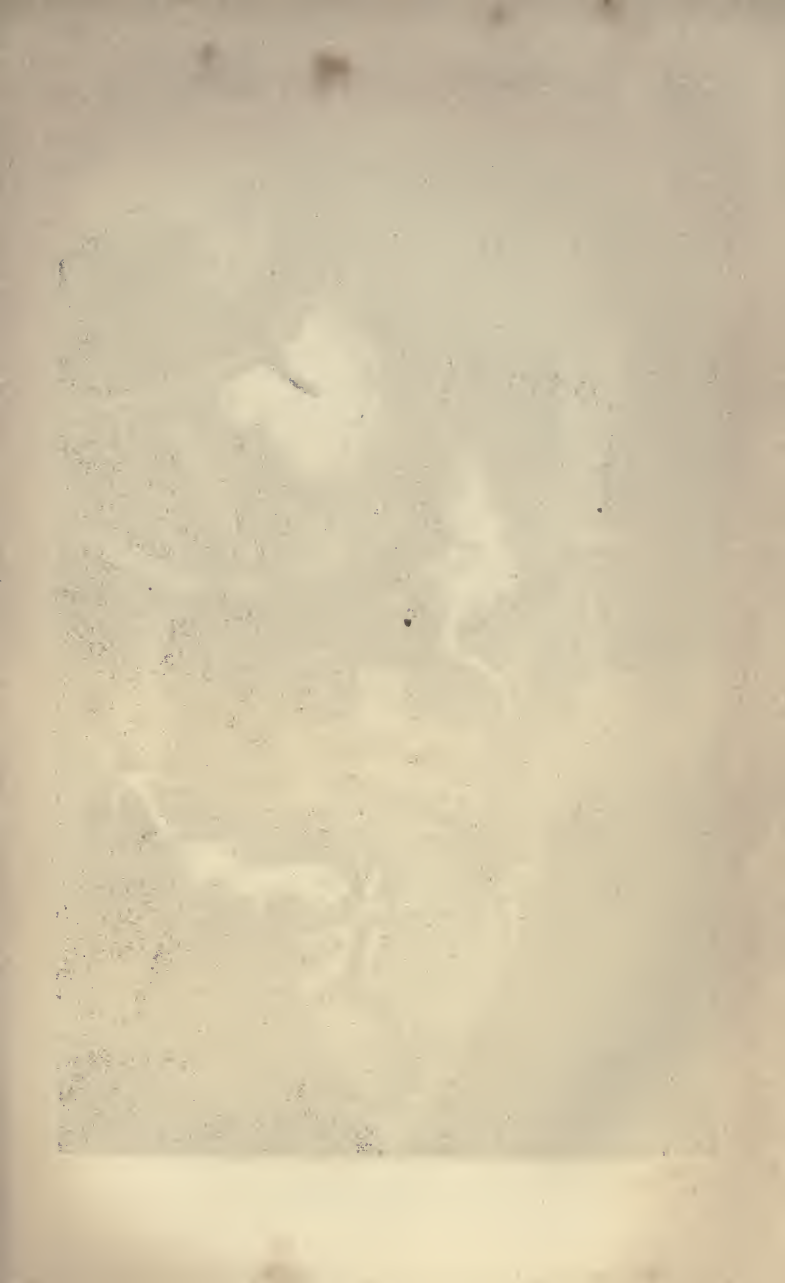
Here, however, and under the very noses of the most celebrated divinities in Hindoo mythology, and who are supposed to be rigid enforcers of an aqueous and vegetable regime, we sipped our mulligatawney, generally composed of pea-fowl, stork, &c., and washed down our curries of fish, flesh, and fowl with ample potations of Hodgson and loll shraub,\* puffed the fragrant Bilsah† in the very nose of Brahmah, and perhaps expectorated on the sacred toe of Vishnu. Nothing could be more delightful than the coolness of this vast and sombre hall, in the very bowels of the mountain, yet at the same time the place was perfectly dry, and no signs of damp appeared upon the highly-polished granite walls and ceiling. Never, during my residence in Hindostan, did such agreeable and refreshing slumber visit my eyes as in this magnificent, but gloomy abode of ancient superstition. I believe that our servants considered it rather a dangerous experiment on our part, and expected that we should be haunted by Pandoo and his family, or swallowed up by Siva and his wife. They themselves took up their quarters at a respectable distance outside; nor would any inducement have caused them to remain with us during the night.

On the first break of day, having assembled a number of coolies as beaters, and taken a delightful bath in one of the sacred fountains, we proceeded to beat the surrounding country for game of all kinds. The crowing of the jungle-fowl, invisible indeed themselves, but heard in every direction through the forest, was the first sound that saluted our ears. A fine peacock now and then rose with a startling whirl

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\* Beer and claret.

† A fine sort of tobacco.





Wolf-Shooting at Night—p. 51.

before the beaters, or an antelope, lynx, or hare darted across our path; emerging from the deep shade, and getting into comparatively open ground, intersected by ravines full of scrub and low jungle, the solitary florikan and coveys of black partridge afforded us ample sport. Now and then the ominous print of a tiger's or chetah's foot on the sandy bed of a nullah\* proclaimed the presence of these marauders at no very great distance; but we only obtained the sight of one tiger during this visit we made to Ellora, and that was when returning late one evening through a glade of the forest we distinctly observed a magnificent royal tiger stalk majestically across the same opening we were pursuing, about two hundred yards in advance, but without taking the slightest notice of us. The following night, Johnson, having selected a tree to suit his purpose, adopted his usual method of obtaining a shot at the animal, and having fastened a goat to the trunk of a large tamarind-tree, established himself in a fork of the branches some thirty or forty feet above, with his two rifles conveniently placed to his hand. I mounted a banyan-tree close by, with my double gun loaded with ball. Several hours of the early part of the moonlight night were most uncomfortably spent (by me at least), undisturbed by any sound save the cries of wild animals in the distance, and the bleatings of the kid beneath us. At length, when nearly wearied out, and very much disposed to descend from my elevated position, and return to my couch amongst the gods, I espied a large grey wolf issue from the forest, and make his way in a slow, clumsy canter towards our place of concealment. He had no sooner made a short, ravenous snap at the poor goat, than I heard the sharp crack of Johnson's rifle, and observed the wolf totter and fall on his side, make one or two convulsive con-

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\* Dry water-course.



tortions, and evidently expire. No other beast came near us during the night, that we could discern, which Johnson attributed to the dead body of the wolf, and at the first blush of dawn we were very glad to beat a retreat to our tents. Porcupines, of a large size, were very common in the vicinity of the Caves, and we killed several. We visited some plains situated beyond the woody districts around us, which elk and neilghau (blue cow) were known to frequent. The great difficulty was to be able to stalk these extremely shy animals, or obtain any cover or hiding-place from whence to obtain a shot at them. Having reached the extremity of the jungle, we observed about half-a-dozen neilghau feeding on an open spot on the plain beyond, and with no apparent cover or mode of concealment of any kind within many hundred yards of them. They were very large animals, full sixteen hands high, of a blue dun colour, and a sort of mixed breed between the deer and the cow. Johnson, on looking carefully around, espied a nullah or dry water-course, through the bed of which he thought we might arrive within shot of the game; and accordingly we began to creep with much caution along the rugged sides of the ravine, which, although circuitous in its course, evidently took the direction we desired. Many more minutes elapsed of difficult and dangerous progression, when, upon furtively glancing over the edge of our retreat, we discovered that we were within a hundred and fifty yards of the neilghau, and that another turn of the nullah would bring us within easy shot of them. They were seven in number, and we agreed, in a low whisper, which to select for our respective guns. And now arrived the most anxious period of our course. On turning an angle before us, it was our intention to rise with the utmost caution, and resting our rifles, if possible, on the sides of the ravine, take a steady and deliberate shot at the unconscious beasts. This spot was

gained and passed, and we were proceeding to put the latter part of our intentions into execution, when suddenly, and within a few yards of us, we were startled by a harsh roar, or rather screech, and a large chetah sprang up before us, that had evidently been watching the neilghau with quite as much anxiety as we had, and probably with much greater appetite. We saluted him on his retreat with the united contents of our guns, but without much damage to his person or speed, and had the annoyance of observing the deer bound away and vanish in the distance.

Daily shooting parties, in a most beautiful and interesting country, inspecting the many and wonderful curiosities of the Caves, and pleasant and social evenings in our cool retreat, all tended to make a fortnight at Ellora pass quickly and agreeably. Several times subsequently I have passed many days there, and in my favourite resting-place, the great hall of Keylas, both alone and with companions, the remembrance of which will always be marked with a "white stone" in my memory. At the period I now allude to, my leave of absence had nearly expired, and I first of all returned to the hospitable roof of my friend Johnson, at Aurungabad, his unexceptionable *cuisine Orientale*, and another *nautch*, and then to my old quarters at Jaulnah, with its dull, hot, and unhealthy routine.

## CHAPTER VI.

DEPARTURE FROM JAULNAH—THE DECCAN—MARHATTA VILLAGES—AHMED-  
NUGGUR—POONAH—HOG-HUNTING—ANECDOTE OF A BHEEL—ARRIVAL  
AT BOMBAY.

I RECEIVED news from England of the death of my father, and the complicated state of my affairs demanded my immediate presence at home; indeed, I had already begun to feel the deleterious effects of an Indian climate; and the total neglect of all the usual precautions impressed upon young officers—exposure to the sun, &c.—had begun to tell upon me, and produce a lassitude and relaxation of mind and body that no amount of Indian sport or Indian luxuries could compensate for.

An officer belonging to another regiment, and with whom I resided at that period, was on the eve of returning to Europe, and I determined so to arrange matters as to be able to accompany him, and perform the journey and voyage home with him, *via* Bombay, the succeeding year.

In the early part of ——— we parted with everything save what was absolutely necessary for the trip to that place, and in very light marching order, our equipage consisting of one subaltern's tent, two ponies, with their attendants, and four bullocks loaded with our goods and chattels, we commenced our route at the beginning of the hot season, through that interesting part of the Deccan between Jaulnah and Bombay, with the intention of placing more dependence on our guns for the supplies of our table than upon any other source. Indeed, as we had no guard of any description with us, and the neighbourhood of some of the Marhatta forts and villages

was not exactly safe or agreeable at that time, we proposed to avoid encamping near any that bore a bad character, and rather select some solitary spot that presented a probability of finding game of any kind; and as we carried with us, in the shape of my "maty," one of the most accomplished curry manufacturers in the station, and one that could reduce anything in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, into an excellent dish of the national *entrée*, there was no great fear of our starving. The greatest inconvenience we had to fear was the heat, against which we had little or no artificial defence; but we trusted by long marches to get over the three hundred miles we had to travel, or at least that part of it that lay between the intervening military stations on our road, and where we were sure to meet with every comfort and hospitality.

It was without one feeling of regret, but, on the contrary, with the most unalloyed pleasure, that I bade adieu to the torrid plains of Jaulnah, where I had passed more than the last two years of my life, and where so many of my companions had found their last resting-place—to festivities I had no longer any appetite to enjoy, and to the dull, ordinary routine of a military life, without any of the opportunities of a campaign, or any probable chance of one, to add excitement, glory, or profit to it. I longed once more to breathe the healthy atmosphere of my native land, and, with the means, to partake of and enjoy all those blessings of society from which I had been severed by an early expatriation, and which were not to be found in an up-country station in India. Indeed, animated with such feelings, I do not believe any temptation in the world would have induced me to remain.

However, in spite of all the annoyances and miseries of an Indian life, the officers were cheerful and sociable, and I fancy tolerably happy, on the whole. They led an indolent and



careless life, and if they had no very great means of enjoyment within their reach, they had few miseries or vexations. An officer's military pay and allowances generally formed his whole income, of which he could hardly save much if he lived in a style suitable to his rank or the situation he held. People did then, and do still, acquire immense fortunes in India; but would in general, I suspect, feel rather puzzled if they were requested to explain how they accumulated their wealth. The duration of life is also so uncertain, and the necessity of stimulants so much felt, owing to the lassitude and relaxation caused by the climate, that a man feels inclined to enjoy himself whilst he can; and, if young in the service, is little disposed to circumscribe his pleasures, that he may save money, which is to lay useless and unemployed until the doubtful period arrives when he is to have the means of returning to his own country.

The annoyances of a disagreeable and unhealthy climate cannot be compensated for by pecuniary advantages to many, and to have the use of one's faculties all day, and to enjoy undisturbed sleep at night, are things worth purchasing on almost any terms, or, at all events, making a sacrifice to obtain, more particularly to those who have felt the enfeebling effect of constant heat, and the harassing torments of feverish and broken repose.

But to return to our march. It is difficult to describe the appearances of misery and desolation that most of the Marhatta villages presented. The houses were constructed of mud, had flat roofs of the same material, and, possessing only a few narrow loopholes to represent windows and doors, resembled cellars or prisons. The inhabitants, even in the unfrequented parts of the country, showed little curiosity on seeing Europeans. The men gazed upon the stranger a short time, but never followed him, and the women turned away their heads when he approached, and even covered

their faces with part of their dress. The former, taken generally, were not a well-made people, and betrayed extreme imbecility in their looks and gestures. Most of the females had good figures, which were set off by their style of costume, and even the lowest caste displayed a gracefulness of action that is never found amongst women of inferior rank in Europe.

We made long marches, and our shooting possessed no great peculiarity until we reached the Bombay military station of Ahmednuggur, and from thence marched through a rather uninteresting country, to Poonah, at that time, and I believe still, the finest station in Western India, and where a very large force was stationed of native and European troops. The division being under the command of General Sir Lionel Smith, and the brigade under that of Colonel Sir Willoughby Cotton, we paid a visit to the latter officer on our arrival, in rather a sorry plight, owing to the fatigue and heat of our journey, but were received with all the kindness and urbanity for which he was so eminently distinguished, and soon found ourselves besieged with invitations to dinner, tiffin, and hunting and shooting parties, all of which, had we accepted the hospitality offered to us, would have materially delayed our journey to Bombay.

Poonah was at this time celebrated as the best place for wild hog hunting in the Presidency, and also boasted, amongst the officers of the cantonment, of the most daring and efficient spearmen. I had seen but very little of this sport during my residence at Jaulnah, and that in a small way, and was very anxious to join a field of hog-hunters, well mounted and equipped, on a large scale. For the benefit of those who are uninitiated, or not aware of how this description of sport is carried on, I cannot do better than quote the words of a contemporary of my own in India:—

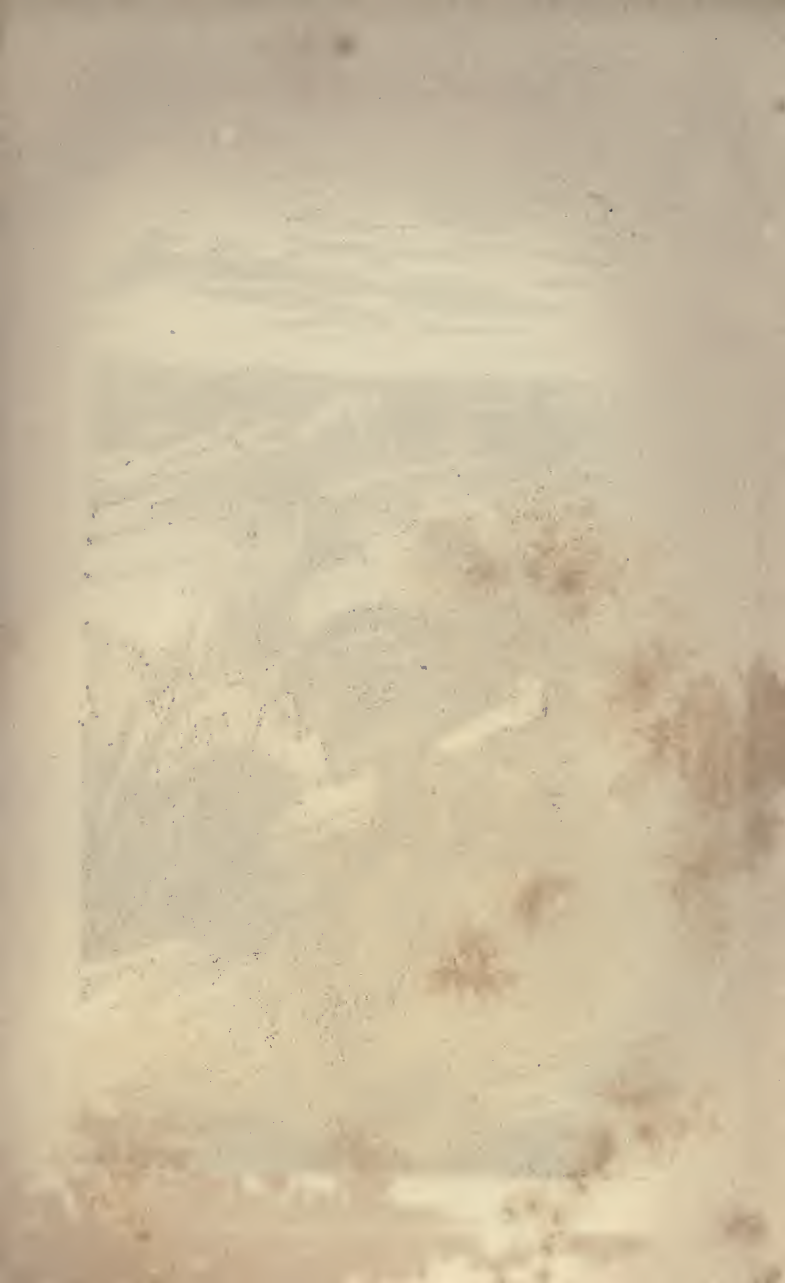
“The hunters, previous to their commencing the chase,

send fifty or sixty people to drive the wild hogs from their cover into the open country, should there be any such in the neighbourhood. The beaters extend themselves in a large semicircle, and advance slowly, striking the bushes with sticks, and shouting and sounding drums. The animals, frightened by the tumult, run before them, and are generally at last forced into the plains. The moment this event takes place, the hunters, who have been watching, gallop after them with their long spears. These they either throw at the hogs, or strike into their bodies without letting go, whenever they can effect it. At first the hogs run so fast, that a tolerable horse cannot come up with them unless he is put to his speed; and when they begin to grow tired, they wind about and manœuvre so much, that they often elude their pursuer for a very long time, or perhaps entirely, unless he be an expert rider, or practised sportsman.

“The hog is seldom killed by the first stroke of the spear, and usually chases the hunter immediately after receiving a wound; and should the latter not be dexterous enough to evade the attack, he and his horse will have a chance of being thrown to the ground, and mangled by the infuriated animal’s tusks.

“In this the danger of the sport chiefly consists, and accidents of the kind daily occur; however, fortunately, the horse is much oftener the sufferer than the rider, who generally contrives to keep the sow or boar at bay with his spear. The game, when killed, is considered the property of the person who first struck and wounded it, and is brought home by the beaters at the termination of the sport, and afterwards served up in various forms at the evening banquet of the fatigued hunting party.

“We had one very interesting day’s sport. Amongst the party were Sir Lionel Smith, Colonel Cotton, Captain Keith, Captain Corke, Captain Smith, aide-de-camp to Sir







Colonel Cotton and the Boar.—p. 83.

Lionel, supposed to be the best hog-hunter in India, and myself.

"We started a number of hogs almost immediately, and as the ground was remarkably good, we could follow them to advantage. However, I was astonished at the rapidity with which they ran, considering the shortness of the legs and the awkwardness of their forms, and amused with the art which they displayed in choosing their ground and evading their pursuers. At first they ran at the height of their speed, without almost any attempt at manœuvring; but when they began to get a little fatigued, they resorted to various expedients to save their strength, and conducted their flight with much cunning and ingenuity. We soon divided into two parties. Colonel Cotton, Captain Keith, and I followed a remarkably large, swift, and ferocious hog, and had nearly exhausted our horses, when he took refuge in the bed of a small river, and began to stand at bay, and to snort and erect his bristles. Captain Keith threw his spear; but it fell short of the animal, which immediately galloped off, though not so fast as before. Colonel Cotton now dashed forwards, and followed him closely up a narrow path, skirted on each side by thick brushwood. The hog, however, turned suddenly round, and charged his pursuer, and I began to entertain serious apprehensions of the safety of his Majesty's aide-de-camp; but he dexterously received the infuriated animal on the point of his spear, which unfortunately came into contact with the hog's teeth, and the stroke consequently neither killed nor wounded him, as it doubtless would otherwise have done. Singular to relate, this boar, fatigued as he was, contrived to escape us all, and suddenly disappeared in some jungle, in which he remained, notwithstanding our efforts to force him into the open plain.

"The chase of the wild hog is a brilliant and animating amusement, which is pursued with enthusiasm by most of the

military men in India. The danger that attends the sport often gives rise to feats of valour, and in general these are minutely recounted by the persons who perform them, particularly at the dinner that invariably succeeds a day's hunting. It is not a little amusing to listen to conversation of this kind. Every glass of beer that is drunk gives birth to a narration of some new and extraordinary exploit. Every round that the claret makes adds an inch to the length of the tusks of all the hogs killed that day; and animals that had been speared and eaten months before, start into life again, charge their pursuers, rip up horses, and suddenly acquire enormous dimensions. The Asiatic spirit of exaggeration gets abroad; but every one listens to his companion with the utmost urbanity, and affects to believe all he hears, only that he may obtain the right of becoming speaker in his turn, and of inflicting on his neighbours as many extravagant and fictitious tales as they are in the habit of inflicting upon himself."

These few paragraphs condense as much general information on the subject of hog-hunting as I have ever met with, and corroborate the only opinion that I have ever found entertained, which is, that, perhaps with the exception of fox-hunting in England, it is the most delightful, noble, and exciting of all sports either at home or abroad.

I have omitted to mention one incident that occurred to me near the village of Chinchorra (abode of thieves), and noted as being the residence of some of the most desperate bheels, or robbers, in the Marhatta country. Our tent was pitched about a mile from the village, which, in fact, was nothing but a collection of miserable hovels, and we had scrupulously avoided sending to purchase provisions. The ponies were picketed, the servants fast asleep, and D——n and I were lying stretched upon our bullock-trunk couches, courting what repose an intensely hot night was likely to



permit us to enjoy, in which attempt he succeeded better than myself. I was aroused from a sort of dreamy abstraction by a slight rustling, and at a glance perceived a dark object gradually insinuating itself beneath the folds of the tent. I well knew that the slightest movement on my part would be fatal to me, as these thieves always carry formidable daggers, or creeses, with them, which they use with deadly effect on the first chance of detection.

I always kept a loaded pistol under the pillow or cushion of my couch on retiring at night, so as to be ready to my hand on any emergency, and our guns loaded with ball were concealed in some convenient part of the tent. In this instance I remained perfectly motionless, and feigned to be asleep, until I could distinguish a slight rattling of plates, and knives, and forks, that convinced me the thief was rummaging the contents of our cowry baskets, which contained all we possessed in the shape of a breakfast and dinner service, and were carried slung on the shoulders of a coolie from place to place.

A glance satisfied me that this was the case, and that his back was turned towards me. He was a muscular black savage, perfectly naked, and evidently greased all over, and had placed his curved-bladed knife, or creese, on the ground, whilst he was silently and cautiously making up a bundle of articles he was selecting from the cowry baskets. Aided by the light of the moon, which was shining through the doors of the tent, I grasped my pistol, gently raised myself, and taking steady aim just below the ribs, fired. D——n and the servants were almost instantly aroused by the report, but on looking around us we could perceive nothing of the bheel, except a few drops of blood, and a track through the long dry grass in the direction of the village; nor indeed did we see or hear more of him. He had even taken his creese with him.



These robbers are wonderfully expert, and have been known to steal a blanket from underneath the sleeper, without awakening him. Their mode of proceeding is to watch the countenance, and gently tickling those parts of the body which press the most upon the blanket, withdraw it by degrees, until the whole is disengaged; but woe to the individual should he happen to open his eyes whilst this operation is going on, as the dagger of the bheel would very soon be plunged into his heart.

We remained for some time at Poonah, partaking of the kind hospitality of the different messes, and enjoying one or two days' excellent hog-hunting; after which we continued our journey to Bombay, about seventy-five miles distant from this place. Passing through Panowlee and Girjaum, we arrived at Candala, where a superb view of the ghauts, or mountains, covered with forests, arrests the traveller's wondering admiration, and is thus described by one of the best writers on Oriental scenery. And here I would observe, how few, amongst persons who have witnessed splendid natural effects, but must have deplored the inability of the pen to afford an adequate idea of that which is seen to the mind of the absent.

“The description of such natural and varied grandeur can be limited only by each individual's power of graphic portraiture; all, however, far below the truth, and weak to the imagination of the poetic reader. From this site I contemplated the glorious scenes of this magnificent ghaut—mountain above mountain rose, their bare and rugged summits towering amongst the fleecy clouds, while half-way down, in richest beauty, thick woods of brightest green were garlanded with blossoming creepers of every hue, with here and there masses of dark rock jutting from among the brilliant verdure. Above, below, dense clouds and fleecy vapours swept across the bold scarp of the mountain side, while on

those spots illumined by the sapphire glow of the bright morning sun, a mountain torrent foamed and sparkled down its self-worn channel, sometimes hidden by the clustering foliage, then rushing with sudden violence over the broken rocks, which partially intercepted its downward course, until it murmuringly stole away among the rich culture and quiet scenes of the still valley, which lay sprinkled with sheltered hamlets at the mountain's base."\*

Tigers were said to abound in the neighbourhood, and many anecdotes have been related of their audacity and ferocity, the mountain forest tiger (although smaller) being infinitely more ferocious and enterprising than his larger but more indolent brethren of the jungle and plain. From thence we proceeded to a dirty village called Chôke, and on to Panwell, where there was a good bungalow erected for the accommodation of travellers. The twenty miles from Panwell to Bombay we performed in a large baggage or Bunder boat, down the river of that name, which debouches into the bay, and in a short time were landed safely, ponies, tents, &c., on the beach adjoining the esplanade. There we found an officer from Jaulnah, who was on sick certificate, and to whom we had sent an *avant courier* announcing our arrival. His tent was pitched near the beach, and he had marked out a spot for ours, and had provided an excellent breakfast for us, in which figured all the local delicacies, particularly prawns, the pomflet fish, and Dungaree duck, a small flat-fish salted, cured, and dried until it represents a very crisp biscuit. We had arrived at the end of our journey—indeed, of our Indian career, and our views were now directed to the best means of returning to England, an object it was both our interest and inclination to effect in as speedy a manner as possible.

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\* *Scenes in the Deccan*, by Mrs. Postans.

## CHAPTER VII.

BOMBAY—A PSEUDO ARAB—A REAL ARAB—PARSEES—RETURN TO ENGLAND.

BEING not much more than boys—neither of us having completed our twentieth year—and not as yet *old Indianized* in our habits, we welcomed this return to comparative civilization with delight, and having formed several agreeable acquaintances, were not long in making the most of our short stay at Bombay.

We visited the scenes best worth seeing in the harbour, which is justly considered the most beautiful in the world, its islands, and caves; the latter, although wonderful, far inferior to Ellora; the *ruination shops*, as they were then called; and some of those rich Parsee emporiums, where jewels and shawls, amongst other valuable articles, were exhibited to us of almost incalculable cost. We experienced much kindness and hospitality from the officers who were quartered in the fort, and received a general invitation to their messes. The chief object of our pursuit, however, was the means of returning to England as speedily as possible, and we were fortunate enough to meet with a vessel on the eve of sailing for Liverpool. She was a small but very convenient ship, of about three hundred and fifty tons, and had a very good reputation as a sailer. The captain seemed an agreeable, good-natured man, and we soon came to terms for our passage, &c. The small cuddy was excessively comfortable, and there were only two other passengers besides ourselves. Our cargo was light (principally composed of cotton), and everything seemed favourable to the voyage, which we

contemplated making in the Liverpool ship *Ganges*, in the month of June, 18—.

During our stay at Bombay we were one day strolling through the streets, when we entered a billiard-room, and had not long been engaged in a game, when a very fine-looking man, dressed in full Arab costume, and with wide flowing beard, entered. He soon began to converse with us in very good English, and elicited from us all the particulars of our journey to Bombay. He hinted that he was an Arab merchant; that he possessed a pretty bungalow a short distance from the fort, and that if we were not afraid to trust ourselves to the care and hospitality of a stranger, he should be delighted with our company to smoke a chillum,\* and drink a cup of coffee with him in the evening, for which purpose he would send a buggy to our tents on the esplanade at a convenient hour.

We accepted the invitation freely as it was given, promising ourselves some pleasure from the adventure, and about dusk in the evening a well-appointed buggy appeared, and we were driven a mile or two beyond the fort to a very pretty garden, where the cottage, or bungalow, was nearly hidden beneath a profusion of tropical trees. Our host, who was seated beneath their shade, on a handsome carpet spread upon the ground, and smoking his hookah, beckoned us to him without rising, and invited us to follow his example. More hookahs were immediately brought, and some excellent coffee, with, to our astonishment, its Christian accompaniment, in the shape of a flask of the finest Dutch curaçoa, and a taper bottle of old cognac, of which we were smilingly invited to partake.

Full of admiration of the liberal views of our Arab host as far as the inner man was concerned, we were still more

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\* Hookah.



impressed with the extensive and varied information he seemed to possess, and the easy and agreeable manner in which he conveyed this in conversation. His English pronunciation was good, and his language pure and classical; in fact, there was nothing to distinguish him from a travelled English gentleman but the costume. He thought it necessary to give us a little nautch, at which three Dungaree ladies laboured very hard to excite our curiosity or admiration, but with very little effect, all of which was concentrated on our host, who completely puzzled us. Leading the way, after this Terpsichorean display, into the interior of the bungalow, he ushered us into a delightfully cool *salle à manger*, where the punkha was still performing its rapid evolutions, and where, upon a snow-white tablecloth, a plump cold turkey, and, *proh pudor!* the very *beau ideal* of a ham, formed a very agreeable foreground; and inviting us to be seated, clapped his hands, when immediately attendants appeared with warm-water plates, and bearing hot dishes of the delicious "pomflet mutchee" and "mango mutchee,"\* fried to the very extent of perfection, with their usual condiments. Soon the "Simpkin shraub"† was copiously distributed in ample glasses, from the cool vases where it had been hitherto reposing, and was quaffed by our Amphitryon with all the gusto of a Parisian *bon vivant*, and a philosophical neglect of the laws and precepts of the Prophet. In fact, down to the delicate slices of anchovy toast, the crisp Dungaree duck,‡ and the crowning bottle of "Sneyd's loll"§ shraub, our repast was perfect.

In the mean time conversation was not idle; our host, by a peculiar tact, had managed to draw from us not only the particulars of our former lives, but as much as we knew

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\* A fish caught in Bombay harbour.

† A kind of dried and salt fish.

‡ Champagne.

§ Claret.

ourselves of our views for the future; and very much surprised me by recapitulating several circumstances and events that had lately occurred at Jaulnah. At length my astonishment was destined to arrive at its climax, when, leaning towards me on the table, he remarked, in a jocular and familiar tone, "Your father was a curious old fellow; he possessed many good qualities, but too much of the obstinacy and prejudice of the old English school."

What my late father could have to do with a Bombay Arab was to me not only a matter of conjecture, but of intense surprise, which I suppose was pretty clearly written on my countenance, and which evidently only added to his amusement.

"Yes," he continued; "it is a droll coincidence that I should have an opportunity of entertaining you at my table in return for a very different sort of entertainment he gave me many years ago."

After a few more remarks of this sort, allusions to well-known spots and scenes at home, and to geographical and topographical reminiscences of my own county, with some little hesitation he explained the mystery.

The noble-looking Arab was simply the son of a W——kshire farmer, who had received a good education, but had committed (or was accused of committing, as he expressed it) some offence against the laws of his country, of which he was convicted before my father, who happened to be Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, and who, according to the Draconian system carried on in the good old days of George III., sentenced him to a short term of transportation.

This expired or abridged, he had arrived in the East, and by some chance or other had been engaged by the late Mr. Banks to travel with him through the Holy Land, Arabia, &c., and had been the constant companion of that celebrated traveller, who had taken a great fancy to him, and was most

kind and liberal to him. During his wanderings in Arabia, he had passed some time with one of the tribes, had formed a friendship with the chief, and, by a stretch of romantic or rather erratic fancy, had gone through all the ceremonies of naturalization as an Arab, and been installed a member of the tribe.

Since that period he had quitted Mr. Banks, passed over to Bombay, and there taken up the editorship of a newspaper then beginning to be rather remarkable for its liberal politics; in fact, I had myself entered into a short correspondence with him, relative to one or two little *jeu d'esprit* that I had sent from Jaulnah for insertion in his paper, and which accounted for his knowledge and information concerning that station. What his Arab name was I forget, but his business one was Smith!

Although I have ventured to relate this anecdote of a *pseudo* Arab, I have still heard some remarkable stories of the original article, and at the risk of repeating a twice-told tale, shall trespass upon my reader's patience and credulity with the following, the truth of which I can only say is derived from the most authentic sources.

At the period when the troops at Bombay were about to embark for the disastrous campaign in Affghanistan, and all the subsequent horrors of the retreat from Cabul, a party of officers were assembled one night on an eminence near the fort, chatting together relative to the coming war, and watching the stars in a remarkably clear firmament; an Arab of dignified and commanding appearance joined the group, and in the course of conversation, pointing with his finger to a particular part of the heavens, asked each officer in succession if he could discern a small star, the exact locality of which he explained from its implied juxtaposition to others which were clearly visible. One or two affirmed that they distinguished it; the greater part of them confessed they

could neither make it out with a glass or the naked eye, and one young officer expressed his belief that he saw it, but so indistinctly that he could not positively declare it to be a fact.

Upon receiving these replies, the Arab continued, in tones of evident conviction, "You that have distinguished the star will return from Affghanistan safe. You that are unable to observe it will never come back. The campaign will be fatal to you all; and you, sir, who are in doubt whether you can discern it or not, will eventually escape after great hardships and sufferings, but a broken-down and crippled invalid."

My friend informed me, to his own certain knowledge, that every part of this prediction was verified, and that part of it relative to Lieutenant R—— was the most extraordinary, as this officer, after having been severely wounded, and left for dead on the retreat from Cabul, revived sufficiently to make his way to Jellabad, where he partially recovered from his wounds, but remained, as the Arab had predicted, an invalided cripple for the remainder of his existence.

It is impossible to account for this and similar coincidences, although I have the most perfect faith in the truth of the story. If the Arabs are good prophets, they are also most accomplished horse-dealers, and one of the most curious sights at Bombay was, and I dare say is, the disembarkation of the cargo of a horse "dhow" from Muscat, on the opposite coast of Arabia. The animals on their arrival appear perfect skeletons, and instead of the round, sleek, and beautifully proportioned Arab, your eye rests upon an object you would consider scarcely fit for the dogs, or other nameless and multifarious purposes that the carcase of that noble animal the horse is ultimately devoted to. For such apparent valueless and wretched steeds, as a stranger would consider them at first sight, he would, however, be surprised to hear



offers made, and often refused, of from one to two hundred pounds, and even beyond that sum, and would be still more astonished to see in what a short period they recover their flesh and condition, and, from the half-starved skeleton, assume the appearance and bearing of the noblest and most beautiful animal in the world—the high caste Arab horse! The dhows or vessels in which this commerce is carried on between the Arabian coast and Bombay are often more than one hundred years old.

The rich, industrious, and indefatigable Parsees, from Sir Jemsetjee Jeejeebhoy down to the smallest bazaar retailer, form an important and picturesque feature in Bombay society. Their numbers are large, their riches immense, and their respectability proverbial. Their parties, which combine every variety of native and European entertainment, are amongst the most splendid and costly in the Presidency. They are liberal contributors to all public charities. Their country-houses are beautifully situated, and elegantly furnished, and their equipages of the most stylish description, and their habits and mode of living luxurious in the extreme. They retain (as is well known) the ancient faith of the Ghebers, or fire-worshippers of Persia, perhaps with some modifications; but it is difficult to obtain any information from Parsees on their history or religious opinions, nor, with the exception of the most scrupulous observance of certain ceremonies,—such as the prayer of adoration to the first beams of the morning sun, and the funeral rites to the departed,—do they seem to trouble themselves much about religious matters. The latter is a very horrible and disgusting ceremonial. A round building, resembling a martello tower, is erected on some bare hill or eminence, far removed from any human habitation, and fully exposed to the scorching beams of their deity, the sun. To use the words of a distinguished writer on Indian affairs—"The in-

teriors are constructed of circles of masonry, each divided into compartments, and sloping towards the centre of the circle, where there is a grating; and beneath a vast pit, where, as at Bombay, the unexpiring and sacred fire is tended by a priest, sole visitant to this scene of horrors. A body being carried to the tower, is inserted by means of an exterior grating into the niche designed, and placed in the unoccupied compartment, with the feet towards the centre. As the body is devoured, the bones fall into the pit, and either feed the sacred fire, or are swept away into the neighbouring waters. At all seasons the brink of the tower wall may be seen fringed with vultures satiated with their foul repast, while the busy fancy revolts from the spectacle within, the eyeless faces, and the mangled corpses hurrying to that corruption from which nature draws her seeds of necessary and regenerating change."

Whilst on the chapter of Parsees, I cannot help relating a mad, or rather drunken freak, that ended fatally, or at least was supposed to be the cause of the death of a young officer at Jaulnah, during the time of my residence there. A similar tower to the one I have just described was built on the summit of a solitary hill, about three miles from the camp, and used as a place of interment for the dead by the Parsee inhabitants of Jaulnah. It possessed, however, no compartments like those at Bombay. The bodies were simply placed upon the iron grating, and when decomposed, sank into the abyss below. The Parsee hill, as it was termed, was a spot to which we were in the habit of frequently riding in the evening; and many of us have often ascended the sides of the tower, and cast a hasty and shuddering glance upon the ghastly objects below.

At a public dinner of the mess of the —th Native Infantry, and at rather a late hour of the night, when madeira and loll shraub began to show their effects upon some of the

guests, and singing of rather an uproarious description, and prose hyperbole, had usurped the place of more sober conversation, a romantic ensign, who had lately joined, offered to wager a dozen of claret that he would ride alone to the Parsee hill, enter the tower, and return with the skull of some defunct fire-worshipper, which he would place upon the mess-table, as a proof of his having accomplished his foolish and sacrilegious adventure. The bet was soon accepted by another budding warrior of the Honourable East India Company, and a servant dispatched for his horse (a quiet Arab), which, with the usual docility and amiability of the race, permitted his tipsy and foolish master to mount him in rather an unusual manner, and at a very unusual hour, and gallop away in the prescribed direction.

A considerable time elapsed since his departure, during which the festivities of the evening were carried on as usual, when he suddenly entered the mess-room, pale as death, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his whole appearance that of one deranged. The lower part of his dress was covered with some indescribably filthy substance. He made a few steps towards the table, and fell to the ground violently convulsed, and was carried off to his quarters by his servants.

The following morning, he was labouring under the effects of fever in its worst form, and in the lucid intervals from delirium explained to me and several others, that, having entered the Parsee tower with the intention of picking up and carrying away one of the numerous skulls, always distinguishable in the day time scattered about on the grating he trod upon a half-decayed corpse, into which he absolutely sank up to the knees, and that the horror of his position, just visible by the struggling light of the moon, the dreadful effluvia, and all the ghastly objects around him, maddened his brain, and caused him, by one strong effort,

to extricate his person from the deadly contact, rush from the tower, regain his horse and gallop furiously back to the camp. The effects, however, of this drunken and foolhardy adventure proved fatal to him; he never recovered from the fever brought on by the shock and excitement he had undergone, and died at last of sheer exhaustion, bitterly lamenting his own madness and folly. The Parsees, who subsequently discovered this desecration of their burial-place, attributed his death to the anger of their deity, the sun, and regarded it as a wholesome warning to others, whom curiosity or folly might induce to act in a similar manner.

A description of a Parsee ducahn, or shop, may not be uninteresting. On each side of the open door are placed benches, upon which repose two fat Parsees, the shop-keeper and his cashier. The shop is very spacious, and surrounded with glass-cases, filled with every imaginable European article, china, jewellery, saddlery, preserved fruits, sauces, pickles, hams, salmon, and other edibles, besides French clocks, bijouterie, and all sorts of knickknacks; and in godowns, or rooms attached to the building, large stores of wines, spirits, beer, and liquors of all descriptions are kept for sale, and upon which those shrewd and crafty traders realize an immense profit. No people in the world are more keenly alive to, or better acquainted with, the various channels by which capital may be accumulated than the Parsee trader of Bombay.

Nothing can be more agreeable than the rides and drives in the vicinity of Bombay which communicate with the Island of Salsette. The view is as splendid as can be conceived, the mighty range of the Ghauts towering in the clouds, and extending as far as the eye can reach. The bold views on the continent, the various objects of interest on the island, the remnants and ruins of old religious establish-



ments, formerly belonging to the Portuguese, modern country-houses, Hindoo pagodas, Mahometan mosques, and Marhatta forts, interspersed with groves of date, mango, cocoa-nut, and other trees, form a picture scarcely to be equalled in any part of the world. Towards the sea, a fine hard beach runs upwards to a spot called Malabar Point, which is studded with neat villas, whilst the city and fort appear in the background, and the ships in the harbour appear securely riding at anchor.

It is not on land alone that Bombay enjoys the advantages of position. Its harbour (supposed to be the finest in the world), from its great size, and the smoothness of the water, affords a constant opportunity for aquatic excursions—an amusement rendered doubly delightful owing to the cool sea-breezes that are almost continually blowing, and which may be extended inland for miles, embracing a variety of beautiful, picturesque, and grand scenery. So secure is the bay, that for miles in various directions the smallest boats may proceed with safety, and by means of the tide return at almost a fixed hour.

The short period that still remained of our stay in this gay, hospitable, but *very warm* locality, soon elapsed; and I must own that it was with few feelings of regret I climbed up the sides of the ship *Ganges*, which was to convey me to my native shores, and bid adieu to the sultry plains of Hindostan, as I hoped for ever.

After a rapid and prosperous passage across the Indian Ocean, a terrific south-wester off the Cape of Good Hope, which lasted for about a week, and exhibited the ocean in all the majesty of its wrath, threatening to engulf our little bark under each roll of the gigantic waves, was all that disturbed the peaceful monotony of our voyage.

We touched at St. Helena, where, *selon les règles*, we visited Napoleon's tomb, procured some cuttings from

the *willow*, and dined, not very economically, at Solomon's. We lay off the Island of Ascension for a few hours, for the purpose of receiving on board some important prisoners, for conveyance to Great Britain, in the shape of three enormous turtle, ultimately destined to regale the good citizens of Liverpool, at which port we landed safely in the month of September, 18—.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## STAG-HUNTING NEAR PARIS.

Not long after my return to England, and having experienced a renovation of both mind and body, both which had been partially relaxed and unstrung from the effects of a three years' residence in the East, I visited Paris for the first time in my life, which delightful capital, owing to circumstances, became my permanent abode for several years, and it was here that I formed some of those acquaintances, and was initiated into some of those peculiar phases of French society, which possess such charms and attractions for the cosmopolite and man of the world; and, although many a snake lurked beneath the roses that attracted the unwary traveller through that enchanted ground—and I myself did not escape without feeling the lasting effects of their venom—still my mind reverts to these times as the happiest of my life.

The period I allude to was during the latter part of the reign of Charles X., whose taste for field-sports and first-rate qualities as a sportsman are too well known to need comment. He was equally celebrated as a first-rate shot, during his exile in Great Britain as when he presided over the superb establishments of Versailles and St. Germain; and, whatever were his political faults, or rather those of his advisers and ministers, a more honourable or kind-hearted man never breathed, or one who more commanded the esteem and affection of all those who possessed the honour of his intimacy; and amongst these friends, or rather courtiers, none stood forward more prominently for inflexible honesty,

integrity of purpose, and firm and courageous resolve, than M. le Compte de Girardin. It was under his direction that *Les chasses royales de la France* became not only the most superb establishment of the kind in the world, but a most important item in the public administration; in fact, an exclusive ministry of itself, which, by the order that reigned in all its divisions, and the economy that presided over all its expenses, formed a social institution, where numerous heads of families obtained honourable employment, where national industry sought and obtained encouragement, and where the rearing and protection of the chevaline races, so necessary to the prosperous development of a country, derived a powerful source of amelioration and progress.

It is true that hunting the boar or stag under a burning July sun, and up and down the sides of a forest for most part of the time, *hearing* far more of the chase than the eye was enabled to distinguish—as the greater portion of the run always took place under cover of the woods—was not exactly the kind of sport suited to an Indian hog, or an English fox-hunter; but “when at Rome,” &c.; and it must have been indeed a mind void of all romance or imagination that could not find some pleasure and excitement in witnessing the ancient science of “*venerie*” carried on with all that regal pomp and magnificence which, at this period, characterised the royal hunting parties in the magnificent forests in the neighbourhood of Paris.

I well remember my first expedition to witness one of these scenes was in company with that best of good fellows (now no more), George Templar, of Devonshire celebrity, and Colonel (now Sir Maxwell) Wallace. Our destination was Armanvilliers, several leagues from Paris, a favourite meet with Monseigneur le Duc de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, who kept a splendid hunting establishment at Chantilly. It was during the month of July—a Paris July!—and very much



shocked the prejudices of poor Templar, an old and far-famed master of hounds ; but he made his mind up to circumstances, and we all agreed to hire horses from an Irish livery-stable keeper, who kept *les chevaux Anglais* for all purposes, from a ride in the *bois* to a hunt in the forest, and have them sent on over-night to an *auberge* at the village of Armanvilliers, to which place we were to proceed on the following morning, in a four-in-hand drag, *à l'Anglaise*, in company with a large party of French sportsmen. Matters were arranged according to our wishes, and if we were to form any opinion of the anticipated sport by the exaggerated reports of our companions of French hunting in general, and their own prowess in particular, we could have no reason to be dissatisfied.

On reaching the inn where we expected to find our horses, we discovered that the Colonel's and mine, under the charge of one man, had arrived ; but Templar's, that was said to have been subsequently dispatched, had not made its appearance, and, as it was now near the hour of the *rendezvous de la chasse* (ten o'clock), this was rather an awkward *contretemps*.

We both of us tried hard to induce him to take one of ours, but without effect. He expressed his conviction of being able to see and enjoy as much of the hunt on foot as any mounted cavalier of the party, and his determination to proceed at once, under the guidance of a village boy, to the *rendezvous de la chasse* in the forest close bordering on the village. With a thorough contempt for all the artificial aid of dress, in compliment to French stag-hunting in July, and in sober contradistinction to the bright scarlet coats and gaudy trappings of our Gallic friends, he was attired in a full suit of black, and, were it not for the jovial expression of his countenance, and the merry twinkle of his eye, looked far more like a well-conditioned member of the Established

Church than what he really was—perhaps the best practical sportsman in England.

Finding it was useless to argue the point with him, we proceeded to make our own arrangements.

The appearance of the *hunter* that the worthy Mr. Briant had sent down for my especial use and service was anything but prepossessing—a tall, raw-boned brute, without an ounce of flesh on his bones, with a long, straight ewe-neck, that appeared to have been a subsequent appendage to his original formation, and a vicious pig-eye, that augured no very agreeable disposition, particularly in a woodland country. The impressions excited by his appearance were fully confirmed upon mounting him. Mouth he had none, or at least that member seemed to be devoid of all those sensations which render it useful to the rider, or, judging from the condition of the animal, of much advantage to himself. Being what is termed rather groggy on all his legs, his movements described a sort of nervous irritability, which was neither a walk, a trot, or a gallop, but an admixture of all three. He was described to me as an Irish hunter, and I was told not to judge from appearances, which would certainly have authorized the supposition that he would have been of far more use to his owner when boiled down into broth for the hounds than following in their wake. What his previous habits and pursuits had been I had no opportunity of judging as yet—whether a recent importation of the speculative horse-dealer, or indigenous to *la belle France*; but, such as he was, he was destined to carry me on my *début* in the French hunting-field, and I trusted that the easy nature of the ground, and the force of example, might tend to neutralize those defects I had too much reason to apprehend from first impressions.

In company with a long cavalcade of gaily-dressed horsemen, we proceeded to the *carrefour* of the forest indicated

as the *rendezvous de la chasse*. The Duke and his suite had not yet arrived ; but we heard that a stag of ten was known to be in a certain part of the woods, and that the huntsmen only awaited the arrival of Monseigneur to attack him. Several couples of very fine hounds, many of them of the B.B. or Beaufort brand, were led about in leash by servants of the hunt. These were the relays, to be posted at different parts of the forest, where the wind, the nature of the ground, or other circumstances, rendered it probable that the stag would direct his course. Only a small portion of the pack is thrown into cover at first, and as the chase progresses, fresh relays are uncoupled ; so that, did not the deer take to water in the end, which is generally the case, he would have very little chance, on good scenting days, of outstripping his pursuers.

The forest is everywhere divided in a rectangular manner by green rides or avenues, of greater or less breadth ; and here and there an open plain, situated in the centre of the woods, affords a chance of witnessing the *chasse* for a few minutes, with all its beautiful details, which otherwise is mostly carried on under cover of the forest, and little or nothing seen of it, except when the deer and hounds cross the rides.

The huntsmen, piqueurs, and different *employés* of the *chasse*, in their handsome uniforms, with their large French horns slung around their necks, formed a very imposing spectacle ; and, although perhaps a little too fat, both dogs and horses were in good condition.

Presently, at the extremity of the avenue in which we were stationed appeared the *cortège* of Monseigneur le Duc de Bourbon. Several ladies composed a part of his suite, and every one was mounted on a fine English horse. On the approach of the Prince all heads were uncovered ; he bowed most politely in return, and galloped away in company with







"With my ash stick I managed to save my elbow."—p. 111.

his chief huntsman, and followed by all the field to the *taillis*, where the stag had been tracked. There a portion of the pack was uncoupled, which, dashing into the midst of the underwood, soon made the forest resound with their deep yet musical notes. A chorus of horns sounded the *royale*, and shortly afterwards a noble stag, his wide antlers thrown well back over his shoulders, burst from the thickets and bounded across the road at no very great distance from where I was stationed; and attempting by every means in my power to restrain the impatience or soothe the physical irritation of my steed, which this circumstance tended by no means to diminish, and as that part of the wood into which the stag had entered had been recently cut, and presented more of the appearance of a copse than other sections of the forest I had traversed, I joined several other adventurous horsemen, and followed the chase into the cover, but had not advanced very far before I heartily repented the step I had taken. I might just as well pull against a stone wall as my horse's mouth; and as we began to get amongst the trees, my knees and arms not only came in dangerous proximity to the trunks, but, like a billiard-ball, I was now and then absolutely making a cannon from one to the other. I saw plainly that if I meant to escape with whole limbs, this state of things would not do, and I adopted a plan which I should recommend to any one under similar circumstances, and with a similar animal. Having with difficulty stopped my horse, I procured a stout ash stick of about two feet in length, around which I twisted the bridle in several tight folds, so that by grasping each side of it, I had a tremendous power of tension and leverage over the mouth of my Rosinante, and one which it was to be supposed nothing but the breaking of reins themselves could resist. I found this plan answer tolerably well, and by thus guiding, or rather steering my hunter, managed to thread my way through the

intricacies of the forest, much to the amusement of several French sportsmen who had observed my proceedings, and considered, no doubt, that it was the usual method of controlling a runaway horse in an English hunting-field; indeed, before the end of the day, I had the pleasure of observing one or two of them follow my example, whose horses happened to be hard pullers and had fatigued the arms of their masters, who almost invariably held their hands high. It may be easily imagined that on one of the hottest days of the month of July the scent was not remarkably good, and that the run, through underwood and forest nearly the whole of the time, was protracted for a long period, even in spite of the fresh relays of hounds that were frequently uncoupled. Three hours had elapsed since the stag was found, and I was streaming with perspiration, not only owing to the heat of the day, but from the labour and difficulty I experienced in guiding my impracticable steed. At length I was told that the deer was making for a large piece of water not far distant, and towards which we accordingly turned our horses' heads. The approaching sounds of the music of the pack, and the horns of the piqueurs, proved that our information was correct, and the first object that struck my vision on arriving within sight of the *étang* was the stag nobly breasting the waves, followed by the hounds, which were swimming after him.

George Templar stood on the bank, mopping his head and good-humoured countenance, which the sun and exercise had tinged with the deepest vermilion, and giving the death halloo with a true British sportsman's intonation, perfectly regardless of all the etiquette of a royal *chasse*, and evidently totally pre-occupied with the scene before him. Presently the Duke and his suite, with all the train of followers and piqueurs, rode up through one of the avenues, and Monseigneur was anxious to be informed who was the



individual in black, whose voice awoke the echoes of the forest, and could even be heard above the sound of the French horns. Upon being told that he was one of the most celebrated masters of hounds in England, he treated him with much courtesy, and asked his opinion on the style of hunting he had adopted, the quality of the hounds, and other questions connected with the *chasse*; to all of which Templar gave the most satisfactory replies, and much amused the old Duc de Bourbon by telling him that the huntsmen and piqueurs whom he had frequently met in his short-cuts on foot thorough the woods (guided by the wind and his own thorough knowledge of hunting) had taken him for an English priest (*un prêtre Anglais*), and had interpreted one or two British hunting halloos which he could not refrain from uttering, either into vociferous benedictions or loud curses upon the sport he was pursuing.

The stag was soon brought to bay in a swampy corner of the *étang*, and received the *coup de grâce* from a *couteau de chasse*; the “*mort*” was sounded; the train of Monseigneur the Duc de Bourbon took their departure for Chantilly; cavaliers and ladies vanished in different directions through the different green avenues, and the forest was left again to its original stillness and repose.

Many years subsequent to the event I have been relating, I remember to have formed one of a royal hunting party at the Bois de Meudon, near Paris, at which two sons of Louis Philippe, the Duc d’A—— and the Duc de M—— were present. The stag had eventually resorted (as is almost always the case) to a large pond or *étang* in the centre of the forest, and, ensconced in a corner inaccessible from behind, amidst high reeds and aquatic plants, kept the dogs at bay with his formidable horns. One of the Princes dismounted, a rifle, or loaded piece of some kind, was placed in his hands, and having approached along the bank to within



about twenty paces of the animal, he deliberately took a long aim and fired, but with no visible effect. His brother followed his example, acting in a precisely similar manner, but apparently with no better success, except that the stag, scarcely thinking he was treated with fair play, extricated himself from his muddy lair, and, bounding up the bank, made one more struggle for his life amidst the shades of the forest. I was excessively amused by an observation made by a *gamin* amongst the crowd of spectators on the banks of the lake, who, upon observing the unsuccessful shots made by the two Princes, exclaimed—

“*Faut envoyer pour un régiment d’infanterie pour le tuer !*”

## CHAPTER IX.

THE FOREST OF MARLY—ANECDOTES OF BOAR SHOOTING—THE POACHER—  
ANECDOTES OF CHARLES X.

I WAS on terms of friendship and intimacy with a French nobleman attached to the Court of Charles X. who was always in attendance on the royal hunting and shooting parties, and who related to me at different times many anecdotes connected with them; some of which may not be wholly uninteresting to my readers. Being on one occasion present at a *chasse* at Marly, on our return to Paris, he gave me the following particulars relative to scenes that had come under his cognizance in the neighbourhood of this celebrated forest.

“The village of Noisy is not very well known, even to the Parisians. The cross-roads that lead to it are far removed from the principal highways in the vicinity of Paris; still there are few country villages more pleasantly or prettily situated, with its white cottages and red tiles, contrasting with the green foliage of the elms which overshadowed the hill upon the side of which it is built, and which protects it from the north winds. It stands upon the very edge of the forest of Marly, as approached from the plain.

“Just beyond Noisy, at the entrance of the forest, is a large gateway of carved stone, of the architecture of the period Louis XV., and it was through this gate that Charles X. always passed with his suite when he hunted in the forest of Marly. The broken nature of the ground, continual indentations of the surface, and perpetual succession of small hills and vales, rendered the chase on horseback difficult and inconvenient, although the forest contained an abundance of deer and

other animals, and the mode of sporting pursued here was by what was termed *houralliers*—that is, by driving the game towards the shooters, who were placed in ambuscade at different points of the woods—by means of small running dogs called *hourets*, and beaters from the villages. The periods when this description of sport was carried on at Marly were grand fête days for all the neighbouring villages; but it was at Noisy that it was a great sight to witness the peasantry dressed in their gayest holiday garments when the news arrived that a *hourallier* was to take place. The poor and hungry well knew that they should have plenty of food on that day. The officer charged with collecting the beaters found them all assembled in numerous troops, and had only to direct them to their posts, when the joyous bands spread themselves over the different sections and quarters of the forest. Many of them took advantage of the occasion to make themselves acquainted with the haunts and localities of the different sorts of game, a knowledge which they afterwards turned to their own interests, being desperate poachers, and carried on their calling, at the king's expense, in a certain systematic manner that placed all the *surveillance* of the keepers at defiance. One of the most celebrated of these poachers was Simon l'Archer.

“Few among the royal suite that did not know Simon l'Archer—Simon l'Archer, with his straight red hair, his grey and piercing eyes, and whose reputation as a vagabond, yet admirable shot, was known for ten leagues around. He had only one rival, Barbier, surnamed Lapellette, the poaching celebrity of the village of l'Etang, who had originated a rather facetious sporting parody. He had formed a little troop or band of his own, and during their illicit excursions he styled himself M. le Compte de Girardin; and an individual named Favro (his first lieutenant) he called le Compte St. Projét. But to return to Simon l'Archer.

"In whatever part of the woods he was amongst the beaters, there the game was certain to be most abundant; whenever the *battue* was unsuccessful, it was remarked that Simon was not there; in fact, his name had acquired so much celebrity that it arrived at the ears of the king.

"Having heard so much of Simon," continued my informant, "relative to whom so many absurd and contradictory stories were in circulation, one day I determined to pay him a visit, and must confess that the appearance of his dwelling was in no way calculated to remove the unfavourable reports that I had heard of him.

"Having raised the latch of a small and badly-jointed door, I found myself in the interior of a mud cabin, with a damp and uneven clay flooring; nearly all the panes of the solitary window were broken, and replaced by dirty rags. The rays of the sun shot through the fissures and crevices in the walls. On the right of the entrance was a wide hearth, upon which some green faggots smoked. Simon was sitting hard by, occupied in twisting some pieces of wire. At his feet lay a spaniel and two beagles. His wife, who was said to have been once handsome, but was now dried up and withered, crouched over the fire; and two children, one of five and the other of seven years old, rolled on the muddy floor in a state of almost complete nudity. The only furniture was a table, upon which were scattered some newspapers; four chairs, deprived of their seats; two or three stools, and a bench. Muddy boots and leather gaiters were scattered here and there about the floor; but no single utensil in connexion with fishing or shooting was to be seen. No gun was suspended from the ceiling; no powder-horn, or shot-belt slung from the walls; and no game-bag, with its crimson stains, gave evidence of the owner's occupation.

"The dogs had no sooner perceived me, than, with one accord, they displayed their double ranges of white teeth,



and growled defiance at the stranger; but at a word from Simon they reassumed their original position and demeanour.

"It was very easy to perceive, from his embarrassed manner, that Simon was not accustomed to receive visitors. When he had recognised me, he seemed so strangely troubled that the wire fell from his hands, and rising, he stood up straight and motionless before me. His wife seemed nailed to the place where she was stretched; and the children, as if by magic, ceased their noisy amusements.

"*'Monsieur le Compte!'* he exclaimed; and was silent.

"What, in fact, could there exist in common between us? What combination of circumstances could bring together Simon the wretched poacher and myself, whom he had often seen in the suite of, and talking and laughing with, his Majesty Charles X. ? Was my visit a happy or dangerous omen to him? He was evidently at a loss to interpret the meaning of it, and his eyes sought mine with inexpressible anxiety. I hastened to relieve his mind, and addressed him in the kindest manner I was able.

"*'Simon,'* I said, *'I am ordered by the king to make inquiries into the state of the poor of this canton, and to give succour to those who are the most worthy of relief. Several times I have sought some information about yourself, and, to deal frankly with you, the result has not been much in your favour. I was determined, however, to see you myself before depriving you of the benefit of the king's liberality. How is it, Simon, that you have such a bad character in the country? Come, let us hear.'*

"*'Really, M. le Compte, I don't know how to answer you. I know very well I am not liked, and I think sometimes that it is on account of my temper, which is rather savage; but, besides that, I cannot explain why they should give me so bad a name.'*

"*'Still, if public report is to be credited, you are an incor-*

rigible poacher. Simon, poaching is contrary to the law. It is a misdemeanour now ; formerly it was much worse.'

" ' True, M. le Compte, and perhaps in a short time there will be no law against it. I am aware that these regulations exist, and have been made by men ; but nature tells us that there is a higher law still—that we should not let our children die of hunger when the means of feeding them comes in our way. I use my skill, therefore, for this end, and let the world talk as it likes.'

" ' You do not sell the game you kill, then ?'

" ' Never, M. le Compte, never ; I give you my solemn word of honour.'

" Our conversation continued for some time longer, and the result of it was, to convince me that Simon possessed within himself the materials of an honest man, and I felt for him the deepest sentiments of compassion. Simon was not only the victim of poverty, but a dupe to the false liberalism of the age, and therefore a bad example to the village ; and it was for this reason that I particularly wished to turn him from the path he was pursuing, by furnishing him with the means of supporting his family without having recourse to poaching. ' Here,' said I, ' is a mark of the bounty of his Majesty the king. He has charged me to present you with this ;' at the same time placing a *rouleau* of one hundred francs upon the table.

" At the sound of the silver the eyes of all the occupants of the hut—wife, children, and Simon himself—were turned towards me with a sort of wild curiosity.

" ' Oh ! M. le Compte, may God bless his Majesty ! but how could it come to his ears that we were in need of his assistance ?'

" ' Do not let that surprise you. The poor of France are the patrimony of the king and royal family. He can discover misfortune wherever it is hidden, and hastens to its

aid. Take this, and do not fail to be present at the next *chasse*. In the mean time I shall speak a word in your favour to his majesty, who only knows you at present by your reputation as a skilful shot, and I have no doubt he will find means to better your position.'

"These last words seemed to make a deep impression on the poacher. Through the coarse and rude envelope I could see his feelings were touched. He would have thrown himself on his knees and kissed my hands, if a certain expression repellant of such familiarity, that he could read in my countenance, had not repressed the movement.

"The same evening an occasion presented itself of speaking a few words in favour of Simon. 'I thank you, M. le Compte,' said the king, to whom I related the details of my visit. 'You have perfectly interpreted my intentions, and I approve of your liberality. Nothing must be spared to reform this man. It will be a good example for my village of Noisy. You will present him to me to-morrow at the *chasse*.'

"I understood by this that orders had been given for an *hourallier* on the following day.

"This description of *chasse* took place during the months of May and June, in the forest of Marly. The king, accompanied by Monseigneur the Dauphin, and the Captain of the *Garde*, left the Palace of the Tuileries in his usual carriage with eight horses, driven by a corpulent coachman and a postilion in huge boots.

"The king was exceedingly fond of old fashions in everything. He never would use percussion locks, and although it was impossible to shoot better, always adopted the old system of flint guns, which had been his custom during sixty years.

"Punctual in everything, he was exact to the hour of rendez-vous, and the least fault amongst his followers on this point was certain to occasion evident signs of annoyance, although

the slightest apology from the offending party restored his good humour. He descended from his carriage amidst a crowd, who were always gathered to greet his arrival. All the persons of distinction in the neighbourhood were present, and were sure to meet with the most gracious reception.

“Before the first *battue* commences, the king has a short conference with his chief huntsman, receives information of the whereabouts of wild boars, which it is his predilection to attack alone and single-handed. If one is known to be near the rendezvous, he starts immediately, in company only with the *gardes*, who have marked down the beast; and it was a curious sight to observe him push his way through the wood, and sometimes the most dense thickets, gliding gently towards a spot indicated by the keepers, and discharge his rifle, rarely without a fatal result.

“When the animal was killed, it was brought before the king, who examined it, judged of its age, and explained, as a consummate connoisseur, all its peculiarities. If it was only wounded, the dogs (*hourets*) were uncoupled and set upon its traces. His Majesty followed on horseback until the boar was brought to bay by the hounds, when he dismounted and gave him the *coup de grace*.

The king has returned to the spot where the crowd are assembled, and gives orders for the commencement of the *battue*. The Dauphin takes his place by the side of his father; the officers of the suite follow. The king rides at a foot's pace, in conversation with those about his person; his gaiety is infectious, and every one seems in good spirits. One of the chief actors in this scene is Monsieur le Comte de Girardin, the grand huntsman. His blue uniform has no distinguishing mark from the other cavaliers, but beneath that exterior he hides an active and intelligent mind, and one peculiarly adapted to the excellent administration of the department of which he is the head.



"The Prince of Saxe Coburg, then rather a costly pensioner of Great Britain, is accompanied by Colonel Freemantle and several other English gentlemen.

"The Comte l'Esperance de l'Aigle, whose family crest is an eagle regarding the sun. One of his ancestors being in the presence of Louis XIV., gazed upon him with a keen and steady glance, without at all partaking the general feeling of humility and deference that the person of the Grand Monarque was accustomed to inspire. Louis XIV. was astonished, and remarked, smiling, 'Monsieur, you stare very hard at me. What may your name be?' 'Sire, I am called l'Aigle. Your majesty is aware that the eagle alone can look upon the sun.'

"This sally was the more fortunate as Louis XIV. had adopted as an emblem a sun with this device, '*nec pluribus impar.*' 'You are a man of wit and courage,' observed the king. 'I ordain that the simile should become the subject of your armorial bearings.'

"M. le Duc de Monchy, who is not less occupied with his own toilet than with that of those around him. It is rare in conversation that his scrutinizing eye does not appear to admire or blame some portion of his companion's dress. He is a living personification of the manners of the olden time, joined to all the advantages of modern elegance.

"M. Numance de Girardin, commandant of the royal shooting parties, owed the particular favour both of the king and the dauphin to the interest of his uncle. He was one of the few that always spoke his mind to his majesty.

"No *chasse* ever took place without the presence of old Madame de Miran. She always came to pay her court to the king, and from time immemorial Madame de Miran was said to '*aimer le gibier du roy.*'"

"Monsieur le Comte Hocquart, commandant of the old *gardes*. He combined with all the attractions of a gentle-

man the most devoted attachment to the royal family, and an unimpeachable integrity in all his relations with the world and situations he held under Government.

"That elegant amazon to whom M. de Perigord is paying his respects, is the Vicomtesse de Noailles; nothing can be more exquisitely witty and piquant than her conversation. She is one of those remarkable instances in proof that a certain affectation of manner is not always opposed to success in the world.

"The last cavalier is the Duc d'Esclignac, related to Louis XVIII. by his mother's side. He commenced his career as a simple soldier of the Empire. The birth and the life of this man are quite an anachronism, and belong to the ancient days of heroes.

"The cavalcade approaches the covers where the *battue* is to take place. The shooters dismount, and the carriages and horses are led to a distance, and out of the range of shot.

"When every one is at his post, a moment of profound silence ensues. All conversation ceases, and *tête-à-têtes* are interrupted. Suddenly a signal is given by the grand huntsman, and transmitted with telegraphic rapidity to the whole line of beaters, who are stationed far in advance. Hurrahs resound—a thousand cries of every variety of dissonance fill the air, and increase in noise and volume every moment. It is easy to perceive that the demi-circle formed by the beaters is narrowing, and that the cries and voices which were spread over a large space are now converging towards a centre. The beaters, in fact, are approaching, and the game is driven in every direction before them.

"Very often, however, the wild boar, with an instinctive remembrance of having been wounded before on a similar occasion, instead of flying from the noises behind him, to what might appear comparative safety in front, stops, hesitates, and then with a sudden rush, charges the line of

beaters that nearly surround him, and then woe to the unfortunate individual who finds himself in his way, or attempts to bar his passage. He will find flesh and blood no match for the tusks of the boar. These incidents, however, do not interrupt the *battue*; it continues just the same, and the ranks close up, just as those of a regiment in the field of battle.

"Fresh exclamations are heard, and the tumult becomes general.

" 'Attention, shooters ! Attention, sire !'

"The game is approaching; but the king, who can never remain still in one place, is pacing backwards and forwards before the hedge, or line of artificial thickets that forms his ambuscade, and often loses the chance of a shot. The boars regulate their speed by the vicinity of the noise of the beaters behind them, but in twenty paces more they will arrive within shooting distance.

"A report is heard, and at the same time a bullet whistles through the branches. It is the king who has just fired.

" 'Au Roi !'

" 'Au Monseigneur !'

" 'A vous ! à vous !'

"Shots now resound on every side, singly and in volleys, to the right and left, behind and before. The boars are driven into the arena where the sportsmen are placed in ambuscade. Confused and frightened by the continued firing, they redouble their speed in order to escape, and fly before the shower of balls in one direction, only to meet the same reception in another.

"The king, excited by his passionate devotion to this kind of sport, has quitted his post, and advanced towards an ancient and enormous boar. His gun is at his shoulder. He fires; but this time not with his usual precision. The animal is only slightly wounded, and does not seem disposed

to fly. His flaming eyes are fixed upon his enemy. His bristles stand on end, and rage and fury are expressed in his attitude. The wild boar has chosen a dense thicket for his retreat, as the one best adapted for resistance, and there, with formidable and sharpened tusks, he awaits the attack.

“‘Stay, sire! stay, sire!’ was the cry from all sides, and from every voice. ‘Do not advance further!’

“‘Back, gentlemen! back,’ replied the king. ‘I wish to be alone,’ and he advanced towards the beast, who, covered with sweat and foam, was uttering hoarse and guttural sounds of savage despair.

“The king approached the almost impenetrable thicket in which the boar had taken refuge, and without appearing the least affected by the menacing aspect of the animal, awaited a favourable opportunity of getting a shot. He fires, but the ball glances from a branch of a tree. Another shot, and the animal is struck in the shoulder. Twice wounded, he now attacks in his turn. The king judges of the extent of the danger, and is perfectly prepared to meet it.

“I was not far distant,” continued my friend, “at this moment, and in spite of the prohibition of the king, who I knew took pleasure in these adventures, I gave orders to the dog-keepers to unloose the *hourets*.

“Whilst this order was on the point of being executed, the boar fell very nearly at the king’s feet, mortally wounded by his last shot. At the same instant, Marcois, the gun-bearer of the dauphin, less fortunate than his majesty, was badly wounded by another boar. The ground was covered with the victims of the *chasse*. Upwards of thirty wild boars were stretched upon the grass. Peasants, quitting the ranks of beaters, were employed in carrying the game to a spot in the forest where the king, before the end of the day, would count the number of heads, and direct the distribution of them to the principal inhabitants of the environs, the poor and



the *employés*; but before each had received these marks of his majesty's liberality, the dogs claimed their share of the spoil, and at least a little of the game, which they received from the hands of persons employed to disembowel the different animals, and give the entrails to the hounds.

"Generally the *chasse* was not terminated after the first *battue*, but several others were arranged in different parts of the forest. The king always expressed his satisfaction when the results of the day had equalled the expectations and efforts of his officers. On this occasion he observed that he had never seen a more brilliant *battue* than the one which had just taken place, and that it had far surpassed his expectations.

"'Sire,' I remarked to him, 'Simon l'Archer, I will engage, has a good deal to do with this success, and has redoubled his zeal.'

"'Apropos, Compte, it was arranged that you should present this man to me. Let him appear.'

"We had arrived at the Châtaigneraie-Bignon, which, as its name indicates, is a plantation of chestnut-trees, symmetrically arranged like fruit trees in an orchard. Each tree is separated by a considerable interval, so that the light and shade is distributed in a picturesque and charming manner. It was here that Simon approached to meet the king, not without feelings of visible intimidation; but the kind reception he met with put him at his ease, and he soon excited the interest of his majesty.

"Questioned upon his skill and address as a marksman, Simon answered with confidence, that on that point he feared no competitors.

"The king asked him if he had any objection to try his skill against one of the royal keepers, to which he answered that he should like nothing better, particularly if it would afford any amusement to his majesty, and he cared not who

was his adversary. 'Very well,' replied the king. 'I shall award twenty-five louis to the winner.'

"The question ran from mouth to mouth, 'Who is there to contend against Simon l'Archer? Who will shoot a match with Simon l'Archer?'

"The group of *gardes forestiers* opened to make way for one of their number, B——, the favourite of Monseigneur—the Adonis, the Lovelace of the band—the most admired in the dance—the proudest under arms. He advanced with haughty steps, and announced that he accepted the challenge.

"Many wagers were laid. The king alone betted in favour of Simon; nearly all the others were in favour of B——.

"The match consisted in shooting at twelve pigeons, alternately, with ball, as they each flew separately from a cage. Limits were marked, within which each pigeon must fall, and umpires appointed to judge of the shots.

"The king repaired to a small eminence; the courtiers formed several groups around his person, and the other assistants placed themselves in a circle.

"The two champions were well known, and their reciprocal skill excited the greatest degree of interest amongst the spectators. This interest was redoubled when the adversaries took up their position.

"I have already described the Châtaigneraie de Bignon. Imagine the silence that reigns amongst the spectators, and their anxiety for the result.

"The first shot was allotted to Simon, who killed his bird; the keeper also fired with similar success. They each continued to give proofs of almost miraculous precision, until the fifth shot, when the *garde-chasse* missed, and a murmur was heard amongst the bystanders. Things, however, were soon re-established on an equal footing; for Simon, no doubt agitated by the enthusiasm he had excited, missed his

seventh pigeon, and his adversary killed his with marvellous dexterity.

"The match now drew near to its termination, and the two rivals rested for a minute. You might have heard a pin fall on the grass. At the moment they took up their arms again, and the cage of the last bird was opened, Simon, his leg thrown well forward, brought his gun to the shoulder with his usual *sang froid*, and followed with his eye the uncertain flight of the pigeon, which, from an oblique, had taken a vertical direction. He fired, and after a second of incertitude, the bird turned over and over in the air, until it fell at the feet of the marksman.

"I observed that the knees of the poor *garde-chasse* trembled beneath him; his countenance was pale, and all his frame betokened extreme agitation. He also followed the flight of the pigeon with a keen glance, and for a long time; at length he fired, but missed. Cries and hurrahs resounded on all sides, but chiefly from the peasantry of the village of Noisy, who were delighted at the success of one of their own inhabitants over a stranger.

"The king commanded the victor to approach, complimented him on his skill, and presented him with his own hands the prize he had obtained, after which he superintended the distribution of the game, and the departure took place immediately afterwards.

"As we were leaving the Châtaigneraie de Bignon, the young men of the village of Noisy placed Simon on a hurdle, and carried him on their shoulders in triumph into the commune. I could not help feeling much interest in the joy that poor Simon seemed to feel, and the combination of prosperous circumstances that had befallen him; still this pleasure was mingled with melancholy, and consisted more of a sentiment of compassion than one of satisfaction.

"This was the closing day of the *chasse* at Marly. We had

arrived at the beginning of the month of July, the period when rabbit-shooting commences at St. Cloud. Thus, I should not have an opportunity of seeing Simon for two months, and it was written that during this interval a sad and terrible misfortune should befall him.

"It happened that late on the same day several parties were assembled in the village, where frequent and deep libations were not spared. Irritated by his defeat, the *garde-chasse* had seated himself at the door of a little cabaret where Simon was dining, and loudly contested the legitimacy of his success, attributing it to accidental causes. Afterwards he changed his mode of provocation, and abused Simon for his poaching habits. Simon patiently endured his impertinence, not without an effort, but at all events for a long time.

"Encouraged by the apparent calm of his adversary, the *garde* boasted the superiority of his dog over that of Simon's, one of those beagles of which I have already spoken, and which at this moment was quietly reposing at his master's feet.

"'It is a shame to let blackguards like you have dogs,' said the brutal guard, at the same time administering a violent kick to Simon's poor companion. 'If I was the king, I would order them all to be shot; and by G—, the first time I meet this one in the forest I will make short work of him.'

"Simon still remained impassive; but his blood was boiling in his veins. It only required one word to make him lose all self-possession, and that word soon transpired.

"'Listen, my fine fellow, with all your boasting, I will wager you have not the heart to stand up against me,' cried the *garde*, rising, and taking off his coat.

"'You shall soon see,' replied Simon; 'and I advise you not to spare me, for I swear to you I shall not spare you.'



“They threw themselves on each other, and a struggle of extraordinary violence ensued. After many vigorous efforts, the *garde* was thrown by Simon. He fell heavily; and Simon, exasperated with rage, would very likely have finished with him by a kick upon the head or chest, had not the spectators interfered.

“They conducted Simon to his cottage; and the *garde-chasse*, supported by his companions, had great difficulty in regaining his dwelling-place. It is easy to comprehend that the keepers of the forest could not pardon Simon the advantages he had gained over them. The self-pride of the corps was mixed up with it, and they formed a close alliance under the pretext of the protection of the royal domains; but the real end of which was to be revenged on Simon. They spread all sorts of reports to his disadvantage, pretended that he was a greater poacher than ever, and so damaged his reputation, that none of the neighbouring proprietors or farmers would employ him.

“Simon and his family were not long ignorant of this league formed against them, and cruelly felt its effects when the sum he had gained at the shooting match was spent. The unfortunate man made many attempts to gain the good opinion of his neighbours, but, as they were generally unsuccessful, it is easy to imagine that they only served to irritate and harden his mind, so much so, that, when all his resources were gone, it is too true that Simon and his eldest son became greater poachers than ever, and made a most lucrative business of it, in spite of all the surveillance of the *gardes des chasses*, and the continual risks they ran.

“I heard all this at Compeigne. They had not failed to write to me, and describe the conduct of my *protégé*, hoping to take away his last support; but I was resolved to see him once more before definitively making up my mind concerning him. Several days after my return to Paris, one fine morning

whilst occupied with different reflections, the *souvenir* of Simon, whom I had almost forgotten, presented itself to my memory. I ordered my horse, and two hours afterwards was before his cottage. After knocking several times at the door without receiving any answer, I lifted the latch and entered. Instead of the barking of Simon's faithful companions, I heard plaintive sounds, accompanied by groans and sighs. The dogs were stretched upon the ground, sad and silent.

"Still these moans and cries continued. I called several times without receiving an answer; at length Simon's wife appeared from a recess at the end of the cottage. She was pale and livid, her hair fell in dishevelled masses over her shoulders, and some fearful calamity was imprinted on her countenance. When she perceived me, she uttered piercing cries. 'O, Monsieur le Compte!' said she, 'my husband—my husband—my poor Simon! Behold this,' added she, conducting me into an inner chamber, and lifting a coarse sheet which covered the body of poor Simon. 'See what they have done to him.'

"I made a close inspection. There was a large wound in the chest inflicted by buck-shot. The left arm was shattered; it was a horrible spectacle. I afterwards learnt all the circumstances attendant upon this event.

"The previous night, at about ten o'clock, Simon and his son, each armed with a gun, had departed, as was their custom, to watch where the pheasants roosted. Midnight had arrived when they penetrated into the *taillis de la Breteche*, not far from the Pavilion Darasne. They had already shot several pheasants, and were anxiously peering up into the trees where these birds were taking their unconscious repose, their heads under their wings, when several *gardes des chasses*, who had either some presentiment of the fact, or knowledge of their projects, were hid in ambuscade at no great distance. The

sound of fire-arms soon brought them to the spot. At the sight of three men, Simon, who still did not want courage, thought of flight; but he was old, and by no means swift of foot. To fall into the hands of his adversaries was worse than a misfortune; it was a disgrace which nothing would make him submit to. With rage in his heart, he listened only to the bad counsels of pride and hatred, and discharged his gun almost at hazard in the direction of his assailants.

"The *gardes*, not at all intimidated by this energetic demonstration, fired in their turn. Simon's son received a wound, which broke his left arm; but still he had the use of his right, and with a stroke of the butt of his gun, gave a mortal blow to the *garde* who was rushing to make him prisoner.

"A desperate struggle took place between the other *gardes des chasses* and the poachers. Although wounded himself, Simon was a terrible adversary, and his son, not much more than a child, fought like a hero.

"The *gardes*, after a long resistance, began to give way; but as the only wish of the two Simons was to escape, they did not follow them, and tried their utmost to gain the entrance of the forest. Observing this, the *gardes* pursued them again, and Simon, unfortunately for himself, turned round and pointed his gun at them. It was his death-warrant; one of his adversaries immediately fired, and the whole charge took effect on his person.

"'I am wounded, son! Save yourself. Leave me here. Save yourself, I tell you.'

"Arrived at the *porte de la Breteche*, they crept into the fields of standing corn; and by hiding in the various thickets which cover the ground on this side of the forest, managed to put the *gardes* off their tracks, and arrived by a circuitous road near to their cottage.

"They could already see the feeble rays of light that shone through the small window, when Simon felt his strength

abandon him. He tottered and fell. The poor man made almost superhuman efforts to drag himself, with the aid of his son, to the door of his hut; his last and only hope being to expire in the arms of his wife, and in this he succeeded, but had not spoken since.

"We placed him on the bed, and in a few hours he rendered his last sigh.

"About three months subsequently I happened to be on a royal shooting-party at Fromainville. The king was disappointed with the sport.

"*'Compte,'* said he, 'we want your *protégé* here; apropos, what has become of poor Simon? Does he still read the newspapers?'

"*'Alas! sire,* it is now three months since he expiated with his life his incorrigible taste for poaching;' and I related to the king the scene I had witnessed.

"*'This does not astonish me in the least, Compte,'* said the king, gently placing his hand upon my arm. 'This man was a liberal in his own way. He saw so many rights called into question; he read so many fine speeches about hereditary robberies, and theft sanctioned by the customs of centuries, that he, poor devil, who had no interest in the higher sphere of politics, adapted the application of these grand principles to matters of nearer relation to him. He attacked the king's game as others attack his crown. Ah! *Compte,* your makers of fine phrases do a great deal of mischief.'

"*'And, perhaps, sire,* they will be the first to repent of it.'

"At this moment the cries of the drivers announced the approach of the game. The king took his gun, and the *chasse* continued."



## CHAPTER X.

## A CHASSE IN THE "PETITS ENVIRONS."

THE scene opens on a fine morning about the middle of the month of May. All nature sparkles with a shower of emeralds, that the dew of a spring morning scatters around, and the light vapours ascending from the surface of the earth surround the landscape with a veil of gauze. Amidst the usual movements that betoken the noise and bustle of an opening day near the capital are distinguished others, beginning from a limit of at least five leagues in circumference, and converging towards a point—the *rendezvous de la chasse*. Detachments of *gendarmerie d'élite*, mounted on their coal-black horses, are posted here and there to serve as the royal escort, and servants clad in the traditional costume of Louis XV. arrive from Versailles with horses for the king and his suite.

Upon the road to Versailles parties of grooms in modern liveries are leading handsome thorough-bred horses, belonging to their fashionable masters, who will soon follow, in various equipages, to the rendezvous. Most of those who dined on the previous evening at the *Café Anglais*, or the *Café de Paris*, and heard that the king hunted to-day in the *Petits Environs*, have not failed in their engagements to appear, and swell the train of his Majesty Charles X.

The officers of the hunt appear at the extremity of the Versailles road; then come the pages on horseback, and the *porte-d'arquebuse*, in his carriage, with the long carabine destined to finish the career of the animal. Afterwards comes the cart, or conveyance for the stag about to be

turned out. Amidst the equipages, those belonging to the dauphin are remarkable for their elegance, which is easily explained, by their having been selected by the Duc de Guiche.

It was not without difficulty that this army of chasseurs could arrange themselves within the circle of the *rond point de Petit Bicêtre*, such was the number of carriages, cavaliers, and footmen of all conditions who blocked up the space.

The interest attached to this peculiar *chasse* of his Majesty Charles X., and which I witnessed for the first time, was much heightened by the crowd of distinguished personages who were present. All were initiated into the smallest details of the court; no person of any consequence in Paris was absent. It was like walking in the midst of a portrait gallery.

Whilst awaiting the arrival of the king, they took up their position upon the sides of the road to Chatillon, a little before the *Petit Bicêtre*, upon the borders of the wood of Verrières. It was a point from whence every interesting incident of the halt could be observed. There the flower of the young Parisian aristocracy had chosen their temporary domicile, and given free scope to their conversational powers. They talked of the opera, gallant adventures, new actresses, losses at play, politics, the chase, horses and steeple-chases, and, amidst this rolling fire, this artillery of words, the successive and rapid arrivals of some fresh sportsmen, or gentlemen connected with the hunt, furnished every moment some new subject of conversation.

Suddenly the word Monseigneur is repeated by the crowd, and all heads turn in one direction. The dauphin enters the circle, and the group of cavaliers open to receive him as their centre. He is accompanied by the commandant of the *chasse*, and the Duc de Guiche

The latter personage might be recognised amongst a

thousand by his distinguished appearance and the elegance of his costume. He was, perhaps, the best judge of a horse of any gentleman in France, and has rendered a great service to his country by contributing all his influence towards the amelioration of the breed, on which subject he has written a very interesting work.

I learnt that it was always the custom of the dauphin to precede his royal father by a quarter of an hour. In fact, it was eleven o'clock precisely, when a gendarme at full gallop appeared upon the road to Chatillon.

The king's carriage follows, drawn by eight horses, with the fat coachman, and postillions in enormous jack-boots and costumes that recal the days of Louis XIV. at the siege of Tournay and the campaigns in Flanders. Then come the carriages containing those invited to join the royal *chasse*.

All heads are uncovered.

The dauphin advances towards his majesty. The Comte de Girardin, the grand huntsman, accompanies the king. He receives information, and gives his orders with a promptitude and decision that announce his capability of undertaking any charge where intelligence and vigour of body and mind are the necessary elements of success.

One of the king's carriages contained a person and a name the most celebrated in the world, and whose motto speaks for itself—*Virtutis fortuna comes*. There are in these three words a history of all the acts of his life in India and in Europe. It was the second time, I understood, that he had accompanied the king on a hunting party. The first was at Biarritz, where the Duke of Wellington, for it was no other, seemed to enjoy himself very much.

The king heard the report of the commandant, and decided on attacking a stag called Charlemagne, that had been turned out the same morning at the *Carrefour de l'Obelisque*.

The Compté d'Egberti presented his hunting-knife to the king, and the first *écuyer* held his majesty's stirrup, whilst another supported his saddle on the opposite side.

They arrive at the spot where the stag has been turned out. The old dogs, that are destined to make what is called the attack, are uncoupled. The piqueurs encourage them by voice and horn. During this time the commandant, officers, and pages are keeping a keen look-out over the roads and rides, and the king remains alone in the *carrefour*, awaiting the signal that the stag has been viewed.

Eight different roads converged into this point, and each led to scenes not less interesting as a landscape than the *souvenirs* they recalled. Here was the avenue towards Plessis-Piquet, with its sombre lake and old park and terrace, both associated with the name of Colbert, and the clever and witty Picard; there the road to Chatenay, with its ancient steeple, that dates from the twelfth century. It was here that Queen Blanche came to offer up her prayers, and that the sceptic Voltaire was baptized.

Here, in 1794, upon a stone, the remnant of a royal monument which his doctrines had assisted to deface, sat a disciple of Dalember and Clairault. It was after the 10th of May, a period in France when no head was safe from the scaffold. He was then hiding himself in the wood of Verrières—proscribed, pursued by the revolutionary blood-hounds, and dying of hunger and fatigue, disowned and rejected by his old friends and partizans. It was upon this stone that he reclined at last, and determined to go to the village of Clamart, and attempt to procure a morsel of bread. He had hesitated some time before coming to this resolution, and had drawn from his pocket a little box, the contents of which would soon relieve him from all earthly cares, and had weighed the alternative of certain death or a chance of life. He rose, however, and took the road to Clamart, and



entered a public-house in the dusk of the evening, where his presence soon awoke the suspicions of some of those amateur spies with which the kingdom was at that period infested. Suspected, interrogated, he was embarrassed in his answers, and was arrested and dragged to prison. The following day, when they went to conduct their prisoner before the revolutionary tribunal, they found nothing but a corpse, with a book by its side, in the first page of which the agent of the municipal authorities managed to read these words—"Ex libris I. M. Condorcet." It was the Marquis de Condorcet!

The king was interrupted in these reflections by the noise of horns and the cries of the different attendants of the *chasse*. The stag has burst cover. The old dogs have forced him to quit the thick underwood of the forest. Relays of young hounds are uncoupled, and now, who can say where the day's sport will end?

At the hunting parties of the *Petits Environs*, there being little cover for the animal, he was soon forced to take a line of his own across country, a circumstance that rendered these *chasses* much more interesting and difficult than those which took place in the royal forests, where the stag rarely left the cover of the woods. As it was not possible to anticipate the course of the stag, so also they could not tell where to place the relays of hounds, and the hunt was carried on with the original pack. If the stag went across the open country, not many horsemen were able to follow him. One had been known to have been turned out at Verrières, and taken at Chartres, sixty miles in almost a straight line.

I have heard another and well authenticated history of an almost fabulous run with a stag, which I will here quote for the amusement of my readers.

One day Monsieur le Prince de Condé attacked a "stag of

ten" in the forest of Chantilly. The preparations for the *chasse* were the same as usual. In the morning they had placed relays of hounds, in anticipation that if he was driven to any distance from the forest, yet, being a resident of that part of the country, he would inevitably return. It turned out, however, quite different to their expectations. The stag, it is true, broke cover, but took a direction straight across country, and ran clean away from the hounds, leaving them so completely at fault that they were called off, and the Prince de Condé, who rarely met with a similar defeat, did not conceal his chagrin at the result. He returned to the chateau lost in reflection as to this extraordinary disparition, as no one could inform him towards what woods or forests the stag had taken his course.

Two months afterwards the *valets des limiers*, who frequented the forest of Chantilly discovered traces of the same stag. This is often the case with red deer. When an animal fancies the feeding in a particular spot, he will continually return to it from almost any distance.

"Monseigneur, the stag has returned."

"This time," answered the prince, "we must take such precautions that he will not escape us."

Orders are given. They select for the relays the best hounds from the vast and sumptuous kennels of Chantilly; the prince mounts the fastest and strongest of his horses; the most experienced piqueurs are appointed to inspect the woods.

By Saint Hubert, my fine stag, you will not escape all the stratagems your enemies are employing against you!

The following morning the horns resound gaily in the forest of Chantilly, the baying of the hounds is heard simultaneously, the horses are at full speed, the attack has taken place. During three hours the stag makes the circle of the woodlands; at length he bursts cover, and leaving far behind

him dogs, piqueurs, and cavaliers, as was the case two months previously, the hounds lose the scent, and the animal disappears as if by magic.

The prince orders it to be proclaimed, and a notice to be affixed at the doors of the churches for twenty-five leagues round, that he will grant a pecuniary recompense to any one that will bring him tidings of the stag.

Three days afterwards a number of peasants arrive to report all they know at the chateau.

"Monseigneur, I come from Vic, a village on the other side of the Aisne; the day before yesterday, about three o'clock, I was returning from Cournent, which is on this side of the river, and about three hundred paces distant I saw a stag in the act of swimming across; he was just taking the water."

"Two louis for this man," said the prince.

"I, Monseigneur, come from a greater distance; I am a native of Mainbresson; two days ago, whilst returning through the fields in the evening, I saw a stag, and a very old one, entering the wood of Ribaumar; as there are generally no deer in those woods, I am very much mistaken if it was not the animal which Monseigneur alludes to."

"Four louis for this man," cried the prince, with evident marks of satisfaction.

"I, Monseigneur, live still farther off; I inhabit a cottage that stands by itself on the road to Rocroy; at two hundred paces from thence there is a small orchard. The other night by the light of the full moon I was at my window about twelve o'clock, and distinctly observed an immense stag munching away at my apples. I had scarcely opened the door, when, to my regret, the thief had departed, leaving a long track in the grass behind him, for you see, Monseigneur, I had stopped to fetch a large stick to drive him away. If this is not the stag in question, it is some marauder from the

forest of the Ardennes that was seeking a *bon bouche* far away from his own haunts, you see, Monseigneur."

"Six louis for this man, to compensate him for his apples," exclaimed the prince, who could no longer contain his joy. "The Ardennes! the Ardennes! we have him now. I have been twice beaten," said the prince, "but I will now take my revenge; let him return once more."

One morning at breakfast a piqueur arrived all out of breath, and pale with emotion, and announced to the prince that he had again seen the stag. He was much excited on his own and his master's account.

The prince immediately held a council of war to deliberate on the method of attack and pursuit to be adopted: the prince himself presided over the preparations of the *chasse*, which was fixed for the next day.

Relays were stationed every six leagues from Chantilly towards the Ardennes, neither more or less, and the prince affirmed that if he was forced to pass the day and night with his hounds and horses, he would kill the stag.

Still it was not without a sort of nervous anxiety that the Prince de Condé commenced the attack, and this emotion gained force when the animal broke cover; but the measures taken had been so good, and the precautions so minute, that success was almost certain. The stag, however, having taken to the open country, the victory was uncertain until the fifth relay, as there were few signs of his vigour or speed failing. At this distance, however, the poor beast's heart failed him, and he was killed thirty-five leagues from the spot where he had been first found. It would be difficult to describe the scene that followed this triumph, and the splendour of the *hallaæ*. Very few of the hunt were present at the death, but the horns sounded for a long time; the *curée* was magnificent, and the munificence of the prince without bounds towards those who were present at the final scene.



The *souvenir* of this anecdote was by no means reassuring for our horses, and already several Parisian steeds were pretty well fatigued in the wood of Verrières, from whence the stag had not yet broken.

We were just outside the wood, upon a gentle eminence that descends towards Verrières, and commanding a beautiful and rich perspective. Suddenly the stag appears on the borders of the wood; he hesitates an instant, but the sounds of the chase are fast approaching; he makes one bound, it was magnificent: clearing an immense space, he speeds across the plain.

We thus found ourselves the first in the *chasse*; the piqueurs and the hounds soon joined us; a relay was placed by chance on the road to Plessis, and the stag redoubled his speed; the plain was covered with horsemen; it was like a charge of cavalry.

"This puts me in mind, sire, of a hunting field in England," said the Duke of Wellington, addressing the king, with whom he was riding in company; "I could almost fancy myself in the Vale of Aylesbury."

"You astonish me, Monsieur le Duc," replied the king, rather coldly; "I confess that when I had the honour of your company at one of my stag hunts, I expected to show you a sight which you would not easily witness in your own country."

"Will your majesty permit me to observe that it would be a most laudable ambition on your part if the fact could only be satisfactorily proved."

"Oh, upon that point, my dear lord, you must strike your flag, however disagreeable it may be to you. England, so celebrated for her horses, her hounds, and the beauty of her equipages, understands very little of the true science of the chase; not that chase which consists in following an animal over mountain and vale, through woods and rivers, over hedges, gates, and walls, and killing him a short distance

from where he has been found; there, I agree, you excel; you are famous riders, but it is not that which constitutes the art of venerie."

"Perhaps the patriotism of your majesty suggests this theory as a set-off to the want of speed in French horses."

"More probably, Monsieur le Duc, your national prejudices refuse to recognise in this, as in many other instances, any foreign superiority; but be assured that the true science of hunting does not consist alone in killing or taking the stag. It would be easy to do that with a pack of harriers, but the art of real venerie consists in after having driven a stag into a forest full of other deer, never to change the original beast you have been hunting; to take up checks and other details, which are learnt as much by theory as by practice." The king, observing a smile of incredulity upon the lips of the duke, between a hesitation and an objection, continued—"I am sorry for you, Monsieur le Duc, but you have no real chasseurs in England," and without waiting for an answer, put spurs to his horse in a manner to put an end to the conversation.

The stag has crossed the Versailles road, and has taken to the plain of Villacoupray, and the king, who gallops upon his traces, appears delighted with the sport that every one is enjoying, and replies by frequent bows to the numerous acclamations that greet him from all sides. The animal has been seen distinctly on the Versailles road, and experienced hunters report that his feet are turned inwards, a sure sign that he is getting fatigued. A vast number of carriages and spectators are stationed on the *pavé*. We soon arrive at the wood of Meudon, at the *Carrefour de l'Ursine*.

The stag springs over everything that opposes his flight, but his perpetual efforts exhaust his strength; his bounds are less active and elastic. The king has not lost the traces of the hunt for a moment, and has followed it through all its windings and sinuosities.

At length the final scene arrives—the stag stands at bay near an angle of an ancient wall in the forest of Meudon. He is surrounded by the hounds; around them are collected the piqueurs, who sound the “mort,” the king, the dauphin, and the officers of the *chasse*; a third and vast circle is formed by more than two hundred horsemen, and an immense crowd of pedestrians. This is the *hallaa*.

The king descends from his horse, receives the carabine from the hands of M. de Omfraies, and with one shot puts an end to the struggles of the poor stag.

Amidst the sound of horns, the head piqueur cuts off the deer’s foot, and gives it to the commandant, who brings it to the grand huntsman, who in his turn presents it with a profound bow, and hat in hand, to the king.

The king uncovers himself when he receives it.

The tongue of the stag is also extracted.

This is the final act, as established by ancient usages and regulations.

His majesty was satisfied, and expressed his satisfaction to the commandant of the *chasse*.

The dog-keepers proceed to dismember the stag, and after having cut away the fillets, and such portions as are destined for the use of the commandant, and each of the officers of the hunt, they cover the carcase with a cloth.

During this operation the hounds are kept under restraint, and when it is finished, the commandant, turning towards the animal, stretched upon the earth, gives the signal for the *curée*.

The horns sound again.

It is your turn now, my brave hounds; and in a few moments nothing is left but a crushed and broken skeleton, not one small morsel of flesh.

The retreat is sounded, and the dogs, with their muzzles all crimsoned from their late repast, are recoupled, and take the road to Versailles.

## CHAPTER XI.

## ST. CLOUD—ANECDOTES OF CHARLES X.

THE only royal residence where Charles X. really felt himself at home and led the life of a country gentleman, which he had been so long accustomed to, was at St. Cloud.

When he resided at that palace, he acted much on this principle. He had generally strolled out in the morning, before breakfast, with his gun, sometimes alone, and sometimes in company with the Duc d'Angoulême, or his son the Dauphin, to shoot rabbits in the preserves immediately around the chateau, where they were very numerous, having no enemies but the king, and a few poachers to whom not even the royal preserves were sacred. The king was very fond of these private shooting-parties, without any of the pomp and ceremony of the Court; and when he was accompanied by his son, was accustomed to mix up with his sport many impressive remarks and reflections upon their past life and present circumstances.

On the 15th July, 1829, the king left the chateau, alone and on foot, to visit Madame la Dauphine, at Villeneuve l'Étang, which he often did, taking his way through the *grande allée* which leads to Ville d'Avray. Suddenly, upon entering one of the solitary and transversal alleys, he perceived an individual before him humming some old military song, and hardly able to support his body in that horizontal position that nature intended. It was evident that the man, whether poacher or some other suspicious character, was in that happy frame of mind from the effects of liquor that levels all ranks and conditions, and puts him completely at



ease with himself and all the world. He stumbled against the king, and would have passed on without further notice, had not his majesty stopped, and looked hard at him, when at length he touched his hat, and made an awkward attempt at a bow. "Well," thought Charles X., "it is fortunate that he even does this, by way of making up for his rudeness towards the master, or rather occupier, of the chateau. No doubt this man, in his own way, is what is now termed a liberal, denying all rights, and despising all courtesies;" but immediately resuming his usual amiability of manner, he addressed him.

"You have made a good day's work of it, it seems, my brave man."

"Not bad, thanks to my gun."

"You are a *chasseur*, then?"

"I should think so. My old gun, with its flint and steel lock, is a pretty ancient acquaintance of the game in these parts; and having by its means made an excellent breakfast to-day at the king's expense, I am taking a walk to assist digestion. These are my reasons, if they seem good to you, my bourgeois! Pardon, my general! for I suppose you are a general, at least."

The king was forced to bite his lips to prevent laughing. "And what may have been this excellent repast you have made at the king's expense? Did his majesty invite you to his table?"

"Not precisely, I invited myself; and I did right, for the king probably would have forgotten me; and with a fat pheasant killed in the park close by, Robert and I have breakfasted like a general—a royal intendant—aye, like the king himself; and have washed it down with the best wine of the Commune of Garches. To your health, my general! One of the king's pheasants is no bad thing, I can tell you."

"And you are not afraid of telling me so?"

"Bah ! you seem to be a brave and worthy man, and you see poor folks must enjoy themselves now and then at his majesty's expense. It is a custom we gained in our old campaigns. Only now and then, my bourgeois !"

"You have been a soldier, then ?"

"Yes, indeed, my general ! and you have, no doubt, served in the good times ?"

"Oh, I have served a long time."

"As a captain ?"

"Higher rank than that."

"I said I knew you were a general."

"Higher than that."

"Diable !" muttered the peasant, rubbing his ears ; "perhaps he is a Marshal of France. I forget all their faces since I have seen them at the bivouac. No doubt he is a Marshal of France. They like pheasants, and are all good fellows ;—as they have all risen from simple soldiers, they love foraging ; and what have I been doing but foraging a little at the expense of the Crown, which can well afford a head or two of game, without ruining itself ?"

The king was silent, and listened to the gossip of the poacher, who did not seem the least ashamed of his culpable pursuits, and continued a merry and half-drunken account of both of these, and his military exploits. They continued their walk together, apparently excellent companions, one resembling a gentleman from the city, and the other a country peasant, but both bent on sport in the forest.

"I thought you were a Marshal of France. I knew Moncey when he was a corporal, and Bellune when he was a sergeant—I, that am talking to you, marshal !"

The king smiled, and repeated his former answer—  
"Higher than that !"

The poacher began to feel rather uncomfortable, and could not make out to whom he could possibly be talking, when

they arrived at the gate of the park that faces the *grande allée*, in which is situated what is called, the Lantern of Diogenes, from which a miniature view may be obtained of all Paris. The two sentinels of the Garde Royale presented arms, which astonished him still more, but he went on repeating to himself—"He is either a general or a marshal, as I supposed." But now the drum began to beat. The whole guard were under arms, and the two cavaliers who were always posted at the gate to announce that the king was for the time resident at the chateau, sat, with drawn sabres, firm and motionless in their saddles. It was evident that these honours could only be paid to a person of supreme rank. The poor peasant's heart began to fail him, and he felt himself, as it were, sobered in a moment. He fell back several paces behind his companion of the morning, and dared not cast a look towards him; indeed, he glanced cautiously round to see if there was any possibility of making his escape.

The king called an officer, who replied—

"Sire, what may your majesty desire?"

"I am lost!" muttered the poacher.

The king, after having enjoyed his embarrassment for some moments, turned towards him, and said—

"I must tell you, my friend, that you are pursuing a very dishonest career in poaching. You rob the king—you steal his game. Do you think that there is any difference between that and any other theft? Do you not understand that his game belongs to him, as much as your own poultry does to yourself? Pursuits of this sort will only lead to worse, and every feeling of probity and honour will be destroyed."

"Sire, I am an honest man—an old soldier."

"I believe it, my brave man, and it is an additional reason to abandon so worthless a career; no doubt want

and necessity urged you on. Here, take this money, and poach no more; and leave the king's game alone for the future."

"Sire, I swear! Oh, what an excellent man is the king! I have done with poaching for ever!" And he commenced shouting with all the force of his lungs, *Vive le Roi!* in a manner sufficient to leave no doubt of his loyalty.

Ten days after this event, the king, in his usual *costume négligé* and grey casquette, was again taking his morning walk towards Villeneuve l'Étang, on his way to visit Madame la Dauphine.

His majesty was alone, his mind a good deal preoccupied by what had taken place in the cabinet council on the previous day, during which the prime minister had freely exposed the then political situation of the country. Whilst walking gently onwards through the *grande allée*, a woman, apparently of about twenty-five years of age, passed him, dressed in her gayest Sunday garments, but with a countenance expressive of extreme grief—or, at all events, some great embarrassment.

The king was struck by her appearance, and asked her in a familiar way where she was going, dressed so finely, as it was neither a fête-day nor Sunday.

"Where am I going, my good sir?—where am I going? Alas! I know not. You see before you a woman on the borders of despair."

"What has happenened to you?" said the king, much interested in the adventure.

"Oh, *mon Dieu*, sir, I think I shall go out of my mind; but as you appear so kind, and to take interest in me, I will tell you. Only imagine, my cousin François faithfully promised to stand godfather to my child, which is now waiting to be baptized, but just as we were all ready to go to church, a letter has arrived from him to say that his affairs prevent



his quitting Paris. Is it not dreadful, my good sir? What is my child to do without being baptized, and no godfather? I am now going to seek one, and will accept the first that offers himself. You, my good sir, if you will consent; you appear such a good kind of man that I should be delighted to have you."

The king smiled at this proposition.

"Excuse me, my good sir," said the woman, a little confused by the boldness of her request; "I do not wish to give you any trouble, but you will be doing a great service both to my husband and myself. He is an honest man, well known in all the village; and besides, sir, it is always lucky to assist in making a Christian."

"Well," said the king, half affected and half amused at the singularity of the scene, "I will grant your request. I will stand godfather; I love to be of service to honest people; only you must grant me an hour's time to dress myself,—I don't live far from hence."

"Oh, sir, how kind you are! How much gratitude we shall owe you; but it is quite useless for you to change your toilet; you are quite well enough dressed for poor peasants like us. They don't often see godfathers like you in the village of Garches; all the neighbours will be jealous. Oh, how happy I am! François may stop in Paris as long as he likes; we can do very well without him."

If the king had permitted it, the woman would have kissed him, in the expansive joy of her heart.

"The relatives and the godmother are waiting," she continued. "Oh, as to the godmother, I think you will be pleased,—a very pretty girl of eighteen, and who will do honour to your arm." And thus chattering about the infant, the relatives, the village, and the godmother, they arrived at a pretty cottage in the commune of Garches. All the party were assembled. The woman related her

adventure, and her fortunate rencontre. Some of the company declared the stranger's face was not unknown to them. However, they all set off towards the church, the king giving his arm to the handsome godmother, and every one exclaiming, "How lucky Jean Paul's wife was to find such a godfather for her child!"

When the curé arrived at the baptismal font, he was struck by the *négligé* although distinguished appearance of the godfather who presented himself, and said to his beadle that it was very unusual to see a bourgeois wear a *casquette* on a similar occasion; but after all, it did not make much difference, and the service commenced.

The king was not the least embarrassed, like many persons in a similar position, in making his responses to the prayers and formalities of the church, and the curé was much edified with his knowledge of the liturgy. One moment the good priest imagined that he recognised the original of a bust placed in the communal hall of the village, but he fancied it could only be an hallucination, or a strange and fantastic resemblance.

The ceremony terminated, they passed into the small damp sacristy of the village church to sign the document that admitted this child into a Christian communion.

"What is the name of the godfather?" said the curé, placing his pen upon the table to await an answer.

The king had not thought of this, and was rather puzzled. What should he do to sustain his incognito? How to answer the question of the curé without telling a falsehood? and Charles X. had the greatest horror of anything like a falsehood, even in trivial things. What should he say? If he replied Bourbon Charles, they would immediately know it; and yet the curé was waiting.

"Your name, if you please?"

"Le Roi—that is it—Monsieur le Roi."

"Your christian name?"

"Charles."

The document being completed, the pen was passed from one hand to another, that each might sign his name. It came to the king's turn. At this moment a man, who had hitherto appeared absorbed in his own reflections, advanced towards the father of the child, and whispered in his ear.

"It is the king!"—"Vive le Roi!" exclaimed all the party.

"The king!" gasped the old curé, letting his hands fall upon the table, and throwing his head backwards—"Sire, pardon, excuse me;—what an honour for my church, for myself, for all these poor people! Ah! if we had only known beforehand, we would have received you at the porch with the dais and the cross, as they do at Notre Dame when your Majesty attends a religious ceremony."

"The king!" cried all the assembly, in unison; and then arose a concert of ejaculations, questions, and mutual interrogations. "What! the king consent to be godfather to Jean Paul's wife?"—"Where did she go to find him?"—"What courage!"—"What luck for her and her child!"—"He would be a fortunate infant, at all events."—"When one has a king of France for godfather, something good must come of it."—"But who would have thought that the gentleman in the old grey *casquette* was the king?"—"It is odd how very like a king is to another man."—"I had some idea of it before," said an old peasant; "I have often seen him in the same costume before, on the road to Villeneuve l'Étang, when he goes to visit Madame la Dauphine."

The mother of the new-born baby was almost wild with joy. The father was on his knees before Charles X., and could not articulate a word, owing to the overwhelming idea of the king being godfather to his child.

The rumour of the king's presence was soon spread over the village. A crowd approached the church from all directions,

and the faces of the villagers, their wives and children, blocked up the doorway of the sacristy. The king commenced to be rather annoyed and embarrassed.

"Sire," respectfully observed the curé, taking up the pen, and dipping it again into the ink, which had dried upon the quill during this interlude of astonishment and enthusiasm, "I must write, then, upon the baptismal register, Monsieur Le Roi?"

"Of France!" replied, loudly, Charles X. "You perceive I have told you the truth. And as to the name of the child—Charles!"

At this moment a fresh chorus of *vivats* commenced, and the whole nave of the church resounded with *Vive le Roi!* It is needless to add that the curé, the clerk, the church, the mother of the child, and the godmother, were made fully sensible of the service the king had rendered them in replacing the Cousin François. Charles X. was remarkable for his liberality towards poor and honest people.

One man distinguished himself amongst the rest by his enthusiastic applause as the king left the church. It was the same who had recognised him, and the poacher, who, by his bounty and generosity, had been reclaimed from his former habits. He related to everybody the story of his rencontre with his Majesty, and the kind words that had been addressed to him,—souvenirs not easily forgotten, and which pass down to posterity like titles and family pictures.

On arriving at Villeneuve l'Étang, the king related this scene to Madame la Dauphine, who was much interested by it, and the same day sent some proofs of her generosity to his majesty's godson. Afterwards the king often inquired after the health of little Charles, and promised to look after his interest. Alas! poor child, at the time of his birth what king of France could guarantee his future prospects?



## CHAPTER XII.

CHARLES X.—LAST CHASSE AT RAMBOUILLET—THE 26TH JULY, 1830.

I HAVE collected from various sources the following anecdote, which I believe to be strictly true:—

The village of Rambouillet was just awaking. The church bells had not yet sounded the *angelus*; but the lowing of the cows was heard, which the girls were driving to their pasturage. The sun had risen above the horizon, and its first beams lit up the lofty roofs, and shone upon the broad windows of the chateau. The morning exhalations from the green meadows, the nearly ripened grain, and the leaves warmed by the influence of the rising sun, embalmed the air. In the forest, the thrush and blackbird whistled their morning orisons; magpies were already chattering on the branches, and the transparency of the atmosphere, the deep blue of the sky, the dark shadow of the woods, the buzzing of insects, in one word, the whole harmony of nature, announced a magnificent and warm summer's day.

At this early hour several *valets des limiers*\* issued from the royal kennel, and entered the forest at different points: they were about to beat the woods in various quarters for the traces of deer. One of these *valets des limiers* had penetrated as far as the *Poteau du Chêne du Roi*. He had broken off a branch, and placed it on the ground so that the broken end might indicate the direction he had taken, and was exciting the hound under his charge both by his voice and his carresses.

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\* Keepers who had the charge of bloodhounds.

Suddenly the hound gives indications of being on the scent, and the *valet de limier* carefully examines the ground. He discovers at length a foot-mark,\* very indistinctly traced. The ground was so hard, that nothing but some almost imperceptible scratches appeared. He kneels down and takes a more minute inspection of the marks.

"That is it," he joyfully exclaimed; "that is it."

"Cursed drought," grumbled the *valet de limier*. "The weather is so dry, that even in the forest there is scarcely scent or trail; not even a blade of grass bent, but all stiff as pig's bristles." In spite of himself, he was pre-occupied with this reflection, and could not dissipate a slight feeling of evil presentiment that passed through his mind. He makes a long detour around the cover where he perceived the foot-marks, and arrives at the spot where he first discovered them; the hound again seems to recognise the place, and looks up to his master, as if to say, "our duty is accomplished."

Doubtless the animal is within the circle they have described, and is probably a stag of ten branches.

In the other parts of the forest the same manœuvres are executed, and all these skilful officers of the chase return to prepare their reports.

What a splendid *chasse* is in perspective. How all these noble alleys and avenues will resound to the music of the horn. What an animated *coup d'œil* the brilliant *cortège* of cavaliers, courtiers, and ladies, mounted on their English horses, will present. The king of France will enjoy a noble chase to-day.

It is nine o'clock, and already an equipage is upon the road to Chartres. The beauty of the horses, the elegance of the harness, and the form of the carriage, indicate its being

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\* The age of a stag is known by the imprint of his foot.

that of Monseigneur le Dauphin. The gates are opened, and the chateau, which is shut up during the rest of the year, is put in readiness to receive guests for a few hours. In the town, those who were not apprised of the royal hunting-party, have observed the equipage of monseigneur, and a general movement amongst the population ensues. Every description of elegant display that the time will admit of is made in the chateaux near Rambouillet, and the proprietors order their horses to be in readiness to join his majesty's suite.

The king, however, has not yet quitted St. Cloud. The hour of departure has been fixed at midday. His majesty, contrary to his usual custom, has received no member of his family at his *lever*. The dauphin, who on hunting days could not appear at mass, has gone beforehand to Rambouillet, and Madame la Dauphine is absent at Vichy.

The king never appeared more happy and composed than on that morning. Having finished his toilet, he ordered the windows of the apartment to be opened, that he might judge himself of the beauty of the morning.

"Aubry," said he to his *valet de chambre*, "put some gold in my purse. I hunt to-day;" and he leant for some minutes upon the ledge of the window, his looks directed over the plain towards Paris.

On turning round, the king perceived the daily newspapers on the table. He took up the *Moniteur*, and read some passages with more than his usual attention.

"Chantelauze is right," he exclaimed. "It is by the uninterrupted and violent action of the press that the sudden and too frequent changes and variations of our home policy are explained. It will not permit a legitimate and stable government to be established in France . . . A turbulent democracy, which has penetrated even our laws, is a bad substitute for legitimate power."

Having finished reading, the king leant back in meditation, and murmured a few words as though they issued from the depths of his soul.

"No, France cannot hate me, for I have done my duty!" And his noble and calm countenance was lighted up with an indescribable expression of contentment which reflected all the purity of his conscience. A few minutes afterwards his majesty left the room to attend mass at the chapel.

At the termination of the great gallery of the chateau is the *Salon de Mars*, and from thence, upon the same floor, is a *tribune*, and at your feet the chapel. On ordinary occasions the dauphin was the first to enter the tribune, afterwards the king, followed by the princesses. The king placed himself in the midst of his family, having monseigneur on his right. At Paris, this form of etiquette was punctually observed. His majesty bowed before the altar. The grand *aumônier* approached, received his hat, and placed a prayer-book in his hands; but to-day the king has arrived alone. The *Gardes du Corps* who lined the chapel have presented arms at the approach of the king. The priests have arrived in solemn procession from the sacristy, and turning towards the king, bow profoundly. The service has commenced.

In the midst of the general silence, the word of command, "ground arms!" is heard, and the manœuvre sounds with admirable precision on the pavement of the chapel.

An evident pre-occupation and much anxiety evidently pervaded the minds of the few persons whom duty had united at St. Cloud, but concealed from the king, whose calm and happy countenance contrasted in a wonderful way with those of his attendants. All had been completely taken by surprise during the morning, by the news of the publication of the *ordonnances*. No one believed in the possibility of such a measure being carried. True, they had observed, on the previous day, M. Polignac and his colleagues quit the council



with evident signs of joy and satisfaction, who had been accustomed to leave it for some time past with very different feelings; but this change was not then ascribed to their triumph over the honourable indecision of Charles X.

If anything can increase our ideas of the majesty of heaven, it is to see an earthly sovereign in humble adoration before the altar. Charles X. was sincerely religious; his faith was that of a true Christian, and it was not in his position as a king alone, that he loved and practised piety. At all times, and during his days of exile, he showed the same disposition; and his first act upon returning to his native soil was to attend mass in a little village church situated at the extremity of the frontiers.

"Oh, my God," prayed Charles X., "Thou who knowest my heart, inspire me with the means of accomplishing the task I have imposed on myself; that my kingdom may be prosperous, my people happy, and, freed from a depraved and revolutionary spirit, they may learn to do justice to the good intentions of their king."

He was still under the impression of the last words, when the *Domine salvum fac regem* pealed in loud notes from the organ, a sunbeam glanced upon his forehead, lighting up his face with a ray of satisfaction. This coincidence of his personal prayer and the conventional one of the church, appeared to him a happy presage of the accomplishment of his wishes.

After the service, an animated conversation took place in the *Salon de Mars*, amongst the various persons of distinction who were in attendance on the king.

"At length things will go on right," said M. Duchesne, addressing himself to the persons who composed the same group as himself, and rubbing his hands at the same time with an air of satisfaction that most of his companions were far from partaking.

"What do you mean?" asked General Bougard, who had neither moved hand nor foot, and whose features expressed the deepest affliction.

"What I mean is simple enough. That the country should be called to order, and all these revolutionists of the Chambre be silenced. What is now passing, Monsieur, is much too serious in my opinion for the subject of a joke. But I assure you, general, I speak perfectly seriously."

"I have just arrived from Paris," said M. Pradelle, "and I can positively state that a visible agitation is everywhere manifest. The political horizon predicts a storm."

"I believe it," said M. le Comte Hoquart.

"But, gentlemen, what can be done to do away with the present state of disorder? Things have arrived at no less a crisis than a refusal to pay the taxes. What seditious associations are assembled for this purpose, and how the press kindles and supports the flame!"

"I cannot precisely say what is to be done," answered the Comte Hoquart, with modesty full of reserve. "I do not pretend to search to the bottom of such a deep political question. I do not deny that there is certainly something important to do; but I am convinced that what is done is not right."

*"Finis coronat opus."*

"Monsieur," said General Bougard, "you are most of you comparatively young men, and can take your chances of a new revolution. Revolutions in France generally end by a restoration of order; but I, who have seen all the horrors of 1789, cannot look upon the measures the king has adopted without terror. It seems to me that I have nothing to do but to seize my pilgrim's staff, and take my departure once more as a poor emigrant."

"Take courage, gentlemen; things are not so bad as you suppose them to be," reiterated M. Duchesne, again rubbing

his hands. Monsieur, the grand huntsman appears at this moment at the end of the gallery. The group breaks up, and many of them advance to meet him.

In positions of difficulty and emergency, it is always agreeable to find oneself in the society of energetic and superior men. Their presence seems providential—a protection in danger, and a counsel in distress. All our hopes are concentrated in them, and we fancy we can read in their countenances what will be the upshot of coming events.

M. de Girardin, to whom almost every one rendered justice for his courage, intelligence, and character, arrived very *apropos* to give a decided impulse to all these floating and uncertain opinions.

“Well, general,” was the universal question, “what do you think of the present state of affairs?”

M. de Girardin, who did not think, as it was rather late, there was much time to enter into long details, compressed his ideas in a few words, with which he absolutely petrified his audience.

“I think, gentlemen, that, thanks to the king’s ministers, his Majesty is convinced that there are only two methods of quitting his kingdom—the first, ignominiously expelled; the second, valiantly defended; and that the king, as a true gentleman, has chosen the latter.”

At this moment the king left the chapel, passing through a double row of gentlemen and courtiers. The satisfaction that reigned upon his countenance struck every beholder, and such was his confidence in the course he had pursued, that he did not perceive the consternation that evidently filled all those around him; which, indeed, had he perceived, he would have been at a loss to ascertain the motive. He announced to M. de Girardin and the assembled court that he was about to enter his carriage.

The *Gardes du Corps* were arranged in battle array before the *Salle des Généraux*. He had placed his foot upon the step, when he felt himself gently held back by some one; and, on turning round, perceived the Duchesse de Berri, who said to him, in a tone of soft familiarity, "Not so quick, sire! give me time, at least, to wish you joy, and permit me to add that, dating from this morning, you are the true king of France."

Charles X. smiled slightly. "I thank you," he said, "and hope that your felicitations may be echoed by France and Europe."

Several persons present could not restrain a significant movement of their heads.

The royal equipage issues from the court-yard of the palace; it ascends the road to Ville d'Avray, and rolls with a deadened sound over the grass of the avenue. Now and then portions of sand and gravel give a grating noise to the wheels, which again regain their original tone.

The king had not yet opened the conversation, and profound silence was observed.

"General!" he suddenly exclaimed; and, addressing M. de Girardin, "have you read the *ordonnances*?" and, without awaiting an answer, he continued, "What is your opinion?"

The king was well aware of the character of his grand huntsman. He knew that no opinion ever came from his lips that did not issue directly from his brain. Still, perhaps, his majesty hardly reckoned upon the precision and promptitude with which he received an answer to his question.

"Sire, it is a *coup d'état*!"

The king smiled.

"Always in extremes, General; but I do not see how this resembles a *coup d'état*."

"It is not only a *coup d'état* against a party, but a *coup*



*d'état* against the whole of France, and I hope, to prevent any bad effects, that the king has at least sixty thousand troops in Paris."

"For what purpose? Everything will pass without confusion."

"The counsellors of the crown owe a long account to their king and country for many great misfortunes!"

"What do you mean?"

"The enemies of the throne will make the country believe that the king has failed in his engagements."

"The country will not believe them. I have desired nothing but the good of my people. The proofs of my solicitude for them may be found in every act of my life, and in all my discourses. Can my people have forgotten the words I addressed to the president of the tribunal of Paris? It is by justice alone that kings hold their thrones, and the most important part of my authority is delegated to you. Make use of it with a religious fidelity, and be assured that you will gain my affection and esteem in proportion as you exercise your judgment with exactitude and impartiality."

After some moments, the king continued:—

"Do you not perceive, M. de Girardin, that I have hitherto acted exactly as they pleased? France is happy and prosperous; but there exists some thousands of individuals who spread disorder everywhere, grasp at power, and are ever trying to get the Government into difficulties. When the Chamber of Deputies wished to take the administration of affairs out of the hands of Villele, I consented immediately to their wishes, although my personal opinion was favourable to that minister. I composed a mixed Cabinet, choosing my elements amongst the most honourable and capable individuals in the Chamber. I had every right to expect that such a loyal concession on my part would be favourably

received. What was the result? My concession was interpreted into an act of weakness or cowardice. The deputy Sebastiani exclaimed, alluding to this circumstance, '*The breach is made; we must enter.*' Martignac could not succeed in conciliating the majority; his position became untenable, and he was forced to beat a retreat before that revolutionary fraction of the country, who evidently still dreamt of 1789, and took the example of the National Assembly for their guide, thinking, perhaps, at the same time, that I should imitate the conduct of my brother."

"Without doubt," said the Duc de Luxembourg, "it is absolutely necessary to oppose energy and force to such notorious malevolence."

"Admitting that," continued the Comte de Girardin, "I uphold that the exercise of that energy demands certain conditions, which have not yet been ratified, and France does not appear to me to be prepared for the measures which the king has taken."

"There you are in error. I have given a just interpretation to that article of the *charte* which cites, 'In case of urgency, it appertains to the king to make *ordonnances* necessary to the safety of the state.' Is not this clear? and yet, according to you, the throne is in peril."

"Were I in the place of the king, I would not leave St. Cloud."

"Happily for France and for myself, General, my ministers, who are sufficiently cautious, do not judge as you do. Yesterday I demanded, in full council, if they considered my presence was necessary to-day at St. Cloud; if so, Messieurs, I added, I shall not go to Rambouillet."

"And their answer, sire?"

"It was unanimous. They said there could be no objection to my absence."

"It is my duty to intimate to the king, that I have reason

to believe that if the intervention of an armed force is necessary, the regiments forming the garrison of Paris will not be very zealous in their obedience."

"Who told you this?"

"One of the most influential members of the opposition, who assured me that the regiments were already in contact with the liberal deputies."

"It is a boast without foundation, that they wished to communicate to me through your means, General."

"Not entirely so. Two hours ago I was in Paris, and can assure you that a great fermentation was caused by the reading of the *Moniteur*. Everybody seemed seized with consternation. The journalists talked of protestation, of resistance. In my opinion, the stakes of the king appear too heavy on the game the ministers are playing."

"And you think——?"

"That the repeal of the *ordonnances* is the only chance for the king to be the winner."

Charles X. smiled with an air of incredulity.

"You desire, then, that I should precipitate France beneath the knife of a second '89 and '93. Can I consent to it? Certainly not. I have done my best, and shall not be mistaken. Wait a little, and the issue will prove the justice of my cause."

Monsieur de Girardin was silent.

"My dear Armand," said the king, addressing his *vis-à-vis*, "the General is no great partizan of the policy of your brother."

"Sire," replied the grand huntsman, with marked emphasis, "we are both anxious to arrive at the same end—the welfare of France, and the consolidation of the royal power; but it seems, indeed, that we differ essentially as to the means."

"It is particularly on the question of the British alliance

that you oppose all participation in the opinions of the Prince. Is it not so, Girardin?"

"Certainly on that point, and on many others, sire."

"Oh, I am aware of it."

"You shall explain your theories to me, Girardin. I shall be most happy to hear them, and will see if I can apply them in any way to present exigencies. Perhaps we may speak more on this subject at Rambouillet."

"Does the king intend making a long *chasse* to-day?" asked M. le Comte de Girardin, after a moment's silence, and who could not distract his imagination from the sombre auguries that the publication of the *ordonnances* had imprinted on his mind.

"Why, that depends entirely on circumstances. The day is fine, and everything seems favourable to our sport. We shall see."

The royal carriage stopped—they had arrived at Cognières, the second stage.

Fresh horses replaced those they had taken at St. Cyr; those that were detached were smoking as if in the midst of winter. The sweat poured from their bodies, and the white froth covered their bits and harness. The sun was at its meridian height during the whole of the journey. It was only two hours since the king had started, and they were now near their destination.

A little beyond Cognières a road branches off to Rambouillet. It leads to the north-east of the forest. The house, which is situated at the summit of the triangle, of which these two roads form the sides, is named the Maison Blanche. When the *rendezvous de la chasse* was fixed in the forest of St. Leger, adjoining that of Rambouillet, it was always by this route that the king arrived. The country is perfectly flat. Plains here and there surrounded by woods, and vast horizons in the distance. The hunter feels his heart



beat with the emotions which such a country excites within him. He sees in anticipation the first burst of the stag from cover, the manœuvres of the pack, and the noble field of cavaliers, mounted on their high-mettled steeds, in hot pursuit.

It is not, however, its many advantages as a hunting country alone that adds interest to this part of "*la belle France*." Here and there some picturesque ruins, and abbeys, and convents, which are now metamorphosed into country-houses; but the names surviving, recal many historical traditions.

That simple habitation, before which the equipage of the king is now passing, is the Abbey des Hautes-Bruyeres. Perhaps it is the first time that you have heard it spoken of, or, if you have ever seen it, you have taken no notice of it; yet in this spot is interred the heart of François I.

"I have long intended to purchase this property," said the king, "and to erect some monument in memory of our ancestor—the Roi Chevalier."

"It is an obligation that appertains to your majesty more than to any other person," remarked Armand de Polignac.

"The princes, my predecessors, have all left some marks of their reign at Rambouillet. Every one speaks of Louis XV., of my brother, the martyr; even Buonaparte has left his traces here. I desire that my name should figure amongst those of the kings of France who have proved their predilection for this abode. Girardin, I will consult you on the works I have in view."

The royal equipage has passed on, and skirted the forest of St. Leger, and entered the long avenue of Chatillon. It is now half-past one o'clock, and they have arrived at the *Poteau des deux Chateaux*. It was easy to perceive they were approaching the *rendezvous de la chasse*, by the number of lookers-on that were met with on the road. It was quite different at Rambouillet from the other royal resi-

dences. The public curiosity, and a disposition to assist at the hunting parties, was manifested in a much greater degree. It was true the king only visited it four or five times during the year, but the dauphin, during the hunting season, went there every fifth day regularly.

The king is surrounded by a crowd of men and women, of all ranks and conditions. The reports are made by the *valets des limiers*. First, a stag of four years' growth is known to be in the wood of La Pommeraie.

Another, of ten branches, in the *taillis de Villarceau*, a *daquet* in the wood of La Chamoise.

And lastly, a stag of ten branches, lately in the vicinity of the *Poteau du Chene du Roi*.

The reader will remember the *Poteau du Chene du Roi*, where we introduced the *valet de limier* and his sleuth-hound at the beginning of this sketch.

The commandant of the *chasse* has read these different reports, and has transmitted them to the first huntsman, who has made himself acquainted with their contents, before communicating them to the king.

M. de Girardin, whose mind is agitated by sombre auguries, has only one thought—that of returning to St. Cloud. He is vexed at the tranquillity and quiet conscience of the king, whose place, at such a moment, he considers should not be at Rambouillet. But the self-confidence of his majesty is invincible.

He whispered in the ear of the commandant of the royal *chasse*, then M. de Hybonville, these remarkable words:—

*“Il faut mener cette chasse a la Diable.”*

The king having heard the reports, had intended to attack the stag of ten branches in the *taillis de Villarceau*, but from some observations of his first huntsman, his majesty had decided to hunt the one near the *Poteau du Chene du Roi*.

The different relays of dogs are posted, and the old hounds uncoupled.

They carry their noses to the ground upon entering the wood; they hunt down wind, and evidently work without ardour. The huntsman explains the reason of it. There is scarcely any scent; but he does not lose courage, and rallies and excites them with horn and voice. The commandant, who has tried to catch a sight of the beast, anticipates no luck from such a beginning; however, the hunt continues.

The rush of an animal is heard, and warning is given to the hunters on the open rides of the forest; but the beast has gained too much in advance, the dogs can only take up the scent every now and then, and an hour is spent in cold hunting and checks. The king becomes very impatient at the almost incomprehensible delay in the *chasse*; there must be some cause, and, indeed, it was not long in declaring itself.

The hounds have again taken up the scent, and are now giving tongue in chorus. At length a sight of the animal is obtained. It was no stag, but a very large old hind.

Then arose a chorus of cries and imprecations, whip-cracking, and horn blowing, enough to break the tympanum of any ears unaccustomed to similar sounds.

The king having heard of what had taken place had great difficulty in concealing his ill-humour. He ordered the *valet de limier* who had made the report to be sent before him, and whose mistake, at the same time, had so well assisted the secret designs of M. de Girardin to cut short the hunting party.

“What does this mean?” said the king.

“Sire, I mistook a *brehaigne*\* for a stag. She has a regular stag’s foot, and the *revoir*† was so bad this morning that the king himself might have been mistaken.”

“Why did you not examine the *portées*?”

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\* An old barren doe.

† Three terms in French *venerie*.

"The king may be assured I did not omit to do so, but they were very doubtful."

"And the *reposée*?"

"I passed more than half an hour in doing so, but the sun was too powerful; I could make nothing out. But it is a long time since I have predicted that that beast would occasion some annoyance. It ought to have been killed long ago; and, had I been listened to, I should not have had the misfortune to have interrupted the king's *chasse*."

"Girardin," said the king, "order the first keeper you see to shoot it. In fact," continued his majesty, *sotto voce*, "I think the measure not only prudent but necessary, as *mes-sieurs les piqueurs* are rather delicate on a point of honour, and we may have some catastrophe, *à la Vatel*."

"You will be more fortunate another time," said the king. "There is no harm done, and I think no more of it."

The piqueur saluted the king, whose good-nature only augmented his regret, and retired cursing the weather and the old hind.

"Let us attack the stag of ten branches on the *Carrefour de Villarceau*," said the king.

M. de Girardin, who still retained his desire to return, observed that it was already four o'clock, and that the rendezvous of the stag was two leagues distant.

"Well," replied the king, "we have plenty of time."

The orders were transmitted, and they departed at a foot's pace; but the king's horse, impatient at the slowness of the *chasse*, began pulling and plunging in a way that could not be mistaken. His master loosened the reins; the steed bounded away; the whole cavalcade followed in his wake, and in a few moments the alley, so full of noble cavaliers, was empty as a desert; and the only traces of the royal *cortège* was a small white cloud of dust at the extremity of the avenue.



Having arrived at the *taillis de Villarceau*, relays of dogs were placed at the four angles of the wood, in order that they might see the stag when he broke cover.

Some old hounds are uncoupled, and take up the scent without the encouragement of either voice or horn, in spite of the heat and dryness of the ground.

The *royale* is sounded.

The stag has penetrated farther into the thick cover, followed by the pack, in full chorus.

"The *chasse* commences well," observes the king.

On this occasion they are certain that the animal must be driven from cover, and will not escape the relays.

The spectators on foot make the best of their way to the different lakes or large ponds, to one of which the stag is sure eventually to resort.

The horsemen scatter themselves about in different directions, towards those points where they consider it most probable the *chasse* will pass.

At the *Clos Renard* the stag was seen, and crossed the ride at a bound. His head was thrown backwards; no signs of distress were apparent, and a noble confidence in his own vigour seemed impressed in all his movements.

A few seconds afterwards the pack, with a hoarse but harmonious crash, burst from the wood, and passed also.

Then followed the piqueurs, in blue uniforms, their horns around their shoulders.

They stop short for an instant, and sound their instruments.

The king passes next.

Then comes Monseigneur le Dauphin. The direction of the *chasse* is towards *le vallée aux eaux*. Near the spot the monarch was passing lay the trunk of a noble forest tree that seemed to have been torn from the roots by some effort of nature.

The forest presents a solemn and imposing spectacle when

the eye can penetrate for some distance beneath its massive shades. It is beautiful, like everything majestic; but at the same time few things suggest more melancholy reflections than the sight of one of those giant trees which the lightning or the tempest has stricken to the earth,—it is the emblem of some misfortune, the image of greatness fallen.

The axe of the woodman strikes the sapling, it falls, and its place is hardly missed; not so with the lord of the forest; echo repeats for a long time the strokes of the hatchet that is dealing its death-blows, and when it falls it is with a mighty crash! This tree was the only one that had fallen amongst many others that stood erect in green and stately vigour around it, and Charles X., in spite of his philosophy, could not help feeling a cold sensation at heart.

“This,” he soliloquised, “is the destiny of all that is great! The highest trees suffer the most from the winds; the most lofty tower falls with the greatest crash, and the thunder strikes the highest mountains!”

The king covered his face with his hands. His eyes were filled with tears; dear yet painful *souvenirs* were recalled to his mind; amongst others, those lines of Horace he had so often repeated with his brothers during his boyhood, “*Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum,*” and which indeed Louis XVI. had read in the Temple the very day of his execution.

Some gentlemen of his suite now joined the king, whose countenance had reassumed its habitual expression, and announced that the stag had doubled back again, and was now on the banks of the Étang de Hollande. The king departed at full gallop; the stag was not yet visible, but the rides and the banks of the lake were crowded by spectators. Instead of the animal he was pursuing, the king found a little *fête* prepared for him.

I have before observed, indeed, that those days on which his majesty hunted at Rambouillet were always observed as a *fête* by the inhabitants with rigorous exactitude, and often more than two thousand persons were assembled at one point of the forest.

Louis XVIII. attended one, and one *chasse* only, at Rambouillet, from an episode attendant on which Carle Vernet painted one of his finest pictures.

The day previous to the one fixed upon for this *chasse*, the Duc de Berri went through the forest on horseback. He was alone. In a very solitary part of the woods he met with two men who evidently sought to avoid observation, their countenances denoting some criminal project. The prince addressed them, and their answers only increased his suspicions. Upon pressing them still farther, but with an irresistible kindness of manner peculiar to him, they confessed they were deserters, but appeared repentant and sorry for their crime.

"Be present to-morrow at the *rendezvous de la chasse* at the Étang de la Tour," said he, "I will speak in your favour; in the meantime," he added, and giving them some money, "go back to the village."

The next morning, amidst the crowd assembled at the *rendezvous de la chasse*, and at the moment when the relays of hounds were posted, the prince was observed to make his way towards the king, leading by the hands two young men, whose courage he supported by kind and encouraging expressions. He described, in a few words, their fault, his conviction of their sincere repentance, and offered himself as a surety for their future good behaviour and fidelity to their colours.

Louis XVIII. did not hesitate to perform this act of clemency, and granted the pardon that was asked.

The moment that the painter has chosen is that in which

the king embraces the generous protector, and presents his hand to his clients, and the crowd which surround the principal figures, together with the beautiful forest scenery, form the background of the picture.

An equally agreeable spectacle was presented to the view of Charles X. at this moment, when he arrived on the banks of the Étang de Hollande.

He bowed low to every one, and graciously expressed his fears to the ladies that their curiosity would not be gratified, as it was a bad hunting day.

His majesty had scarcely finished speaking when the horns sounded a fresh signal; the stag had taken the direction of the Croix de Vilpert.

The king bid adieu to the crowd that surrounded him with all that distinguished ease of manner that heightens and gives such a charm to kind actions. The cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" resounded for some minutes: not those harsh and hoarse sounds that are roared by a half-drunken mob, but enthusiastic and intelligent acclamations uttered by clear and pure voices, and which struck to the heart of Charles X. like a chord of sweet and touching harmony—it was a song, a hymn of adieu.

On the way the king beckoned his first huntsman, the captain of the Gardes, and the Duc de Polignac to his side, and observing that his majesty appeared to desire to converse in private with them, the rest of the suite drew in their reins, and fell to the rear.

At the Croix de Vilpert, M. de Girardin quitted the *cortège* for a moment to give his orders, and then returned to his majesty.

"Where are they hunting? Which direction has the stag taken?"

"We can scarcely tell, sire; the hounds are fatigued, and hunt very badly."



"Bad fortune seems to attend us everywhere; we shall do nothing to-day."

"I fear not."

The king manifested some slight signs of impatience.

A minute afterwards he exclaimed, "Apropos, Girardin, you see things are going on well in Paris, as we receive no news to the contrary."

"I am not surprised at the non-receipt of any news here; but I have the honour to observe to his majesty that he has only been three hours at Rambouillet. I fear he will know more when he returns to St. Cloud."

The tone in which these last words were spoken seemed to make some impression on Charles X.

"Well, monsieur, as you appear to be so desirous of it, we will return to Rambouillet, in order to set off for St. Cloud sooner than is our usual custom."

The king dismounted, but before entering the carriage which was in attendance at the Croix de Vilpert, he expressed a wish to visit the stables, which were in process of construction near that place for the service of the royal equipages.

A peasant, abusing the general liberty which reigned everywhere on hunting days, approached so close to the person of the king, that he jostled him, and forced him to deviate from the path he was pursuing. Charles X., perhaps a little vexed with the bad day's sport, or pre-occupied with the fears which he now began to see imprinted on every countenance, could not restrain his ill-humour.

"Take away this man," he exclaimed, with asperity.

The man was immediately driven away; several seconds afterwards the king reproached himself with his impatience, and ordered the offender to be recalled, that he might make up for his apparent severity by some liberality; he had disappeared, but, six days subsequent to this event,

composed one of an armed mob that marched upon Rambouillet.

The *chasse* continued to go on badly. The king sent word to Monseigneur the Dauphin that he was about to return, but at the same time authorized the field to continue the pursuit of the animal, after which he entered his carriage and disappeared on the road to Gazzeran.

The drive from the Croix de Vilpert to the chateau occupied but a few minutes, and was performed in perfect silence. The king did not utter a syllable, and nothing was heard but the trampling of horses and the distant sound of the French horns attendant on the *chasse*.

Soon they entered the Avenue de Paris, at the extremity of which was situated the chateau, with its curious and irregular aspect and large crenolated tower. On leaving the carriage, Charles X., after contemplating for some time these vestiges of the ancient *manoir* of the Sire Jacques Dangennès, said, in a very unaccustomed tone of voice—

“Our ancestor, François I. died at this place after a hunting party, and I am, no doubt, destined to the same fate.”

Whilst awaiting dinner, the king passed some minutes in a small *salon* adjoining the *salle à manger*, and whilst his majesty, who evidently sought to distract his mind from the weight of its reflections, took part in a game of billiards, the dauphin amused himself by tracing out upon an immense map of the forest the course that the stag had taken.

The dinner passed in mournful silence. Upon rising from table, the king, who appeared more and more taciturn, took the arm of the first huntsman, who was himself absorbed in his own reflections. They passed together out upon the balcony, which looked over the gardens of the chateau. Both were silent for some time.

"Girardin," at length observed the king, "these *ordonnances* seem to have a great effect upon you."

"It is true, sire."

"According to your own views what is to be done?"

"Before everything else, devote all your energies to the restoration of France; you have there a solemn duty to perform towards the nation. Let France recover its real boundaries, which are the Rhine and the sea, the Alps and the Pyrenees.

"Believe me, it is my most ardent vow, and I will never abandon this great and useful direction in the policy of my Government, for I consider that the Restoration has all its influence to recover; but, Girardin, how am I to bring it about?"

"Two means present themselves—one, an English, the other a continental alliance. To ensure the first it is necessary that the English nation should consent that all our relations should be in common, all our commercial treaties similar. Is it reasonable to expect it?"

"You consider, then, that my Government would be to blame to attempt it."

"It would be to condemn France to play a secondary *rôle* in the equilibrium of the world. It would make it necessary for her to maintain an army on the most extended scale, and necessarily increase her expenses."

"And the other system," continued the king, who listened attentively; "in what does that consist?"

"In the re-union of the interests of the continental powers with those of France. It is clear, that as up to the present moment the whole continent has been armed by England against France, it is the continent which it is most important to conciliate, and which can only be done by a community of interest. It will never contest the power of France when the same interests are at stake. It is to this

end that the whole force and policy of your government should be directed. Do not wait until England assists in the development of our resources, for that very development would occasion the diminution of her own. One of the very conditions of her existence is that other nations should be in a state of hostility. The secret of that fluctuating policy which carries at different periods, and under identical circumstances, her arms, her alliance, or her neutrality, to all points of the globe, is here explained. To inspire feelings of hostility amongst nations, to occasion wars, which, in paralysing their industry, and absorbing their treasures, opens a market for her own fabrics and productions, such is the power which England knows how to use. This is the science that establishes her rule. When the king desires it, he may plant his colours on the Hotel de Ville of Brussels, or the citadel of Antwerp."

"At the same time, will not Austria overrun Italy, and Russia establish herself on the Bosphorus?"

"And what great harm will be done, sire, when, to compensate for it, England will be banished from the Mediterranean?"

"It is the system of Catherine II."

"Exactly; which may be comprised in a few words. A unity of interests tends to the same end, by its direct influence upon the increase of national riches."

"What faith have you in the concurrence of Russia with a similar alliance?"

"Why, sire, for a century past this alliance has been offered to us by the Northern Powers, and we have never profited by it. Was not your ambassador very lately addressed at the Court of St. Petersburg in these words:— '*Quand venez vous donc à nous?*' I am persuaded that the minister who would seriously work at the proper application of these ideas would better understand the exigencies of the



present times than by contesting, both by his policy and his acts, those conquests which the nation has made under the *ancienne régime*."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Sire, pardon me, but I mean to give it as my opinion that interests purely monarchical have too long alone occupied the attention of your ministers. They do not comprehend that, above all, it is necessary to act with the times. Say what they may, ideas get antiquated, and require modifying. To be the man for the country, it is necessary to be the man for the times."

"I am aware of it, Girardin; but, believe me also, that at the present, as well as all other periods, the firmness of a king is a virtue."

"Formerly, sire, that might have been the case; at present it might be termed 'an arbitrary tendency.' There are two things essentially necessary in these days,—to comprehend *les légales insurrections des chambres*, and to lose *l'illusion des fidèles sujets* in France; otherwise, disagreeable misunderstandings may arise between the king and the people."

During the last words of this conversation the attention of the king was directed to a small kiosk, or temple, erected upon the point of the Isle des Rochers. It was the favourite retreat of Napoleon, where he often retired with his ministers to discuss the different subjects of his secret policy. A large flat stone was his usual seat. It was on this spot, it is said, he studied the maps of the north, upon which, by a fatal inspiration, he traced the plan of the great, and for ever deplorable campaign against Russia. It was also at Rambouillet that, on the 25th June, 1815, after the battle of Waterloo, Napoleon passed the night, on his route to Rochefort.

These *souvenirs*, as well as the objects that presented themselves to his view, threw a sombre veil over the king's

mind. It is true that everything around contributed to confirm these sad impressions.

It was announced that everything was ready for his departure; but, instead of returning alone, as was his usual custom, he intimated his wish that Monseigneur the Dauphin should accompany him. They were already on the staircase of the vestibule.

Suddenly, a courier was perceived advancing at full gallop down the avenue. Charles X. remained motionless. In another minute he was at the king's feet. Every eye was turned towards him with a look of mournful inquiry.

The courier muttered only a few words. He brought the news from Paris of the 26th of July, 1830, five minutes P.M.

## CHAPTER XIII.

WILD FOWL SHOOTING NEAR THE BOIS DE LA TRAPPE—THE CURÉ OF  
FRIAIZE.

By the kind permission of M. de Girardin, and in company with a celebrated Colonel of Cuirassiers, during the latter part of the reign of Charles X. I frequently formed one of a shooting party at a lake, or rather large swamp, near the Bois de la Trappe, about four leagues beyond Versailles, and adjoining the *chasse royale*. A decoy being situated in the vicinity, we always found plenty of wild duck, teal, and widgeon, as well as snipes and waterfowl of various kinds. Upon one occasion, and during a frost, several of us, almost benumbed with cold, were crouching in a boat amongst the reeds, and awaiting the appearance of some ducks which we expected our companions would frighten towards us from the opposite side of the lake, when suddenly we heard a human voice issue from the rushes, not many yards from us.

"Take care, for God's sake! Don't shoot this way. I am not a duck."

"Then what on earth are you?"

"A brother sportsman, *à l'affût*, like yourselves."

"I see no boat."

"I should think not. A boat is only fit to frighten the wildducks."

"You are in the water, then?"

"Yes, gentlemen, up to my neck. If you will only imitate my example you would be certain to have excellent sport."

"Thank you for the advice!"



A Sportsman in earnest.—p. 180.





"You have spoilt my sport. The ducks can see you, and I shall not be able to get a shot."

Presently we observed the head of a man, covered with reeds, and very much resembling the mythological representation of a river god, as he is seen either at the opéra, or the statue of Neptune in the Tuileries gardens; if his gun which he carried straight erect in the air, had only been surmounted by a trident.

"Silence!" said the Triton; "the ducks are coming this way."

They were flying straight towards us, but perceiving our boat, turned suddenly round, and the result of a simultaneous volley was only the winging of one bird, which soon swam away to rejoin its companions.

"I told you so," said the river-god, as he scrambled out of his hiding-place, covered with mud, which was freezing on his skin; "I told you so. Ducks can always see boats. It is impossible to hide them. If they flew on the surface of the water, well and good; but as their flight is generally high up in the air, they can look down; and detect all your manœuvres."

"You may talk as you please, but we shall not be tempted to imitate you."

"So much the worse for you; but I shall now take up my position in another part of the swamp, and pray do me the favour to allow me to remain quiet."

"What, are you going to take another bath?"

"It does not cost much."

"Who knows? Suppose you get an inflammation of the lungs?"

"That is about the worst I can expect."

"At all events, you are sure to catch cold."

"It is just what I am seeking."

"With a little good luck you are sure to find it."

"It is by no means certain."

"I have a friend here who has an excellent remedy which he will give you."

"I will take a future opportunity of profiting by his kindness."

"Do tell me why you are so anxious to catch a cold."

"I have no time at present. I do not wish to lose my day's sport. I will explain my meaning to you this evening, after the *chasse* is over. I see some of your friends are following the ducks on the other side. I shall take up my post, and you will soon hear something of me."

"And your dog?"

"I have not got one. A dog is of no more use than a boat."

"If you wound a bird?"

"I can swim. Good sport, gentlemen."

He set off at full speed on the bank of the lake, the frozen particles of mud and water on his body shone like a mirror; but we soon lost sight of him; he had again taken up his post in the water, nearly up to his chin.

Our day's shooting continued without any other remarkable adventure, and in the evening we returned to the keeper's lodge with a few snipes, two widgeons, and a wild duck.

"Do you know an eccentric individual who shoots stark naked in this marsh?" said we to Germain, the keeper.

"Ah! you have discovered him amongst the reeds," exclaimed the *garde*. "Well, it is not a very easy job, for he hides himself like a winged duck."

"If we had not seen it, we could never have believed that a man was capable of bearing so much cold."

"True; I would not attempt it for all the ducks in the lake."

"What countryman is he?"

"He comes from Versailles, and is one of the choir of the

cathedral ; and by the interest of the curés has obtained permission to shoot here."

"Does he come often?"

"Every time he has nothing to do at the cathedral."

Whilst we were changing our clothes before a good fire, our river god entered, well dressed, gay, and fresh, and carried a bag full of wild ducks on his shoulders.

"Well!" we said, "you seem to have had good sport."

"Pretty well ; but if you had not disturbed me this morning I should have had five or six ducks more. Your horrid boat was the cause of it. It was just as bad as if you had robbed me of them."

"Come, come, you ought not to complain. You alone have killed more than all of us put together."

"I should think so. You shoot in a boat. Why don't you go shooting in a cabriolet?"

"But you must confess, my friend, that very few men could support what you are in the habit of doing."

"Because they are afraid, and that is all. Try, and you will find that you are all the better for it. At this moment I have the appetite of a wolf. Hallo, my girl, bring me the *gigot*, some bread, cheese, and, above all, some good wine."

"What astonishes me is, that, after so many hours' immersion in cold water, your voice is still clear."

"Ah! that is the misfortune ; for, between ourselves, I was in hopes to become hoarse."

"Ah! I remember you promised to tell us why you desired so much to catch a cold, which most other people would only be too glad to get rid of."

"Because it annoys them ; but with me it is quite different. I am very anxious to catch a cold at this moment, and am not able to effect my purpose."

"I cannot comprehend how any one can wish to become unwell."



"This is the state of the case. I am a singer at the Cathedral of Versailles. I take the high parts, and am badly paid, gaining scarcely enough to buy powder and shot. The base singer is just dead, and I have petitioned for his situation, which is worth three times as much as my own, but the bishop and the curé say that my voice is too clear."

"I understand you; you wish to become hoarse so as to disguise your tenor voice."

"Exactly. They say mine is a tenor, and they do not want a tenor. They require the voice of a bull, that makes the windows shake. Never mind; if I have any luck, and the frost continues, I shall finish by catching cold, and my tenor will go."

"And you with it, in all probability."

"Ah, it is all very fine for Parisian dandies, who are as much afraid of water as so many cats; at all events, whilst awaiting a hoarseness, I have discovered a famous receipt for shooting wild ducks."

"That is very true."

"I remember, on the *ouverture* of the *chasse*, 18—, that I was invited by a party of French sportsmen to accompany them on a shooting expedition to the plains of Beauce, where partridges and hares were said to be abundant; and indeed I had no reason to be disappointed, but, when overtaken by a storm in these vast solitudes, no house, tree, or even bush is to be found for shelter, and it is even with difficulty that some village steeple can be perceived in the distance.

"It was mid-day, the meridian sun darted its fervent rays upon our heads, and we had not yet breakfasted, the pursuit of hares and partridges having eclipsed all other considerations. Our rendezvous was at Pontjour, where an excellent *déjeûné* was awaiting us, when suddenly the skies were overclouded, the thunder pealed, the lightning flashed,

the rain fell in torrents, and we had wandered many miles from Pontjour. We took refuge in the wood of Pinson, belonging to M. d'Aligre; but shelter was no panacea for hunger. We had no provisions with us, and could not eat raw partridges.

“Our position was by no means comfortable. The storm lasted three hours, and when it partially cleared up, we took counsel as to our future movements. What should we do? At Pontjour every thing would be eaten up by the rest of our party, who had no doubt preceded us at the rendezvous; besides, we were beginning to feel voracious, and, all things considered, determined to hasten to the little village of Friaize, hard by, where we should be certain to find bread and eggs at least.

“On the way, one of the party, a doctor of medicine and a great *gourmand* by nature, was expatiating in the most pathetic way upon the loss of the *déjeûné* at Pontjour, when, as if struck by a sudden idea, he exclaimed, ‘Ah! by-the-bye, I am acquainted with the curé of Friaize, an excellent man. Many times when on my professional rounds, or shooting excursions, he has invited me to dinner, and I have always refused. Now is just the time to pay him a visit.’ The motion was carried. We quickened our pace, and very soon arrived at the presbytery. Upon entering, we found a neat and comfortable dwelling; the table laid, and everything auguring well; but the curé was absent. His housekeeper begged us to walk in and sit down patiently until her master returned from church (it was a fête-day). ‘In the meantime,’ she observed, ‘I will make some little addition to the dinner, for when there is enough for two, there is generally sufficient for five.’

“All this made us anticipate a happy *dénouement* of the drama, the first act of which was already performing on our stomachs. ‘Suppose we eat a crust of bread and drink a

glass of wine in the mean time,' said one of the party, who was dying with hunger.

"'Foolish man!' exclaimed our friend; 'you wish then to destroy your appetite when the solemn moment arrives. Remember that nothing should be introduced into the stomach, until the preceding digestion is finished. If you continue eating bread until the arrival of the curé, there will be no harm done; but as I don't think you are capable of that, take patience; and to make the time pass quicker, I will relate an anecdote in corroboration of my theory:—

"'In the first regiment of the Guard, to which I belonged, an *aumônier*\* was attached, one of the best and most witty fellows in the world. We were all very fond of him, and frequently asked him to breakfast, dinner, &c. On one occasion, when we had sat down at twelve o'clock, and were still at table at four, Desanjers, whilst swallowing his twentieth *petit verre* of *liqueur*, appeared struck with a sudden idea, and exclaimed, 'I had nearly forgotten that I must dine with your general to-day.'

"'Indeed! What will you do?'

"'Oh, I shall easily manage it.'

"'If you take a couple of hours' walk perhaps you will be ready for a second attack.'

"'On the contrary, I shall remain here. It would require three hours to digest such a *déjeuné* as I have eaten. The essential point is, that there should be no interruption. Order the rest of the turbot, the remains of the *paté*, and some other nicknacks to be brought; I shall just amuse myself with them until five o'clock strikes, and as I have only to mount to the upper story to the general's apartments, there will be no *solution de continuité*.'"

"'That is all very well,' said the hungry sportsman; 'I

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\* Chaplain.

can understand perpetual eating, but we, on the contrary, eat nothing.'

" 'A little patience, and you will enjoy your dinner all the better.'

" 'If the curé does not return soon he will find me dead.'

" 'Very well then, he will bury you. If you will take my advice, let us go to the church ; you will see he will be very much pleased by the attention, and no doubt reward us with the best wine in his cellar.'

" It was a fête-day. All the village, congregated around the pulpit, listened to a magnificent sermon upon abstinence. The curé was deprecating, in the strongest terms, all sensual luxuries, and used his best rhetoric to persuade the villagers that they ought not to drink *Clos de Vougeot*, or eat pheasants. The good man was certain that his advice would not be lost, as at Friaize potatoes formed the basis of the food of the population. Sour cider was the common drink, and the very name of *Clos de Vougeot* was totally unknown. We listened to the sermon with eyes cast down, and some nervous anticipations of the application of its principles in our own particular cases.

" ' *Diable!* ' exclaimed one of the party, ' the sermon augurs no good. We shall dine like anchorites, if anchorites dine at all.'

" 'Let us be off,' I said ; ' it is abominable to wait so long for a bad dinner.'

" 'Impossible ; the curé has seen us. We must meet our fate with resignation.'

" The sermon over, the curé proceeded to the sacristy, where we followed him. He received us with the utmost kindness, begged of us to partake of his humble dinner, and arm-in-arm we returned to the presbytery.

" Upon our arrival, an excellent soup was served up, with *bouilli*, fish, a capon, partridges, a hare, vegetables, *entremets*,



*sucres*, with delicious wine, and, to crown all, some bottles of *clos de vougeot*, the small *tasse* of exquisite coffee, and its attendant *liqueur*. In fact, it was impossible to see a dinner better cooked or more hospitably offered.

“‘*Ma foi*,’ said I to our amiable curé; ‘I never dined better in my life, and enjoy it the more, from the fact of your sermon having led us to expect the repast of a Trappist.’

“‘My good friends,’ answered the curé, ‘all these theories are very good from the pulpit. There they can do no harm. Here it is very different. Besides, I assure you that for forty thousand francs I would not be obliged to practise what I preach every day for forty sous.’”

## CHAPTER XIV.

## SHOOTING IN SPAIN, NEAR SEVILLE.

DURING the early part of the year 18—, I was invited by an eccentric, but talented gentleman,\* now numbered with the dead, but whose name stands recorded on one of the handsome portals of the Louvre, leading into a gallery dedicated alone to the magnificent bequest made by him to the late king Louis Philippe, or rather to the French nation, of his splendid collection of books, pictures, and works of art, collected in different countries, but chiefly in Spain, to accompany him on a proposed trip to Seville, a favourite residence of his, and to remain with him there as long as I felt disposed.

I need not say how eagerly I accepted the invitation, and embraced the opportunity of visiting this interesting city under such favourable auspices. The voyage by steam to Cadiz, and from thence by land to Seville, was performed in the most agreeable manner; and I found myself installed in a comfortable and luxurious dwelling, surrounded by the works of art belonging to the owner, and introduced to some of the best society of the city.

After having satiated my curiosity with all the ancient and interesting monuments, architectural and otherwise, for which Seville is so eminently celebrated, and so full of romantic and historical *souvenirs*, my old sporting mania returned with full force, and I felt very anxious for an opportunity not only to see something of the interior of the

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\* The late Frank Hall Standish, Esq., of Duxbury Park, Lancashire.

country, but, if possible, to take an active part in killing some of the game I tasted almost daily, served up in many delicious forms, by the admirable *chef de cuisine* of my host, and such a chance was not long in presenting itself.

It was the beginning of the month of August, and the harvest was finished; besides, game-laws were not held in much respect here, and shooting continued all the year round; unfortunately, however, I knew very little of Spanish, and even armed with a double-barrelled gun, it would have been rather a dangerous experiment to have gone out alone, and not without considerable risk both to purse and skin. My host had no sporting propensities whatever, and I had therefore recourse to a merchant of the place, with whom I had formed an acquaintance, who professed to be a great sportsman, and was delighted to initiate me into the mysteries of quail-shooting in Spain, which indeed was the principal game we were likely to find at that period; and even for this diminutive *chasse* it required several days to make arrangements, in order to insure safety and success. At length we made up a party of five, and in the cool of a fine evening set out for the village of Santi Ponci, two or three leagues from Seville, on the right bank of the Guadalquivir, which is built on the site of ancient Italica, a colony founded by the Scipios, and which gave birth to three of the masters of the world,—Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius.

We had scarcely passed the bridge of boats, and the faubourg of Triana, with its gipsy population, and commenced to take the road to Alfarache (country of the famous Guzman, and other *pecaros* of the same stamp), when our little troop ranged itself in order of battle. We had dogs, both to act as guards and sentinels, as well as pointers. Two of the former marched in front of the line as an *avant garde*, and being relieved every half hour by two others, fell back to the rear. When their barking announced the ap-

proach of any one, a "*qui vive*?" was uttered, and we made ready our arms. The other travellers we met on the road pursued an exactly similar course, challenging us by a "*qui vive*?" and answering us by the usual words, "*gente de pay*," when the two parties, glancing suspiciously at each other, passed to the right and left, ready to fire upon the enemy upon the slightest cause being given. I could not suppress my astonishment that close to a large city, containing more than 100,000 souls, we were forced to travel like a caravan in the deserts of Arabia.

"You are, perhaps, not aware," said an hidalgo, one of our companions, who spoke French perfectly, "that in Andalusia, to be a *ladron* is merely a profession like any other, only more exposed to danger, and, as it requires more courage, gains more celebrity. From the *niños d'Ecija*, heroes of so many popular legends, to the famous Jose Maria, who, since he has become old, has turned alguazil, many honest men have gained their living on the high roads. That dark, stout little fellow, who has just passed us on his mule, and saluted us so courteously, I am certain is on his way to join his comrades, or, perhaps, place himself in ambush for some traveller alone. I observed his short carabine at his saddle-bow, and, besides that, we are old acquaintances. I could easily denounce him to the corregidor, but God forbid! I should be sorry to do him any harm."

"You have perhaps bought a safe conduct of him, renewable from year to year?" I observed.

"No," he replied; "on the contrary. About three leagues from hence I have a pretty cortigo,\* amidst a grove of orange trees, where I shall have great pleasure in showing you a young bull-hunt (*picar novillos*), and where, although I keep a guard of a corporal and four men at my own

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\* Country house.



expense, I dare not pass the night alone, for, in case of an attack, I should have quite as much to fear from the garrison as the besiegers; but how can I help it? I inhabit Andalusia, and must conform to the customs of the country."

Beguiling the way with this kind of conversation, we arrived, without accident, at the village of Santi Ponci, where a small farmer, who had been advertised of our arrival by the hidalgo, received us with every demonstration of hospitality. The *puchero* was immediately served up, that invariable Spanish dish, a mixture of beef, mutton, bacon, poultry, sausages, turnips, cabbages, and dried peas; afterwards, as a luxurious addition, in honour of his distinguished guests, some eggs fried in lard, a water melon, some pomegranates, and the inevitable *gaspacho*, a sort of salad, or cold soup, composed of lettuces and bread swimming in vinegar and water, and seasoned with garlic, onions, and chillies, and which is considered in Andalusia an excellent and wholesome dish. Every sportsman divided his portion of this *plat* with his dog, to prepare him for the fatigues of the morrow, and the dogs, accustomed to this national dish, did not omit even to lick the platter when offered to them; after which, man and beast being in a state of repletion, two mattresses were spread upon the floor for the strangers, and the other guests, seated on the hard benches, fell asleep with their heads between their hands on the table.

At the first break of day we were on foot. It was necessary to take advantage of the morning, for shooting in the middle of the day would have been next to impossible. Deprived of the sea-breezes, which shed their cooling influence over the coast, the environs of Seville are as sultry as Ethiopia, and at this period of the year the heat was the most intense. The thermometer each day was above 90° in the shade, and all the public offices opened at four o'clock in the morning, and shut at nine. People worked by night

and slept by day. Many persons in the city spent the greater part of the day near the river, where the bathing is delightful at high tide; others remained shut up in their rooms on the ground-floor, with the blinds closed, scarcely any light admitted, and where they could adopt at their ease the costume of our first parents in Paradise. Some more hardy strolled beneath the columns of the *Patio*, which is a large square court, surrounded by an open gallery, and paved with marble and mosaic. A beautifully sculptured fountain in the centre is continually playing, adding freshness to the atmosphere, and extracting odour from the shrubs and flowers that are placed in all parts of the area. During the heat of the day, the *Patio* is covered by an immense cloth, which is raised and extended by pulleys, and at sunset this covering is removed in order to receive the air; lamps are lighted between the columns, and the *Patio* becomes the evening *salon de réception*. Nothing can be more convenient, more elegant, more delightful.

As the *patios* are only separated from the streets by thin but very minute gratings, it is very amusing, during a nocturnal promenade through the city, to enjoy a sight which continually presents itself. The light and graceful Moorish pillars, the sparkling lamps, the fountain throwing up its spiral streams amidst shrubs and flowers, and with its soft murmurs almost seeming to mix in the conversation going on around—elegant women, in the thinnest and most transparent costumes, reclining beneath orange and myrtle trees—all this forms a magical spectacle, or at least did at the time I am speaking of, almost impossible to describe, and quite worthy of some of the best scenes in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*.

Lightly clad, just sufficiently to cover our persons, all we carried with us was a powder-horn and shot-belt, slung over our shoulders, and a leathern belt, with a number of twine-

running knots attached to it, so as to hold the quails by their heads. We proceeded to the banks of the river, which was here full of little islets, formed by the sinuosities of the stream, covered by low underwood and bushes, where the quails were most abundant. Presently a rapid fire commenced along the line of sportsmen. Every one did as he pleased, and never cared about his neighbour, with all that liberty of action and impatience of control so characteristic of the Spaniard. Taking example from them, by degrees I found myself separated from my companions, and with the view of seeking some shade, or at all events some variety, I quitted the borders of the river, and entered an immense field of Indian corn (maize), which here grew to a height of ten or twelve feet. The quails were quite as numerous here as in the underwood, but more difficult to shoot, as they flew between the stalks of corn without rising above them.

I had been lost as it were about twenty minutes in this miniature forest when my dog made a point, the twentieth, perhaps, in ten minutes, a quail rose, and I fired. The report of my gun was answered by a sound at once hoarse and inarticulate, but yet loud and terrible. I felt the ground tremble beneath my feet; the maize gave way before some advancing mass; and at not more than ten paces from me I perceived a furious bull, which, without knowing, I had wounded by my small shot. He stopped dead short, however, upon seeing me, but lowered his horns in a menacing manner, and began to scrape up the earth furiously with his fore feet, filling the surrounding air with dust. Instinct warned me that flight would be fatal. I remained firm in my original position, with my gun to my shoulder, and ready to give him the second barrel in the eyes, if necessary; but whether his anger was gradually appeased, or observing my attitude, he had time for useful reflection, I know not; for after having roared his full, made a deep hole in the ground with his

scraping, and beat a tattoo on his belly with his tail, he suddenly turned his back and left me. I had scarcely recovered from the nervous feeling attendant on this adventure, when I heard my name called, and M. L——, who had been attracted by the noise, came up to me, and exclaimed, "What, shooting in maize, at nine o'clock!—you will catch a *tabardillo*.\*

To join our companions, who had gone on ahead, we regained the banks of the river, shooting as we went along. I was a little in front, when I perceived a great troop of horned beasts, which, when they saw me, placed themselves in line, like so many soldiers. Never as yet having met anything but herds of inoffensive cows, and thinking, in spite of my recent adventure, that the little pasture now remaining in the country would only be too useful to the vendors of milk, butter, and cheese, I innocently advanced, with the intention of passing through the midst of them, but my dog would not follow me, and remained at a distance.

Suddenly a man on horseback rode up to me at full gallop brandishing a great lance he had in his hand, and exclaiming, at the utmost pitch of his lungs, "*Toros ! son toros !*"

Bulls they were, in real earnest, that disputed my passage; and this knight-errant, who arrived in time to protect innocence in peril, was the shepherd of the flock, holding his crook.

In a few minutes more I should have been torn to pieces. I very prudently beat a retreat, and by way of turning the inexpugnable position of the enemy, M. L—— and I were forced to enter the river up to our waists. Another time, I said to myself, when I go on a shooting party in Spain, I shall not forget the robbers by night and the bulls by day.

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\* *Coup de soleil*—stroke of the sun.



We rejoined our friends at the entrance of Santi Ponci, and at the residence of our former host counted the victims of the morning. There were upwards of three hundred quails. Everybody had distinguished himself, but the Spaniards had the advantage over me of a knowledge of the ground. We breakfasted with a good appetite, and my companions having finished an *outré* of the white wine of Moguer, slept as soundly in their *siesta* as they had done during the night.

I was shortly aroused from a dreamy sort of stupor into which I was plunged, more by the force of example than from any wish to sleep at that early period of the day, by the entrance of a tall, ill-favoured individual, of dark and greasy complexion, enveloped in a black gown or surplice, and wearing a broad shovel-hat, just the same as Don Basil in the "Barbiere di Seviglia." He was a sergeant, or ecclesiastical officer, collector of tithes, which they call in Spain *lechuzos* (owls), and which, indeed, are birds of evil omen. He coolly sat down before the table, called the master of the house, opened a great portfolio, which he carried beneath his arm, and presented to the farmer an exact account of his harvest. I allude to the produce, for he made no mention of the expense of labour or seed, and ordered him to send the tenth part immediately to the *cilla*.\* He accompanied this order with a little sermon, in which he impressed upon his hearer the necessity of the strictest exactitude in paying tithes to the church.

"Remember, my brother," added he, raising his voice, "remember the terrible example of the labourer of Puabla, who had all his crops destroyed by the hail, for having concealed only some handfuls of barley; and of the *vigneron* of *Montilla*, whose vines were all parched up in the day of the

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\* Public granary for the tithes.

vintage, for having abstracted one bunch of grapes from its holy destination."

He finished this harangue by announcing his return on the following week, to take an account of the eggs, the poultry, the lambs, and the sucking-pigs; after which he rose, closed his register, and departed as gravely as he entered.

We happened to have chosen a day appointed for the collection of tithes, and other pious works, for our shooting excursion. Scarcely had the *lechuzo* turned heel, when another scarecrow entered, dressed in grey woollen, with a cord around his loins, and on the left a chaplet of great noisy beads, attached to a crucifix, trailing on the ground. He first saluted us in bad Latin, then in good Spanish, and demanded alms for the convent of St. François, but in an easy kind of style, more significant of an order than a request. This was not the kind of charity that a *cuarto* would satisfy, but it was necessary to fill with different provisions the half of a great sack on the back of a donkey at the gate. Whilst this was in progress of performance, and swallowing a large tumbler of wine which was poured out for him, the purveyor of St. François complimented the host on the late good harvest, which he affirmed was entirely owing to the prayers and orisons of the reverend Franciscan fathers; offered a pinch of snuff to the farmer, pinched the cheek of his wife, threw a few dried raisins, which he took from his dirty pocket, to the children, and, laughing in his sleeve, repaired to the next cottage, to fill the other half of his sack.

After this came a third, dressed in a coarse chocolate-coloured robe, with a thick hood, covering the head as far as the nose; a grizzled beard descended to his waist, and his naked feet were enclosed in well-worn sandals. This individual remained at the threshold, bowed to the ground, and muttered an *ave Maria parissima*, when, casting down his

eyes, and crossing his arms upon his breast, he announced, with a nasal twang, that the last year's grain was exhausted in the granary of the good Capuchin fathers, and as their austere discipline forbade their receiving money, he came to beg a little assistance in kind, if it was only half a bushel of corn from each inhabitant of the village. That without this assistance it would be impossible for them to celebrate the *neuvaine* to St. Anthony, against thunder-storms, or to expose their precious relics on the altar of the convent, in order to discover lost or stolen property.

The farmer and his family hastened to obey so reasonable a request, urged by such just motives, and emptied the half-bushel of grain into the capacious sack of the Capuchin. Soon afterwards came a young lay brother of the Sisters of St. Ursula, a fresh-coloured, dark-eyed lad, with broad shoulders. This (*monaguillo*), or beast of burden of the convent, who had taken no vows, not even those of temperance or chastity, merely uttered a few *conventional* phrases, of which I could only distinguish *sæcula sæculorum* and the final Amen. After which he received his present of corn, not without adding a request for a little honey for the mother abbess, and some yards of cloth for another sister.

During all these successive apparitions I remained nailed to my seat in silence and astonishment, whilst our host looked upon it all with an air of indifference as a thing as common and natural as seed-time and harvest.

"Well," exclaimed M. L——, who just began to open his eyes, "what do you think of this? But don't suppose for a moment that you have seen the end of it. If we were to remain two or three days longer here, you would see a dozen more at least of sanctified robbers come in for their share of the spoil; and you may now understand from whence arises in some measure my respect for the gentlemen of the road.

But the sun is going down, the dogs are awaking, and the quails are calling; let us take our guns and return."

I made many other shooting expeditions in the neighbourhood of Seville, which presented more convenient occasions to study the language and manners of the people than remaining in the city. Indeed, some other attraction than the sport I met with was necessary to induce me to brave the heat of the sun, the horns of the bulls, and the carabines of the heroes of the high roads; for how was it possible to take much pleasure in returning with the invariable string of quails? Indeed, this kind of sport, with only one sort of game in perspective, was totally devoid in the long run of all charm and variety. Quails, quails, always quails, was as bad as the French king's complaint of *toujours perdrix*, and indeed the same refrain in miniature.

I attempted on one occasion to change this kind of shooting, and substitute the mountains for the plain. I had been informed that upon the wooded hills, which form the last descent of the Sierra Morena on the Seville side, there were rabbits and red partridges; and, accordingly, accompanied by my faithful companion, M. L——, I made an excursion in search of them; but after having left the greater part of our clothes and some of our skin amidst the impenetrable thorns of these mountain thickets, and reduced both ourselves and dogs to a state bordering on inanition from fatigue and heat we returned as light, indeed lighter than when we started, and regretted we had been foolish enough to leave the cool and refreshing banks of the Guadalquivir.



## CHAPTER XV.

BRITTANY—THE DEPARTMENT OF THE FINISTERRE—QUIMPERLE—SHOOTING  
—TROUT AND SALMON FISHING—MY FIRST SALMON—ENCOUNTER WITH  
A BRETON—SEA-FISHING AT THE ISLES DES GLENANS—DRUIDICAL  
REMAINS—DEPARTURE.

How many agreeable souvenirs are associated in my recollection with this curious and romantic country, which, at the period of my visit, was by far more a *terra incognita* than it is at present, particularly the departments of the Morbihan and the Finisterre, which, before the days of steam and rail, it required some time and fatigue to approach, and, save by the wandering sportsman or the practical economist, were rarely visited by British tourists. Travellers generally stopped short at St. Malo or Dinant, where they met with pretty scenery and agreeable society at a cheap rate, and rarely penetrated into the wild and romantic recesses of the Chouan and the Celt.

Animated and encouraged by some most favourable accounts of woodcock and red partridge shooting, and salmon and trout fishing, as well as the excellence and extreme cheapness of living in certain departments of the Bas Bretagne, I determined to ascertain the truth of some of those wonderful tales I had heard, and with this view sailed, or rather steamed by the route of Southampton and Jersey to St. Malo, in October, 18—. Having arrived at that place, I shall not fatigue the reader by expatiating upon the excellence of Goguet's\* cuisine or Goguet's claret, but leave that

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\* A celebrated hotel-keeper at St. Malo, and once cook to the late Lord Sefton.

subject to the imagination and sympathy of those who, like myself, have tasted and appreciated them after a long and boisterous passage, broken only by the horrors of a Jersey cook and a Jersey cellar, and shall take the "diligence" of that day and that department a long and weary amount of leagues across the most impracticable roads to Rennes, the ancient capital of Brittany, and from thence to Lorient, then, as it is now, one of the most active and thriving seaport towns of France.

Having now arrived at my destination (the department of the Finisterre), I began searching for the *locale* where I could best realize the objects of my journey—viz., an agreeable and economical residence, with the best opportunities of enjoying my two favourite pursuits, shooting and fishing. After some trouble and inquiry, I fixed upon Quimperle, a small town thirteen miles distant, and the sub-prefecture of the department, as my head-quarters, and for the sum of five hundred francs per annum (or twenty pounds), hired a large rambling old chateau, situated on the outskirts of the town, with stabling, and a garden full of fruit-trees sloping down to the river, for the rent of one hundred and fifty francs (six pounds). I procured rough furniture for as many rooms as I required, and one hundred francs a-year constituted me the master of the prettiest and best *cuisinière* of the place, and the *promessa sposa* of the most formidable of the *gensdarmes* stationed in the town; so that by the sacrifice of a few bottles of *vin du pays*, and a few additional cutlets, I considered my interests and *pénates* very tolerably guarded. An old half-pay captain of some dragoon regiment, long since disbanded, who, like myself, had retired from the world for fishing and economy, was the only compatriot residing in the place at that period, although several English residents rented chateaux or country-houses in the neighbourhood. To give the reader an idea of what the price of living

*was then* in this part of Brittany, I shall quote the market prices of most articles of consumption. Meat of all kinds, and some very good, four sous, or twopence per pound; fowls one franc the pair; hares one franc each; partridges and woodcocks one franc a couple. Vegetables, excellent and of all kinds, ridiculously cheap. Fish of all kinds, salt-water and fresh, sufficient to feed six persons, could be obtained any morning in the market for one franc. Fruit excellent, in abundance. Capital cider ten francs per hogshead, and excellent Bordeaux wine for two hundred francs (or eight pounds); good Cognac brandy for two francs the litre, or about eighteenpence the quart. I have often heard of, and talked about economy and economizing, and the different places where tourists and others have gone in search of this *ignis fatuus*; but this was certainly the only spot where I ever saw these visions thoroughly realized, and where it was impossible, however expensive a person might have been in his ideas, or reckless in his habits, to have committed any great extravagance. Rent and servants' wages were proportionately cheap, and little or no temptation to spending money in hospitality offered itself to the occasional resident, as the Breton aristocracy—excessively poor and extremely proud—shut themselves up in their houses and old chateaux, encased in a triple armour of pride, prejudice, and bigotry, from which they rarely or ever emerged to perform an act of kindness or hospitality towards a heretic stranger, although glad enough to profit by him as a purchaser of their produce or renter of their domains.

Quimperle is situated on the conflux of two rivers, one tidal, and about three leagues from the sea, and is distant twenty miles from Quimper, the prefecture of the department. The larger or tidal river runs through the greater part of this distance, and empties itself into the sea a few leagues below the former town. It is a noble trout and

salmon river; that is to say, as to the latter fish, when there is a good flush of water, which is quite necessary for those that manage to escape the traps and stake-nets set for them at the entrance of the river, independent of time or season; relative to both of which Frenchmen of that day entertained the most supreme indifference, and considered all those "good fish that came to the net." The conductor of the diligence that plied between Paris and Nantes, and passed through Quimperle, would commonly give five francs per pound for salmon (so rare it was, and so much esteemed in those days) on speculation to dispose of in one of the above cities in the cool months; and an old Scotch doctor, who rented some apartments in an ancient chateau, situated near the river, actually subsisted, and made a very tolerable income by the disposal of the salmon he caught in this manner. They generally ran small, rarely exceeding twelve pounds, and commonly between seven and ten pounds in weight, but were of a very fine quality, and bright and lively fish when fresh run from the sea. Trout of several varieties, both sea salmon and the common river trout, abounded in both rivers; and if the weather was commonly propitious, a good basket could always be killed with the fly. I never met with any grayling in Brittany. Samlets were in abundance at certain seasons, and lampreys of large size were frequently seen adhering to the stones in the clear shallows. Eels, of all sizes and excellent quality, abounded in prodigious quantities, and could be purchased in the market for two sous (one penny) the pound.

To the antiquary, the lover of the picturesque, or the fisherman, nothing could be more delightful than the scenery on the greater part of the banks of the larger, or Quimper river, now rushing with impetuous force through the wildest of rocky gorges, and suddenly transforming itself into still, deep, and dark pools, the quiet abode of many a salmon;



now rippling and sparkling in a broad and rapid shallow stream, interspersed with rocks and small islands amidst verdant meadows; or more commonly undulating plains of dry and sterile soil, completely overgrown with *lande* or gorse, which here attains immense size and vigour, and is put to a great variety of uses by the inhabitants; amongst which, not the least serviceable, is that of fodder for cattle in winter, and as thatch or covering for cottages and outhouses.

I have positively walked for miles beneath a forest of gigantic gorse trees, their green and prickly summits forming an impenetrable shade, the lower stems perfectly denuded, and the air scented with the agreeable perfume of the yellow blossoms.

Not the least amongst the interesting things met with was the continual recurrence of the most curious Druidical remains. Rocking-stones, of the most fantastic shapes, and perched in the most exposed and picturesque positions, were frequently to be seen on the margin of the river; and amidst the *landes* and slopes the antiquary could often trace the fairy rings and clearings, supposed to have originated from the same sources. The peasantry, superstitious to the last degree, and entertaining the highest respect for all legendary lore, regarded these objects, if not with veneration, with respect, and never obliterated or defaced them.

I am not attempting a history of the Bretons in these few and cursory sketches, which has been so often done by abler pens than mine; but I cannot help recording my impressions of this very peculiar race of people from my own experience. In costume, manners, and customs and habits, both domestic and agricultural, they appeared to have undergone but little change for the last several hundred years. All modern improvements were but little known, or looked upon as absurd innovations; and the style of architecture, domestic arrangements with regard to food and clothing,

agricultural implements and mode of tilling the soil, were pretty nearly the same amongst the Breton peasantry as in the time of Henri IV.

By the time I was installed in my residence at Quimperle the fishing season of all kinds was over, it being about the beginning of November, and I formed an acquaintance with the only English resident that I have above alluded to, and who was a thorough sportsman, in order to be initiated into the *chasse aux bécasses* and *perdrix rouges*, which, if the quantity exposed for sale in the market was any criterion, I was led to expect must be very abundant; but in this I was rather doomed to be disappointed, although I cannot on the whole complain of some good days' sport. The Breton peasantry are all excellent poachers, or rather cunning en-trappers of their own game, for they are nearly all landed proprietors and freeholders; and although they do not pretend to preserve their game in the strict sense of the word, are jealous of the interference of strangers, and it requires a knowledge of the language (for few of them speak French), either individually or by an interpreter, and a few other *ruses*, such as timely offerings of *eau de vie* and tobacco, to conciliate them, and obtain free access to their lands for sporting purposes.

An Englishman, with a gun in his hand, and in a foreign country, is apt to ride roughshod over everything, and to care little for the feelings or prejudices of the inhabitants, until sometimes rather disagreeably reminded of his folly, which was in one or two instances the case with E——n and myself in the Finisterre, when we had to *back our way* out of some private enclosures, or fields of buck-wheat and clover, with our double-barrelled guns at the shoulder, and presented towards a posse of angry Bretons, armed with sticks and staves, in flowing locks and trunk-hose, and who would no doubt have demolished us, had they not been

kept in check by our fire-arms. Such scenes were indeed of rare occurrence, but were always risked, unless previous arrangements had been made.

Two species of red partridge—the bartavel, or larger bird, nearly the size of a pheasant, and a smaller sort, but of nearly the same plumage, are common to this district. The former are found chiefly in grass, clover, or grain-fields, particularly buck-wheat (sarrasin) and peas, and also in the woods; the latter amongst the landes or gorse on the wild and uncultivated plains. The same may be said of two sorts of grey partridge that exist in this department, with nearly the same distinction of size, and frequenting similar feeding-grounds; the smaller kind is called the “roquet.” Neither of them, however, ever perch on trees, which is sometimes the case with the red birds. A rough and wiry sort of pointer, which, as is generally the case in France, is also broken in to retrieve, is bred in this neighbourhood, and is essentially requisite for shooting in Brittany, as no English dog will face the gorse, which is so formidable and so common. Woodcocks, in the season, are also found in the low gorse grounds, where bogs and springs abound; but not nearly so common as in the woods and forests, which are very extensive, and difficult to penetrate. I have also found here, as indeed in other countries, two varieties of woodcock, the common, or light brown one, some of which I have killed weighing full twelve ounces or more, and a smaller and much darker kind, named by the French the *charbonnier*. Hares were to be found, but not numerous, as such numbers of them were destroyed by the peasantry, not for their own consumption, but to send to market. The principal food of the farming classes is soup, made from grease and hog’s lard and vegetables, and *la galette*, or cake or bread, manufactured from buck-wheat, which is the national dish, and of which they are excessively fond, and various preparations of milk.

They make their own cider, distil their own spirits, and spin and weave the cloth which forms their costume, which is the same in every respect, from the trunk-hose and tight leggings to the round hat and flowing or platted hair, that it was three hundred years ago. They rarely indulge in animal food, and, although generally landed proprietors, and with good markets for their produce, bury their money in earthen pots in secret places, rather than put it out to use or interest; at least, such was the case when I resided here; and the *sous-préfet* told me that, during the official residence of his predecessor, when the old *écu* of six francs was called in by the Government to be replaced by the five franc piece, that upwards of six millions of francs were brought in by the peasantry in the immediate neighbourhood of Quimperle, contained in old pots, that had evidently been long buried in the earth, and covered with verdigris. Upon my attempting on one occasion to explain to a rich peasant, of whom I had purchased firewood and cider, the nature of the Government funds, and the advantages he would obtain by investing his money in them, he absolutely laughed in my face, and asked me if I thought him such a fool as to trust his money out of his own hands.

Wild-fowl near the coast and snipes in some localities are tolerably abundant; but at the period of my *séjour* in this district the sporting *spécialité* was decidedly the woodcock, and, although difficult to find and flush, I have still, in conjunction with my companion, sometimes bagged from ten to twenty couple during a day's shooting.

With regard to the larger sorts of game, roebuck, wild-boar, and even wolves are found in the Government forests and those of the large proprietor, but are only hunted by what is called a *grande chasse*, or meeting of all the residents of the surrounding country who choose to join in the sport, and which is generally of rather a dangerous nature, not so much



from any fear of the wild animals in question as from the random shots of your friends when the game is on foot. Indeed, on one of these occasions at which I was present, and had the good fortune to kill a marcassin, or young wild-boar, two of the *chasseurs* were wounded, but not dangerously, by their companions. That tender little boar has left a gastronomical *souvenir* on my memory never to be effaced. The haunch, including the fillet, was *mariné* in Burgundy, with spices and slices of *échalotte*, for about a fortnight; it was then larded and carefully roasted, enveloped in oiled paper. The sauce was a rich stock, or gravy, made from twelve woodcocks.

I was enabled to preface this rather unique *plat* by a *paté* of red mullets, *bécasses de mer*, which were here very fine and easy to procure, and a tolerable modicum of excellent Bordeaux brought about the unqualified approval of my few guests, of the taste of Monsieur l'Anglais.

I found some pleasant and agreeable society, *jaute d'aristocracie*, amongst the government *employés*,—who were all sportsmen, in their own sense of the word; that is to say, carried a gun, and banged away at everything they saw, from a tomtit to a woodcock, to the great risk and danger of their shooting companions, although with considerable impunity to the birds,—and very nearly fell a victim to my friendship for one of these gentlemen.

I was one day on a shooting expedition near the town of Faault, in company with the *receveur des contributions indirects*. We had marked down a large covey of red birds, and were cautiously creeping towards the spot where they had alighted. It was necessary to climb over a loose stone wall, which I proceeded to do, closely followed by my friend, and carrying my gun by the barrels, a short distance above the locks. Suddenly I was startled by an explosion that almost stunned me, and discovered that I was holding nothing but the barrels

of my fowling-piece, the stock and locks having been blown away from them by the contents of my companion's gun, which had exploded as he was mounting the wall immediately behind me. This was quite shooting enough for one day, and made me rather cautious in future in selecting my *camarades de la chasse*.

My shooting excursions were not confined to the neighbourhood of Quimperle alone, but I frequently visited the towns of Quimper, Pontivy, and Faoult, and met with some good sport in their respective vicinities. The winter, which in this country is generally remarkably soft and mild, soon passed away, and the month of February brought with it the first aspect of spring. I found that my neighbour, the Scotch doctor, had already killed several fresh salmon; and although at this period I was but a tyro in this noble branch of the gentle art, I started one fine morning at the latter end of the month, and tried the March-brown in the smaller river near the town, and, although they were not in very good condition, soon filled my creel with trout.

The next month (March) was a capital time for salmon in these parts, and the water was in excellent order, but the fish, owing to the obstructions and impediments I have before enumerated, were very scarce, and it required a first-rate fisherman (to which I had no pretensions) to catch them. Trout I could manage to kill in any quantity, but the great object of my ambition, the salmon, eluded the utmost efforts of my skill, and it was with feelings of unspeakable envy that I often met the old Scotch doctor, with his rough tackle, and several nice salmon suspended from his shoulders. He made no secret of his flies, which he told me were invariably the grey turkey-wing, and dark violet body, and indeed made me a present of several; but I was so unsuccessful in my campaigns against this *roi des poissons*, that I took to sea-trout fishing at Pontaveine

Concarneau, and different small tidal rivers near the sea, as a substitute for the nobler sport. I enjoyed very frequently some excellent common trout-fishing amidst the beautiful scenery of the Quimper river, and met with little or no obstruction to my favourite pursuit. The time, however, had yet to come when I was not to be so fortunate.

About three leagues from Quimperle, near the most romantic and beautiful part of the river, and the most favourite salmon pools, was situated a village, termed in Breton phrase, Knockynolly. To the curé of this place I had paid my court on the first commencement of the fishing season, and gained his affections in the manner that all curés are seduced, viz., by frequent and well-timed presents of fish, wine, and various comestibles, and by paying proper and respectful attention to his housekeeper. I had a general invitation to the *parsonage*, if such a very humble Breton cottage could be so called, and always put up my pony at his little stable when I came to Knockynolly to fish, and although an Englishman and a heretic, consumed many a fried trout and tender capon, and emptied many a flask of champagne and Bordeaux in company with the good-natured little priest, who was a notable exception to the generality of his *confrères* in this part of the world, who are usually a very ignorant and bigoted set of beings. Of course my intimacy with the curé was of great service to me with his parishioners, and caused them to allow me to pursue my fishing amusements without annoyance or hindrance.

I had succeeded in discovering and making a fly which I found at all times to be the most killing of any I had tried. It was simply the under feathers of the common partridge's tail for wings; a little red hackle for legs; hare's ear for body, and a couple of rats' whiskers for tail. I manufactured this fly of different sizes, and used them at different periods,

the large ones night and morning, and the small ones in the middle of the day.

It was now drawing towards the end of the month of September, 1837, and I had not yet succeeded in catching or even hooking a salmon. In fact, since my first few trials at the beginning of the season, I had thrown aside my two-handed rod and salmon flies altogether, and fished generally with a fourteen-foot rod and strong trout tackle, as I frequently hooked a sea trout of four or five pounds weight, which showed quite as much sport as a small salmon. Some heavy rain had fallen for several days, and the river, which had been for some time unusually low, was much swollen. I cantered my pony over to Knockynolly with the expectation of some excellent trout-fishing, and the water being rather coloured, used a strong casting line and the largest of my favourite flies, but for a long time whipped the water in vain. At length I had a dull, heavy rise, and upon striking, perceived I had hooked a very large fish; indeed, not having more than thirty-five or forty yards of line upon my reel, I began to fear he would outrun and break away from me. Fortunately, however, the part of the river upon which I was fishing was clear of trees, and with low shelving banks, that enabled me to keep pace with my fish, the genus and quality of which I soon discovered to be a fine fresh run salmon of about twelve pounds.

Having no gaff, and no one with me except a little Breton boy, who carried my creel and net, I almost despaired of landing him, and saw there was nothing for it but patience, and to tire him out, and drown him. Luckily he was a very active fish, and never attempted to *sulk* at the bottom; so that in about half an hour I had him in shallow water, near the bank, with his white belly upwards, when reeling close up, and giving my rod to the boy, I slipped into the water and fairly *hustled* him on shore, where he turned out to be



what I had guessed him at, viz., a fresh run fish of about twelve pounds weight. I have merely dwelt particularly on this circumstance as it was the first salmon I ever caught, and that with trout tackle and a fancy fly of my own making. About half an hour subsequently I caught another, but rather smaller fish, with the same fly, and by the same mode of proceeding; and our burden being now as heavy as the boy and I could conveniently carry, I returned to the curé's cottage perfectly enchanted with the evening's sport, and determined to be at the same pool, armed with all the legitimate implements of salmon-fishing, at break of day on the following morning.

Near the spot where I caught my last salmon I observed a party of Bretons employed in cutting *lande* with a sickle similar to that we use in reaping, one of whom had quitted his companions and observed me with great curiosity, but took no farther notice of me on my departure to the village.

On the following morning I was by the river side at day-break, with my salmon rod, some of the doctor's favourite flies, and a heavy gaff manufactured by the village blacksmith slung across my shoulder. I had scarcely thrown my fly half-a-dozen times, when I perceived the same individual who had inspected my proceedings on the previous evening (a very wild-looking peasant, with long hair flowing below his waist, and in the usual loose linen costume of the country) standing beside me. In my hurry to get to the spot early I had neglected to bring my boy with me, who always interpreted for me on emergencies, speaking both French and Breton; as I could not explain myself in the latter language, upon being addressed by this unprepossessing personage, I offered him a glass of *eau de vie* and a handful of tobacco, a supply of which I always carried with me in the large pockets of my shooting-jacket for similar use, and generally found it effectual. This offering, however,

was, for the first time in my life, rejected, and he pointed with animated gestures to the fly which I had just drawn up, preparatory to another throw. Understanding his wishes, I thought, I was preparing to satisfy him on this point, as, in the event of meeting with a similar request, I had prepared a quantity of gaudily-coloured mixtures of wool and feathers, with hooks attached to them, one of which I always offered to any curious inspector of my proceedings that I might chance to meet with on my fishing excursions. In this instance, however, my benevolent intentions were misappreciated, and, not understanding the object of his desires, I continued to throw my line regardless of his presence, when he suddenly seized hold of the top of my rod, which he broke clean off, evidently with the intention of possessing himself of the actual line and fly with which I was fishing, and which he, doubtless, considered, from what he had observed the evening before, to be enchanted or infallible.

This was rather too much for my patience and philosophy to put up with, and withdrawing the heavy gaff, which I carried slung across my shoulders, I aimed a blow at him behind the neck, which, unluckily, not only took effect, but the barbed end pierced the lower cartilage of his ear, and, upon falling to the ground, he bled profusely, and began to roar with pain and terror. I now began to repent of my precipitancy, and, knowing the vindictive and savage character of the Breton peasantry, to dread the results of my rashness. I had not much time for reflection, for suddenly raising himself on his knees, he uttered a loud and shrill whistle through his fingers, which was immediately responded to from a short distance, and to my dismay I beheld, a few hundred yards off, a party all armed with the short sickles used in cutting *lande* approaching to the scene of our conflict. What was to be done? Certain death, or at all

events a cruel mauling attended me if I remained where I was, and I well knew I had no chance in a race to the village and the curé's sanctum with these sturdy and active little Bretons. If I could gain the opposite side of the river (which was here about a hundred yards broad, and although not very deep, intersected by rocks and rapids), and they dared not follow me, I should cut off at least half a mile of the distance. It was the only course to adopt, and accordingly, using the lower joints of my rod as a staff to steady my course, I plunged into the stream. I had gained one of the rocky islets, covered with bruises and scratches, and half drowned, by the time my pursuers had arrived at the bank of the river, and had the satisfaction of seeing that they hesitated to follow me, but began to pelt me with stones. I soon continued my perilous passage through the stream, and at length scrambled, nearly exhausted, up the opposite bank. I lost no time in making my way to the village, and relating my adventure to my friend the curé, who lamented the circumstance very much, and told me he was convinced that the party did not belong to his village, but were on a *lande-cutting* expedition from some other place; still he advised me not to return to Knockynolly, for some time at least, as the man I had wounded, or his friends, would never be satisfied until they were revenged in some way upon me.

Thus my sport in this best and most lovely part of the Quimper river came to a very abrupt and unpleasant termination, as I was too well aware of the truth of my friend the curé's remarks to risk my life in that neighbourhood again, even with the all-powerful temptation of salmon-fishing before me.

I was determined to witness the celebrated mode of catching a certain little fish which had formed an almost daily and delicious addition to my breakfast-table in its fresh state,

broiled upon wood ashes, and served with a little fresh butter and *fins herbes*, before my departure from the country.

This excellent *hors d'œuvre*, which is now as well known and appreciated, in its preserved state, by the backwoodsman in Canada, and the Australian or Californian gold-digger in the wildest parts of the bush, as it was at this time by the Parisian *gourmand*, is far more delicious when eaten fresh on its native shores. It must now form a most important article of commerce amongst French exports, and no doubt many imitations of the original article, in the shape of small roach, dace, bleak, and other white fish, even including the sprat, find their way into the neat little tin boxes which represent *Sardines à l'huile*, over every part of the civilized and some portions of the uncivilized globe.

They are caught in immense quantities along the whole coast of Brittany, as far north as Brest, but are not found any farther to the northward. The mode of catching them is very similar to the pilchard fishery in Cornwall, except that the nets are larger and the meshes smaller, being from ten to twenty feet deep, and five or six hundred feet in length. Boats and nets are generally the property of individuals who let them out to the fishermen, on condition of receiving a certain proportion of the profits either in kind or in money.

When on a clear day, and with a smooth sea, the shoals of sardines are seen entering the different bays of the coast, and glistening like silver on the surface of the water, nothing can be more animated than to see the fleets of boats in hot pursuit, in all directions, and the rapidity and skill with which the enormous nets are handled. All this I saw to perfection at the little town and bay of Concarneau, about ten miles from Quimperle. The preserving the fish in tin boxes is chiefly done at Nantes and Lorient.

Before concluding my chapter on Brittany, and in corroboration



ration of my remarks relative to the bountiful supply of every description of food, both by sea and land, that a beneficent Providence has bestowed upon this favoured country, I shall give a short account of a visit I paid to an Englishman (who had realised a handsome fortune by a lotion for improving the complexion), who resided in the vicinity of Quimper, for the purpose of sea fishing with trammel nets amidst a group of islands named *les isles des Glenans*, a few leagues from Quimper.

We sailed in a cutter yacht, containing the nets, provisions, &c., in the afternoon, and upon arriving at our destination in the evening, we laid down the trammel nets to the extent of several hundred yards in the different channels, which were not very deep, and anchored them with heavy stones, leaving buoys to indicate their positions. *Les Glenans* are a group of small islands, about three leagues from the coast, quite bare of tree or shrub, and inhabited by a few shepherds, who find a scanty pasturage for their sheep. Enormous quantities of rabbits are bred here, and may be seen in hundreds from a distance, but immediately disappear in their holes on the approach of a human being.

After leaving our nets in what we considered the most eligible places, we made an attack upon the rabbits with very moderate success, as the ground was so open it was difficult to come upon them by ambuscade, and they all vanished at the report of a gun. We discussed our supper, and spent the night, or rather a few hours' futile attempts at sleep, which myriads of vermin of the flea and bug species most effectually prevented, at a shepherd's hut, and by daybreak were glad, after a delicious bath in the sea, to start in our boats and take up the nets.

Never shall I forget the "miraculous draught of fishes" that rewarded our labours. Upon gently hauling in the first trammel, the meshes were literally crammed full of fish,

including almost every known species, such as whittings, haddocks, ray, soles, turbot, red mullet, rock cod, grey mullet, &c., &c., the halves of many of which were eaten by the crabs and lobsters, and the remaining portions sticking in the net; many of the latter were also captured.

The same success attended us with every net we took up, and although full one-half of our captives had been devoured by the crabs and lobsters, we took fish enough back with us to Quimper to fill a large market-cart, and these were caught with scarcely any trouble or exertion.

In no part of the world are there so many Druidical monuments and remains as in the Morbihan and the country between Quimper and Quimperle. Menhirs, cromlechs, barrows, dolmens, &c., abound in every direction, and afford a wide field for the speculations and investigations of the antiquary. The celebrated monument of Carnac, where eleven parallel lines, containing more than twelve hundred separate stones, some of them of eighty thousand pounds weight, is perhaps the most curious Druidical remnant in existence. The barrenness of the soil, the wide extent of *lande* and moor, and the thinness of the population, were alike favourable to a religion, the rites of which were always celebrated in the most solitary and inaccessible places.

About the latter end of this year I bade adieu to Brittany, not without many regrets and many *souvenirs* of the pleasant days I had passed, both by flood and field (amongst which my old friend the curé of Knockynolly held a prominent place), during the twelve months of my residence at Quimperle. Since that period, the overwhelming and still increasing family of the "Bulls," who will soon find the whole of Europe too small to hold them, have discovered, and consequently put an end to nearly all those facilities for sport and economy, which I have attempted to describe in this chapter. The rights of fishing and shooting are difficult

to be obtained, and not worth the price demanded for them, and easy access by rail and steam has raised the price of rents and provisions to nearly a Parisian standard. A pretty country-house, called the Chateau de Talhouet, a short distance from Quimperle, which during my stay there was rented by an Englishman for six hundred francs, or twenty-four pounds per annum, including a fine garden and grounds, and right of *chasse* over forest and plains to a large extent, I saw advertised, a few years subsequently, in an English newspaper, to be let for one hundred and fifty pounds a year; and amongst other inducements to a sportsman, reindeer were said to be plentiful in the woods. No doubt a misprint for roedeer, although I imagine both were equally problematical. Brittany, I have no doubt, is now as well known as Middlesex; indeed, what part of Europe is not? and there is every prospect that the prophecy of Erin's bard will very soon be realized, and that some of us may live to see

“Some Mrs. Tomkins taking tea  
And toast upon the wall of China.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

HUY—TROUT-FISHING—ANECDOTES OF THE LATE EDWARD A——, ESQ.—  
SHOOTING AT HUY—MONS. MASSON—ROMANEE.

VERY often in my younger days, when my ideas of Belgium were comprised in a vast flat expanse of level corn-fields, frequent canals, and straight paved roads, and my experience was confined to the luxurious accommodation of the Bellevue,\* the excitement of the grand opera, and the society of Bruxelles, I had heard whispers and flying reports of the excellent trout-fishing to be had in various parts of the forest of the Ardennes, and more particularly on the little river Hoyoux, which discharges itself into the Meuse at the pretty town of Huy, but was more interested at that time in a game at *ecarté* at the Cercle Royale, or the beauties I danced with at the many and delightful reunions of that charming city, than in all the beauties of nature, even combined with trout-fishing.

In later years, when purse and constitution had both suffered from early indulgences, and retirement and economy were more suited to my views, and even wishes, upon reflecting upon the many pretty spots I had passed through in my flyaway trips about the continent, and which were likely to afford me the above requisites, together with tolerable trout-fishing, and a proximity to England, Huy happened to recur to my mind. As I was always ready to act on the impulse of the moment, I determined at once to test the capabilities of that town or neighbourhood as a residence for an economist

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\* The principal hotel at Bruxelles.



and a fisherman. Accordingly, taking my passage in the *Soho* to Antwerp, I proceeded by rail to Liege, and from thence, by a *voiture*, to the Hotel de la Poste at Huy, at which place I arrived the beginning of the year 18—. I discovered that the trout-fishing on the Hoyoux, about five miles higher up, was excellent, but, with the exception of some very small parts of it, strictly preserved by one of the magnates of Belgium, whose goodnature having been once imposed upon by some wanton acts of poaching committed by some Englishmen whom he had permitted to fish, had resolutely refused to give leave again to one of that nation.

A small property, however, on the border of the stream, for about half a mile in extent, and adjoining the best part of the Count's fishing, belonged to a proprietor who resided at Huy, and who very well knew the value of his right of fishing, even over this small space, and in fact kept a man in a cottage on the spot for the sake of preserving it, and netting the fish for stew ponds.

With some difficulty, and much chaffering, I hired the sole permission, or rather proprietorship, of this extent of fishery for the sum of three hundred francs per annum; quite enough, it will be said, for any trout stream of similar extent, but, as it was my chief inducement to reside in the neighbourhood, and I had some hopes of extending my privileges gratis, I thought it as well to secure the best thing I could. This, as well as the hiring apartments in an ancient chateau, then a farm-house, not far distant, I effected through the agency and assistance of a most hospitable and jovial inhabitant of Huy, whose acquaintance I made by accident, and of whom more hereafter.

I began to fish early in the month of March, but although with great success as to size and quantity, found their condition was too bad, and therefore discontinued until the latter end of April, when I astonished *les braves Belges*, or rather

the Walloons, with the quantity of trout I distributed amongst them as presents, and killed with a fly, a species of fishing of which they had no idea, and were very curious to witness. That part of the valley of the Hoyoux in which my fishing was situated commenced from near the ancient and picturesque feudal Chateau of Modarf, which overhangs the river on a rocky eminence, continued for about half or three-quarters of a mile down the stream, and comprised every description of water, such as runs, falls, shallows, and deep holes, that a fisherman could desire. The scenery on either bank was rich, and varied with verdant meadows, hills, rocks, and woods, and very different to any Belgian scenery I had ever before witnessed. The distance from my own residence was about two miles across the country, which I generally performed on foot and sometimes on a pony belonging to the farmer.

I found most of the ordinary flies used successively on English rivers, such as the March-brown, blue-dun, green-tail, alder-fly, down-hill, and cow-dung fly, equally useful here; and during the period the May-fly was on the water, could kill any quantity of trout with a blow-line and a natural fly. Of course, being a stranger, I was not very well acquainted with the boundaries and limits of my own fishing, and might now and then encroach a short distance upon the Count's, which sometimes cost me a five-franc piece to the *garde*.

I lived in great retirement at the old Chateau de Baia, in one or two rooms scantily furnished, whose crumbling frescoes and dilapidated marble mantelpieces attested their former splendour, hired an old woman as *femme de chambre* and *cuisinière*, and was amply supplied with provisions and vegetables of all kinds from the farm. Excellent wine I procured cheap from the friend I have before alluded to, and a circulating library at Huy afforded me all the literary recreation I required. The beginning of autumn I made a

short visit to Spa, not very far distant, and there met with that good-natured, but eccentric individual, the late Edward A——, Esq., whose death yet remains an unexplained mystery, and received a general invitation to visit him at his residence in the Ardennes, the Chateau d'Eneilles, near Marché, on the Ourthe, and only about twelve miles across country from my own residence.

I was not long in availing myself of this invitation, particularly as I was promised some tolerable quail and partridge shooting, and was told that the Ourthe contained good fish of many descriptions. I well knew that I should have to put up with many oddities and peculiarities on the part of my host, but, on the whole, promised myself much amusement. I arrived at the old Chateau d'Eneilles, which is situated on an eminence above the river, by a short cut across the country on my faithful pony, about the latter end of autumn, and was told that Mr. A—— was fishing in the weir below. At the same time that I arrived, I observed a distinguished-looking gentleman, mounted on an English thoroughbred horse, with a servant in attendance, whom I recognised as a nobleman of high rank I had seen at Spa, and who was come to pay a morning visit to my host. We both dismounted, and leaving our steeds in charge of a servant, walked down the hill to the river, and there beheld the object of our search, or rather a portion of him, his head and shoulders enveloped in a high fur Cossack cap and black sheepskin jacket, and the rest of his person, which was devoid of all "the artificial aid of dress," submerged in the water. He advanced, however, in nature's simple garb, to meet us; told us he had been spinning for either trout or pike in the weir, and very much astonished the exquisite Duke d'O—— with the nature of his sport, and mode of practising it, as well as with his costume and philosophy.

Many are the anecdotes I could relate of this eccentric,

but good-natured gentleman, and who, if guilty of some few excesses of temper, owing to strong natural excitement, or an extra bottle, was the very soul of kindness, charity, and liberality; but shall content myself with a few. He possessed a perfect museum of antiquities and curiosities, amongst which were dresses and costumes of various kinds, and generally arrayed himself in one or other of those, much to the astonishment and amusement of the villagers. He was also fond of displaying his liberal principles and politics, and had gone so far as to establish a freemason's lodge, which was styled, *L'Etoile des Ardennes*. This gave great umbrage to the bigoted priesthood of that neighbourhood, who, under their indefatigable chief, the Bishop of Liege, laboured hard to suppress all such opinions, and who went so far in their denunciations as to assure the simple peasantry that my friend A—— was merely the "old gentleman" in disguise, and that if they would examine him well, they would see the cloven feet peeping out.

An old friend of A——'s resided in the village, who was dying fast from an unconquerable propensity to an indulgence in spirituous liquors, and was entirely supported by his kindness and benevolence. After a short absence, on visiting this poor victim to a fatal passion, he found him evidently approaching his end, and surrounded by several priests, who were endeavouring to make him retract his own religion and turn Catholic in his last moments. It was the work of a very few minutes with him to serve a summary ejection upon these intruders, and upon the decease of poor S——e, which occurred a short time afterwards, performed himself the Protestant rites of burial over the body, which was most respectfully attended by many of the villagers.

Amongst several curious animals of the equine species in his stables, was a mule, the very personification of every



obstinacy and vice peculiar to this breed, and which no one could manage in any way but his master, under whose treatment he was perfectly docile, and would follow like a dog, whether mounted or otherwise. One day, during my residence at Eneilles, a *commis voyageur en vins de champagne*, a type of his tribe, "bearded like a pard," full of bombast and hyperbole, in fact, the veritable *Jeune France*, called on a professional visit, and was asked to remain to dinner. I clearly saw mischief in my host's eyes, and some practical joke was evidently in contemplation upon the purveyor of *vins mousseux*. Upon being asked if he was fond of horses and riding, his answer would have led us to suppose that he was born an Arab; and a ride was proposed in the country before dinner. I must mention here, *par parenthèse*, that we were frequently in the habit of swimming two horses of A——'s, as well as the mule, across the river, which in some places was tolerably wide and very deep. On this occasion the Frenchman was mounted on the mule, which, in company with the other animals, and particularly with A——, would follow wherever they went. After passing the ford, and making a short circuit of the surrounding country, A—— whispered to me that he intended to recross the river at a deep part of it, and accordingly we rode carelessly on, conversing on different matters until we arrived at the intended spot, when we both plunged into the stream, which the horses were accustomed to do nearly daily. In spite of the almost distracted efforts of the Frenchman, the mule followed their example; and then began a scene half tragic half comic. His equitation had evidently been confined to dry land, and he was not at all at home in the water. Losing his saddle, he grasped tight round the mule's neck, the animal every now and then making a bite at him, encumbered as he was with this impediment to his progress, and A——, who, on his horse, was a perfect Triton,

hooked on to him with the iron handle of his hunting-whip, and drew him half-drowned to the opposite bank.

It was amusing to see the curious mixture of rage and fright he exhibited in his dripping garments and deranged *coiffure*, and still more so to hear A—— uttering *mille excuses*, and assuring the unfortunate *commis* that he never should have attempted the passage had he not imagined that *monsieur* was quite as much *au fait* at swimming as galloping, which was an exercise of daily occurrence to himself. I believe he put down my friend in his own mind as a confirmed madman, as he made the best of his way from the chateau without stopping to dinner, or even effecting a sale of his wine.

The river Ourthe in this neighbourhood is not essentially a trout stream, although some large trout frequent the weirs and falls ; but pike, large perch, and other fish peculiar to still and deep water abound.

I observed particularly in some places great quantities of barbel, some very large ; and with old Thames reminiscences fresh in my memory, although the fish is nearly worthless for the table (even when dressed according to old Izaak's receipt), I determined to catch some. Fitting up some strong tackle, I commenced operations with lob-worm and ledger, but with no success, the only fish I caught in this manner being some eels. I then tried fine tackle and gentles, but with the same result, merely catching roach and dace, with now and then a perch. As a last resource I determined to make a trial of the bait so much used for this fish by Thames fishermen, and having procured some greaves from a candle manufactory in the nearest town, I baited a deep hole in the weir the preceding night with balls of clay mixed with greaves, and commenced fishing with the same bait at an early hour on the following morning. I was rewarded for my perseverance, for rarely, if ever, I suppose, did any barbel fisherman meet with

similar success, and if my hooks and tackle had lasted out, I really do not know what weight I might not have killed; but I was very badly provided with the former article, my stock being devoted chiefly to fly-fishing.

I began to fish from the flood-gate at the edge of the weir, with a ledger-line and large hook, baited with greaves, about five A.M., and by nine o'clock I had landed forty barbel, some of them eight pounds weight, and more under a pound, making altogether 150lbs. weight of fish. The wear and tear of hooks and gut had completely exhausted my resources, so that I was forced to defer further slaughter until I could replenish my stock. The inhabitants of the village were delighted with the fish which I divided amongst them, and which they esteem a great delicacy. I witnessed a remarkable occurrence during the course of this morning. I observed an osprey, or fishing eagle, hovering about the river, some distance down stream, as if he was regarding my movements with much curiosity. Having caught a small barbel, perhaps a little less than a pound in weight, and extricated the hook with some difficulty, something induced me to throw him back again as not worth taking, which I did with a sharp jerk, sending him some distance into the middle of the stream. In the space of a few moments, and several hundred yards downwards, I saw the osprey make a sudden swoop—a dive, and soar aloft with the fish in his mouth;—no doubt my identical barbel, which, puzzled with his sudden change of circumstances, and not having regained vigour and instinct sufficient to seek his usual haunts, had floated down stream, and became an easy victim to the enemy.

The Ardennes is full of local and historical interest, and in some parts very remarkable for its beautiful forest scenery, particularly near the Chateau de St. Hubert; but the shooting near my friend's dwelling was of a very indifferent description. We certainly had some good sport—if sport it

can be called—with quail, that lay like stones in a field of cut barley, and could only be flushed by actually treading on them when a steady old pointer's nose was within a few inches of them. However, we killed a great many of these rich and delicate little birds, which, enveloped in an almost imperceptible slice of bacon, swathed in a vine leaf, and carefully roasted, is a dish worthy the attention not only of the heathen gods, but of a much better judge, the mortal epicure. As an accompaniment to *cailles rôties*, I should always recommend (if procurable, which I never found, even in any part of France, equal to what I have tasted at Liege and its vicinity) a few glasses of old Romanée, that prince, or rather queen of wines, and before which, when tasted in perfection, all other juice of the grape fades into insignificance,—combining, as it does, a generous body with exquisite delicacy of flavour, delicious aroma, and beautiful tint. Had I the eloquence of a Cicero I might do justice to the theme, and pay due homage to thy merits, genial and life-inspiring Burgundy! It is true that some dyspeptic and misanthropic individuals, possessing neither taste nor constitution, or the victims of absurd and senseless prejudice, have attempted to stigmatize thee as a promoter of nervous feeling and gouty tendencies, and, *credat Judæus*, these silly detractors of the noblest, purest, and richest of wines have themselves been consumers of *soi-disant* sherries and problematical ports,—mixtures in their best forms.

Burgundy, as if jealous of its own excellence, particularly the superior qualities of this wine, rarely quits its native soil for any lengthened journey with impunity. A sea voyage is generally fatal to such wines as genuine Clos de Vaugeot, Richebourg, or Romanée, although many compositions, bearing these appellations, find their way into foreign markets. An equality of temperature and easy carriage are very essential to the conveyance of these wines to their destina-



tion, and when they arrive there, the colder the cellar the better.

It is from these causes that the rich and prosperous city of Liege is so justly celebrated for the excellent Burgundy that is to be had *sometimes* in its hostels, and *always*, if you are fortunate enough to partake of the hospitality of its wealthy inhabitants. The wine floats softly down the Meuse from the vineyard where it was made, to the cellar of the consumer, where it probably remains some twenty years, in a state of peaceful and undisturbed repose that is hardly broken when gently removed in its wicker *berceau* by the hands of the owner himself, as the noblest oblation on the shrine of friendship, and the worthiest offering he can place before a beloved and honoured guest. Of all the various products of the grapes of Burgundy, I consider Romanée by far the most delicate (although many may prefer Clos de Vaugeois, Chambertin, &c.), and the one that can only be drunk to perfection in the localities I have enumerated.

September was now drawing to a close, and having not only exhausted the different amusements that Eneilles afforded, but also a very fair proportion of my host's Romanée and champagne, I proposed to return to Huy. I met him once only since that period, when I dined with him at "Phillipe's," in Paris, in 1844. A short time subsequently, upon his return to Eneilles, he was missing one night, after having gone out to dinner in the neighbourhood, and having been expected to return. The next day his body was found in shallow water lower down the river, with contusions and marks of blows on the head. Every endeavour was made, not only by the Belgian authorities, but also by his noble relatives in England, to discover the cause of his death, but without success, and it still remains a mystery, probably only to be cleared up when all other mysteries will be revealed.

I found, as the trout-fishing was now over, that my solitary residence at the Chateau de Baia during winter would be too dull and monotonous even for a person of my retired habits, and determined to accept the offer of the friend I have before alluded to, to hire an apartment for me in the town of Huy. Monsieur M—— was the fortunate possessor of a small establishment in the town of Huy, which was the very *beau ideal* of neatness and comfort. He was a tanner, a wine merchant, a small landed proprietor; had a wife who loved neatness and cleanliness even better than himself; and, above all, he was owner of a *chasse*, and a sportsman, or at least what was here considered one. Although not very tall, perhaps about five feet four inches in height, he was of exceedingly round proportions, and weighed eighteen stone, and his great round face beamed with good living, good nature, and every scarlet hue natural and unnatural.

It was in his company, and from his “cave,” that I first learnt to appreciate *les vins de Bourgogne*, and never did poet or philosopher expatiate on their favourite themes with more expressive language or apposite illustration than did my friend M—— on this subject, over a bottle of his own Romanée. His favourite supper, and the one he considered as the best suited to his beloved beverage, was a dish of *grives* (or large thrush, frequenting the vineyard), roasted with a sauce of juniper berries. He would then produce an antique flask, reposing in a wicker cradle, and two very thin but capacious *verres de mousseline*. The small and nearly decayed cork was extracted by a solemn process, unattended with the slightest noise or movement; the glasses filled in an equally quiet manner, the bowl of his own being instantly grasped and enclosed in his two broad palms, to restore, as he said, the warmth and genial flavour that had so long remained dormant in the cold cellar; and

then began a history of the particular wine we were drinking, and related a series of vinous and shooting anecdotes, that generally lasted until the *finale* of the second bottle, and, as far as I was concerned, a very comfortable perception of its effects.

The *chasse*, however, was the great object of his ambition, and the solace of his hours throughout the long and dreary days of winter; and I verily believe if he had never killed a head of game, he would have been equally amused with the details.

As I accompanied him in most of his expeditions, I shall give a short description of our *modus operandi*. He rented no shooting in the open country, but a large extent of woodland, or forest, a few miles distant from the town, and in the centre of which was situated an ancient convent. The only game that frequented these woods were hares, and those very scarce in number, with perhaps now and then a fox, or a few woodcocks. We started early in the morning, in a heavy vehicle, of the gig genus, and a horse, with our guns and three dogs, or as M—— called them, *chiens de chasse*—one was a half-bred harrier, the other an antique beagle, and the third a mixture of the two. On arriving at a cottage where the *garde* resided, and which was situated near the woods we were about to beat, we left our *voiture*, and proceeded on foot to our destination.

Upon entering the woods, the dogs were slipped, whilst we anxiously awaited a proclamation from their throats that a hare was on foot. When this occurred, and we considered they were sounds we could depend upon, we placed ourselves in such positions as to wind, &c., as we thought most favourable to the chance of getting a shot at poor puss in her flight before the dogs, and sometimes succeeded in bagging two or three hares, which was a tremendous day's sport—one was our usual complement, and we met with many blank days.

Nothing, however, disturbed the equanimity of my friend M——; he considered the *chasse*, the style of shooting, and the dogs all perfect, and returned home to his dinner and Romanée with imperturbable good humour whether successful or not. I now and then killed a woodcock, which was a source of great exultation, and had rarely been achieved by the owner of the *chasse*; but the covers being continually beaten by running dogs, and these the most noisy of their kind, what game there was was soon driven away; the only thing in our favour was that the neighbouring *chasses* were hunted in a similar manner, so that the poor hares were puzzled where to find a resting-place from their ceaseless tormentors, and I should imagine by this time must have quitted the country in despair.

Many were the little excursions I made with this prince of *gourmets* and good-natured souls, in the above-mentioned vehicle, to various small hostelrys on the banks of the Meuse, each famous for some particular *plat*, and which was certain to be cooked in the highest perfection the respective *cuisines* could effect on the appearance of Monsieur M——. Here I was first initiated into the gastronomic mysteries of a Meuse eel, *grillée entière*, with a peculiar *sauce piquante*, or a succulent Meuse carp, *frit avec la laitance*. He had a strong *penchant* for various combinations of the sausage genus, peculiar to this porcine district; and at his own table a hare underwent a wondrous variety of forms of preparation.

Music, and particularly vocal, had also its charms for my jovial friend, and he would often troll with stentorian lungs many ancient romances of his own country, and the *chansons de Béranger* were his peculiar favourites. It was whispered that he was not inaccessible to the tender passion, and was certainly a colossal representative of a middle-aged Cupid. But, even with such a companion, I began as usual to sigh



for change. The Hoyoux fishing was too confined for my erratic views, the shooting was certainly no great temptation, and the *petits soupers* of my friend were beginning to be a little too much for me. I had received very favourable reports of a certain part of the Upper Rhine as a residence exactly suited to my taste and purse, and, with many regrets, bade adieu to the banks of the Meuse, and the hearty, yet unostentatious hospitality of Monsieur M——.

## CHAPTER XVII.

OFFENBURG—DUCHY OF BADEN—M. VOELKER'S CHASSE—BADEN AND THE MURGTAL—THE KINZIGTAL—RHEIN BISCHOFFSHEIM—BARON SELDER-NECK—CAPERCAILZIE SHOOTING—ENORMOUS QUANTITIES OF GAME—WOODCOCKS.

AMONGST the various localities to which erratic fate has directed my steps, either as a temporary retreat from the busy haunts of men, or for the sake of retirement and economy,—always, be it understood, accompanied with that, to me, *sine quâ non*, facility for shooting and fishing,—none hold a more distinguished place in my recollection than Offenburg and its neighbourhood, now within an easy half-hour by rail of Strasburg, and situated on nearly the centre of that most agreeable and convenient railway that extends from Basle to Frankfort, and conducts the traveller through lovely scenery (which he has not much time to admire)—beautiful German watering-places—capitals of Grand Duchies—and commercial cities, in the space of a few hours, which, when I first visited these districts, it would have taken any reasonable being at least a fortnight to traverse.

Offenburg is, and was a long time ago, associated in my mind, and that of many another Englishman, past and present, with the name of George Pfæler, the worthy host of the “Fortuna Hotel,” who has since achieved for himself a sort of European reputation, by the introduction of the wines of his own manufacture and district, not only into Great Britain, but most of her colonies, and is still better known and appreciated for that liberality of character, kindness and urbanity of disposition, that have not only obtained for him

hosts of friends, but, if such a thing be possible, have I verily believe, enabled him to steer through the stormy and difficult passages of life without an enemy, or at least one worthy of being called so.

It was through information derived from him that I was first aware of the sporting facilities of different kinds that this neighbourhood afforded, but not until a much later period that I put this knowledge to a practical use; indeed, I may quote the years 1841 and 1842, immediately succeeding my residence at Huy, as the first during which I had any experience in the *agrémens* of this charming country. Many of my readers have doubtless traversed the rich valley of the Kinzig, and the wild and romantic scenery of the Black Forest between Offenburg and Schaffhausen; but I imagine that very few have explored it in detail, gun and fishing-rod in hand, so frequently as the writer of these sketches.

The autumn of 1841, and the winter of that and the succeeding year, I established my head-quarters at that most comfortable, reasonable, and best of hotels, the "Fortuna" at Offenburg; and having arrived a little too late for the fishing season, took measures, with the kind assistance of my friend Pfaeler, to procure the best shooting the neighbourhood afforded—an object by no means difficult to be obtained, as the proprietors of the different *jaghts* or *chasses* were most civil and attentive in giving any respectable stranger a general invitation to their shooting parties or *battues*.

I may as well mention that at that time, and I believe at present, the shootings, or *jaghts*, in the Grand Duchy of Baden were the monopoly of the government, defined as to extent and position, and let out by auction to the highest bidder once in a certain period of years, and that the principal revenue of the kingdom being derived from its extensive forests (once the property of the Church), the laws

for the protection of the woods and *chasses* were rather severe, and game was quite as strictly preserved in Baden as it is in Norfolk. The revolution of 1848 was a death-blow to the game of all sorts, which had attained a great head; but the country possessing every element favourable to its propagation, it is again becoming plentiful.

Numerous proprietors and associations of sportsmen hired *chasses* in this vicinity of greater or less extent; but by far the largest and most important were those of Mr. Voelker, an extensive chicory manufacturer at Lahr, a small town ten miles from Offenburg, and the wide extent of shooting-grounds rented by Messrs. Humann and friends, of Strasburg.

The former proprietor included upwards of forty square miles in his right of *chasse*, over plain and forest, and kept up an establishment of twelve head-keepers, without including helpers and the assistance of the government forest guards. He told me at this time that the expense of his *jaght* was about 25,000 francs a-year, and he calculated upon selling his game, which was purchased on the spot and taken away by Strasburg dealers to the Paris market, for 30,000 francs.

The beginning of the season, which, like our own, commenced about September, or rather depended upon the state of the harvest, was devoted almost entirely to partridge and quail shooting, no pheasants, and very few hares or roedeer, being killed until a later period (November and December), when the great *battues* took place.

Upon receiving notices of the different *rendezvous des chasses* for the week, or a longer period, the sportsmen met at the appointed places, generally bringing their dogs with them; and, as the country was entirely open for miles, no fences of any kind intervening, and was covered with every description of produce, from grain-stubble of all sorts to



standing flax, tobacco, turnips, mangel-wurzel, potatoes, &c., planted in long, narrow strips, and affording admirable harbour for game, ample space was afforded for a numerous field beating the ground before them in line. Some little confusion often occurred with the dogs, some of which, being imperfectly broken, changed their owners, or ran riot at will, and occasioned frequent and violent ejaculations from their respective masters; but, upon the whole, excellent amusement and sport were afforded, and I have seen from fifty to a hundred brace of birds bagged by a small party in the space of several miles and in a few hours' time, with very indifferent shooting. The land-rail, or *wachtel kœnig*, "king of the quails," as he is termed here, is very frequently met with, and is no contemptible addition to the table of the epicure. The partridges are all of the common grey kind, and the red bird is not found in any part of these districts. Hares and leverets, which were very numerous, started frequently before us, but were allowed to run away unscathed, their fate being deferred to a later period, when the ground is covered with frost and snow, and the forest stripped of its foliage, and when the journey to Paris, instead of endangering their freshness, only adds to their tenderness and flavour. A few only were killed for immediate consumption in the neighbourhood or the *table-d'hôtes* of Baden-Baden.

Winter, which is usually tolerably severe, and sets in early in this country, and when the ground is perfectly denuded of all crops, is the signal for the beginning of the great driving *chasses*, or *treibe jagen*. Sometimes as many as two or three hundred beaters are assembled from the surrounding villages, each receiving a few kreutzers for his day's work, but which at the same time affords him some amusement. When the drive is to take place in the open fields, these are placed in position by the gamekeepers, in a

semicircle, including a very large space of ground, and at about twenty or thirty paces from each other.

The *chasseurs* (perhaps forty or fifty in number) are arranged in line, about a mile in advance, and at intervening distances of about fifty yards; and at a given signal the drive commences. Every dissonant and diabolical cry that a German peasant is capable of uttering simultaneously resounds, and the affrighted hares are soon seen running about in all directions, some trying to break through the ranks of the beaters, who, independently of the terror occasioned by their voices, throw sticks and stones at them as they approach, but by far the greater number advancing towards the sportsmen, who are quietly waiting, in every variety of attitude, to receive them. And now begins a very exciting and sometimes very ludicrous scene. On a cold day, the dresses of the assembled company would form a curious study for a theatrical costumier. The French *chasseur*, with his smart shako, or wide-awake, variety of colours, multiplicity of pockets, and endless assortment of powder-horns, shot-belts, &c., hanging everywhere about his person, is taking aim in a picturesque attitude long before the game arrives within shot of him; a fat, phlegmatic German, his head enveloped in a fur cap, his body in a fur coat, and his hands in a fur muff, is quietly seated on a camp-stool that he has brought with him, his pipe in his mouth, and his fowling-piece between his knees, with his eyes steadily fixed upon the gradual advent of some devoted hare, that he considers sufficiently rash to approach within fifteen or twenty paces (he never shoots at a longer distance) of such a formidable object as himself. Here and there an Englishman, like myself, simply, but evidently far too lightly attired for this stationary sort of sport, and, by way of warming himself, about to commit a solecism that will bring upon him the united execrations of the field. As the game comes nearer,

and every eye is strained with expectation upon them, and the different points of the line they are approaching, this reckless individual, anxious to display the killing powers of his "Egg" or "Purdey" before a German audience, lets fly both barrels at the first hare or two that arrives within fifty or sixty yards of him, which shot, whether successful or not, is looked upon as an act of wanton folly by the majority of the *chasseurs*, and has generally the effect of driving all the hares in that part of the line back towards the beaters, from whence, however, they are soon forced to return, and as the semicircle closes in, and the hares rush up to the very noses of the sportsmen, an immense deal of firing and indiscriminate slaughter takes place, not unattended with some danger to themselves and the beaters, both of which are sometimes wounded by careless shooting. By this mode of proceeding, and with Mr. Voelker, I have seen three hundred hares killed during a day's shooting with the Grand Duke of Baden, and on some of the large *chasses* near Frankfort from five hundred to a thousand have been bagged!

By far the best description of *treibe jaght*, and where the greatest variety of game is met with, are the drives and *battues* in the forest and woods. The same system is pursued with regard to the beaters, although they have infinitely harder work to perform than on the plains, and are of course better paid. The *chasseurs*, instead of being placed in line, are rather made to surround, if possible, the portion of woodland to be beaten, and the intervening distances at which they are placed are increased. One barrel is generally loaded with swan-shot, in case of finding roebuck; does and hen-pheasants are usually strictly forbidden to be killed, under penalties of a Napoleon for the former, and five francs for the latter.

The game found and killed in considerable numbers on these occasions were roebuck, hares, rabbits, pheasants, some partridges, woodcock, and a species of wood-grouse, or *geli-*

*notte*, and termed in German *haslehahn*; but this bird was exceedingly scarce. On one occasion, and in the best part of Mr. Voelker's *chasse*, I was present when the return of game killed and taken away in carts to Strasburg amounted to sixty-five roedeer (we killed does that day), two hundred and eighty hares, and one hundred and seventy pheasants, besides a fair sprinkling of partridges, woodcocks, &c. This would be nothing astonishing in England, but is very good for this part of Germany. The shooting, like all stationary *battues*, was, as may be well imagined, *dreadful potting*. Unsuspecting roedeer and innocent hares were absolutely blown to pieces at a few paces distance, by matter-of-fact Germans concealed behind some tree or bush; and quiet pheasants, trotting about *à la mode des poulets*, were massacred in this peripatetic and unsportsmanlike position; still, the Englishman who had the fear of "Hawker" before his eyes, and a sportsman's conscience in his bosom, had plenty of opportunities of enjoyment without offending either the one or the other.

I generally procured *lifts* in the calèche of some friend back to Offenburg when the day's *chasse* was over, and was at little trouble and expense on my own account. Three days in the week (weather permitting) were usually occupied in this agreeable manner. At a later period, and when a resident at Manheim, I made several visits to the Odenwald, and have taken part in the slaughter of several wild boar and red deer on the property of the Prince de Leiningen, a species of game not found in this part of the Duchy of Baden, although the former game frequent the extensive forests on the opposite side of the Rhine, in Alsace, and sometimes attain a very large size (I have seen one of 350 pounds weight brought into Strasburg).

About the end of January the *jaghts* in this neighbourhood were closed, and a cold and dull interval of several



months occurred before the fishing season came in; but being determined to remain and give the Kinzig a fair trial, of which I had heard many contradictory accounts, I passed my time as agreeably as I could between visits to objects of interest in the neighbourhood, trips to Strasburg, and the excellent cheer and pleasant society I met with at my friend Pfaeler's. I had formed some very agreeable and useful acquaintances, and met with much kindness and hospitality.

The railway between Basle and Frankfort-sur-Maine was completed, and formed an easy and agreeable mode of communication between the many places of interest, such as Baden-Baden, Carlsruhe, Mannheim, Heidelberg, Darmstadt, Frankfort, &c., and my head-quarters; in fact, it was almost impossible to have selected a more quiet and economical residence, combined with every luxury and comfort, and possessing more facilities for amusements of all kinds than the one I had chosen. During the early part of my stay I had formed an acquaintance with a very well-known and peculiar character, who held the post of head forester over an adjoining district, which was ripened during our frequent meetings at the different shooting parties in the neighbourhood, and ended in our becoming great friends.

How shall I succeed in conveying anything like a correct description of my old friend, the Baron Henri von S——, *ober forst meister* (or head forest master) to his Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Baden, with whom I have spent many a pleasant day by "flood and field," smoked many a social meerschaum, and quaffed many a flask of Rhenish? Picture to yourself a man of middle height, of well-built, broad, and muscular proportions, and fine aristocratic extremities, his countenance a true type of the ancient *Raubritter*, or robber knight—a happy combination of joviality and ferocity—his hair close cut, and whiskers shaved, but his moustachios I never yet saw equalled as hirsute

appendages, affording ample play for both arms, and the full grasp of each hand to manipulate with effect and satisfaction. His costume was usually a short and rather tight-fitting sporting vest of Lincoln green, with trousers to match, and neat shako indicative of his profession in which an *auerhahn* feather was generally jauntily stuck. A double-barrelled gun was invariably slung at all times and seasons across his shoulders, and he was usually attended by one or more dogs. The expression of his features and manner was that of stolid determination, total independence and *insouciance*, and this hypothesis was verified by his actions. Many were the anecdotes related of the baron's coolness and skill, either in connexion with sporting matters or *affaires d'honneur*.

The first time I made his acquaintance was during a visit I paid to a celebrated china manufactory at the little town of Zell, situated amongst the mountains bordering the Kinzigthal, and where I was invited to dinner by the hospitable proprietor, subsequently to which, and whilst we were sipping some exquisite Johannisberg, the baron made his appearance in my host's drawing-room with his usual accompaniments of gun and dogs; and throwing himself into the easiest *bergère* he could select, began first to light his pipe, and then take a part in our potations without any useless waste of words or excuses; indeed (although a very bad German scholar myself), I could easily perceive that his sentences were always brief and to the purpose.

Shortly afterwards we adjourned to the village *café*, or rather beer garden and skittle ground, to which symposium the greater part of the inhabitants of the quiet little town were accustomed to retire after the fatigues of the day, and smoke innumerable pipes, and drink unnumbered *schoppen* of beer in dignified silence. After seating ourselves before one of the little tables, and calling for some

coffee, I observed the baron deliberately unsling his gun, bring it to his shoulder, and fire both barrels in quick succession, when two swallows simultaneously dropped, one into the *tasse de café* of the Burgomeister of the town who was seated near, and the other into the beer (*schoppen*) of a corpulent butcher as he was in the act of lifting it to his mouth, and was thunderstruck at this unexpected windfall. Both, however, upon looking round and perceiving the source and occasion of this interlude, merely shrugged their shoulders, cast a quiet look of remonstrance upon the *Oberforstmeister*, and resumed their contemplative recreations. The eccentricities of the Baron Henri von S—— were so well known, and at the same time his goodnature so much appreciated, that he could do nearly what he pleased with impunity.

He was justly celebrated as one of the best shots in this or any other country, particularly with ball; was accustomed to shoot hares running with a small pea rifle; could kill swallows on the wing with a pistol; and at fixed marks, such as wafers, eggs, &c., &c., at any reasonable distance, was infallible, but I never could initiate him into the mysteries of fly-fishing, although he was at first anxious to learn. I remember on one occasion at Biberach, whilst wading up to my waist grayling-fishing, that he accompanied me step by step in my progress in the most philosophical manner, and returned to the inn and dined with me in his wet clothes, and after having emptied four or five bottles of *klevner*, and smoked as many pipes, he quietly remarked, on taking his departure for a twenty mile walk homewards, in his own very peculiar French, "*Le poison ne vaut pas la peine.*"

He had an instinctive, and I believe hereditary dislike to anything French, and although our conversation was a curious mixture of the two languages, bad French on his side, and bad German on mine, he evidently was very averse to

taxing his abilities to make himself understood in the former tongue, and was not always successful.

I made one or two expeditions to the higher mountains of the Black Forest, in company with this gentleman, in pursuit of *capercailzie* or *auerhahn*, and succeeded in killing several, both young and old; the former, I need not say, is very delicate eating, but the latter is coarse, hard, and has a strong flavour of turpentine. The Grand Duke has an extensive preserve of these birds some distance from Baden-Baden.

The tributary streams that flow into the Rhine, and take their rise in the mountains of the Black Forest, and of which the Kinzig is the chief, are generally full of snow-water until late in the spring, and are not in good order for fishing much before June. Numerous impediments are also in the way of the angler, amongst the chief of which are the long rafts of timber that are continually floating, when the water is sufficiently high, from the mountains to the Rhine, and which extend many hundred yards in length in their course through the rapid and tortuous channel. My object being, however, simply to convey information relative to what I have no doubt still is the best part of the river for fishing, I shall simply relate my own experience of it in this and subsequent years.

The part of the river I was in the habit of fishing was about twenty-five miles in extent, and commenced at Homberg, three stages from Offenburg, on the Schaffhausen road, and continued as far as the bridge at Offenburg, down stream. I discovered that the Kinzig contained not only trout and grayling, but pike, perch, and white fish of all descriptions. The latter kinds were more abundant, and the river was more netted in the comparatively deep water at Offenburg than was the case higher up the stream, and I consequently established my fishing quarters at Biberach, the first post on the road, and about twelve miles distant, at a



quiet, unpretending little German inn, kept by the post-master, Schweiss, but who, with all his apparent simplicity, perfectly understood the best mode of plucking an English tourist.

The river in the immediate vicinity is shallow and rapid, with a few deep holes, some beautiful runs and falls, and rather broad in many places,—in fact, to all appearance, the *beau ideal* of a trout-stream; shelving, gravelly banks are of continual occurrence, giving every facility for wading, when necessary, and landing fish,—and its course is chiefly through verdant meadows, with high embankments on either side, to prevent the spread of inundations.

Good trout are met with now and then; I have caught them up to three pounds weight; but the most numerous inhabitants of this water were grayling, which at certain times I have taken in very large quantities. They do not run large, seldom exceeding one pound and a half downwards, but are very active, bright fish. The best fly for this river, and for grayling, I have invariably found to be the *red or scarlet* spinner, with gold twist, and the *spider-fly*, at nearly all seasons, and varieties of the March-brown with grouse-hackle as a trout-fly. The best specimens of the latter fish I have ever killed in this river has been whilst spinning with an artificial minnow, and, strange to say (if in deep water) I have also generally taken good perch at the same time. My fishing ground, as I have before stated, extended from Homberg to Offenburg, but the central parts of it, between the towns of Hausack, Haslack, and Biberach, were by far the best. I have sometimes killed upwards of one hundred trout and grayling in the course of a day's fishing.

Should the angler be disposed during the season to change his head-quarters to Baden-Baden, with all its luxuries and accompanying temptations, he will find a fortnight's expedition up the Murgthal, or valley of the Murg, will well repay the trouble and expense. The fish are generally larger than

in the Kinzig, and in the upper parts of the valley, in the direction of the Wildbad, much more numerous. The scenery of this part of the Black Forest is most beautiful and romantic; the river is not quite so wide, and generally easy of access, particularly for wading. The fishing commences at Gernsbach, a few miles from Baden, and a succession of picturesque scenery attends the tourist on the banks of the Murg, through the villages of Hilpertsau, Weissenbach, Langenbrand (which is situated on a high rock above the stream), and Gausbach, as far as Forbach, a distance of twelve miles, and the last town on the Baden frontier. Upon entering Wirtemberg, the fishing is still better, and the river is rented by different fishermen, from whom, however, the angler has no difficulty in obtaining permission to fish with a rod for a very small consideration; and the little inns along the Wildbad road—which is situated near the entire distance on the banks of the river—are generally reasonable in their charges, and comfortable as to their accommodation.

I have passed some very agreeable days on this river in company with a most accomplished fisherman and most agreeable companion, and one who has fished this water for many years in succession, Monsieur Milaud, of Nancy. The same flies may be used here with advantage as on the Kinzig, particularly the March-brown.

I have so often repeated my visits, both during winter and summer, up to a late period, to different parts of this delightful country, that few Englishmen have been so familiar with its woods, streams, forests, and mountains, as I have been.

I wish I had confined my amusements and researches to these innocent and health-preserving pursuits, but, alas! amidst all these charming scenes and facilities for every species of rational, mental, and physicial enjoyment, the worst and most insidious of demons maintains a sovereign sway, and exercises a despotic and ruthless power

over his devoted victims. Public gambling-tables are not only protected and encouraged by the rulers of the land for the sake of the small revenue they derive from them—in many places day and night, summer and winter, during the whole year—but, beginning with the grand Pandemonium at Baden-Baden, are established throughout the beautiful valley of Nassau, from Ems to Wiesbaden, and terminate in the diabolical establishment of the Messrs. B——, at Homburg. How many an unwary and unsuspecting youth has been utterly ruined in purse and character by the excitement and attraction thus held out to him, and how many an old gambler obtains facilities for the practice and continuance of this fatal passion? Verily, the Grand Dukes, Princes, and Margraves of these petty states, who consider the sin and suffering of a large portion of their fellow-creatures as nothing when put in the scale against a small increase of their own revenues, ought to be brought to their senses, and taught better by the interference of the legitimate and real sovereigns of Germany.

In the early spring of 1847, by the assistance of my friend, the Baron H. von S——, I hired a *chasse* at Rhein Bischoffsheim, on the banks of the Rhine, between Baden-Baden and Strasburg, which was said to be pretty well stocked with roedeer, hares, pheasants, and partridges, and that the woodcocks were very numerous during their first and second flights. For the hire of this *jaght* alone I was to pay one thousand florins, or about eighty pounds per annum; keepers, dog's keep, &c., would cost me as much more, so that the expenses I calculated at one hundred and sixty pounds. It was about twenty thousand acres in extent, and the immediate vicinity of Baden-Baden afforded a good market for the sale of game in the beginning of the season. I was determined to keep my shootings, if possible, for the amusement of myself and a few friends, and not to destroy the

game solely by *battues*, as is the general custom of the country. Having taken possession of the place, established my dogs at the inn of the village, and hired my keepers, &c., at a period when the usual season was terminated, viz., the beginning of the month of March, the only sport that offered any inducement to my remaining there was the second flight of woodcocks, which come in about the end of the month, and a little roedeer stalking at the edges of the covers, at early morning, or at twilight in the evenings.

The woodcock shooting during this month is chiefly carried on by what is called *à l'affût* (the covers being too thick to penetrate). For the period of about an hour in the evening, during which time the twilight lasts, the shooter stations himself in some ride or open path of the forest in as quiet and hidden a position as possible, when the woodcocks arrive with "drowsy flight," sometimes singly, and sometimes several together, with a low whirring noise, and very much in the manner of owls. If there is sufficient light, they are a very easy shot to the sportsman, as they fly over his head, and I have killed as many as twelve during this short period.

Amongst the sporting stock-in-trade of my predecessor, which I purchased on taking the *chasse*, was an enormous owl, of what was called the Emperor species, which stood upwards of three feet high, and possessed a pair of eyes that many a belle might have envied. He was kept in a darkened shed, and fed with birds and carrion of all kinds, and was put occasionally to the following use:—

A hole, or place of concealment, was made near a large tree in the forest, and the emperor, being previously muzzled, was conducted and chained amidst the branches of the tree in question, during the day-time, by some enterprising youth. He very shortly attracted birds of many kinds, such as crows, magpies, jays, &c., in great numbers to his vicinity, which fell easy victims to the guns of the sportsmen in ambuscade.



below. This was considered in this part of the world an amusement when all other sports failed.

My *chasse* lying contiguous to the mountainous part of the Black Forest, above Achern, and in the vicinity of Baden-Baden, where game of all kinds found an easy market, was very accessible to a desperate race of poachers who inhabited that part of the country, and came down at night in large parties, their faces covered with black crape, and made sad havoc amongst the roedeer, which was the chief object of their pursuit. My head keeper was an especial object of their hatred, being a most determined fellow, and had not only wounded several of them, but had been the means of detecting and imprisoning others. He was one day missing, and no one could give any account of him. Upon long search being made after him, he was discovered in a retired part of the forest, dead—shot through the heart—and laid out in a lengthened position, as if for burial, with a rude cross upon his breast, made of the long grass that grew around. This was, no doubt, an act of vengeance from the poachers in question; but the assassin or assassins were never discovered.

The summer of this year I passed in revisiting my old fishing grounds in the Kinzigthal and Murgthal with undiminished zest, and met with quite as much, if not more, sport than ever. My head-quarters being established at Mannheim, I made several excursions into the valley of the Neckar, between Heidelberg and Heilbronn, and met with good trout-fishing in some of its tributary streams, and the fish of a very superior quality,—a circumstance to be, no doubt, attributed in this, and all other instances, to the nature of the food they derive from the soil which the streams run through. During the month of July I could not withstand the temptations of Baden-Baden—I wish I could say with impunity!—and about the middle of August,

the harvest being exceedingly early, I repaired to Rhein Bischoffsheim, being determined to have a little quiet partridge-shooting as a solo, instead of the usual chorus.

The birds were pretty well grown by the middle of August, and in large coveys. I killed, also, a fair share of hares and leverets; and about the beginning of September did not neglect a pheasant when he came in my way, so that the price of my game, with the exception of the little I saved for my own eating, amounted to a good round sum at Baden-Baden in the course of the two months, and went far towards the expenses of the *chasse*. I obtained a Napoleon each for roedeer, and five francs for a pheasant. About the latter end of September I was compelled by circumstances to return to England, and therefore made over my shootings to two English gentlemen who were anxious to take them. They were not so fortunate as I was, as the Revolution breaking out shortly afterwards, they lost both their guns and dogs, and were even glad to escape with their lives. Nearly all the game in M. Voelker's and the surrounding *jagden* were destroyed by the peasantry during the period of this revolution, and is only now slowly recovering its former abundance. Few countries, however, possess the same local advantages for its propagation and preservation as the Grand Duchy of Baden-Baden. Although the trout and grayling in its rivers are not generally very large, still they are abundant. Nothing can be more picturesque and exquisitely beautiful than many of its valleys; and the facilities afforded by the railway of exchanging the rough habits of the sportsman for all the elegancies, luxuries, and amusements of civilized life in the most delightful watering-place in the world, in the space of a few hours at most, all tend to render this country a most eligible temporary residence for the wanderer in search of the picturesque, with sport and economy combined.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## A DAY'S SHOOTING NEAR BOPPART.

I PASSED the latter part of the summer of 18—, at the hydropathic establishment, or rather at the fine old monastery that commands the town of Boppard, on the Rhine, and is now devoted to that simple, yet eminently useful and curative process. It possesses, indeed, all the essential elements of this hygienic system—fine air, pure water, and glorious scenery both for exercise and amusement, plenty of space amidst its lofty chambers, wide halls, and long corridors and cloisters, are not amongst the least of its recommendations—so different from establishments of the same kind in England. Presnitz, indeed, could not have held his court in a more suitable locality, where everything was favourable to the full development of his doctrine, save and except one most important point, the *cuisine*, which was detestable, and comprised more greasy varieties, animal and vegetable, than all the *brunnens* of Mariendorf were capable of washing out of delicate digestive organs; and, indeed, as my residence there was not so much for any sanitary purpose as for exercise, amusement, and, above all, cold bathing, for which I have a weakness approaching to idolatry, I rarely took my meals in the same place, but wandered about with gun or fishing-rod wherever my fancy led me.

It was at this place (Boppard) that I formed an acquaintance with the *sprach lehrer*, or government schoolmaster, a man of feeble body and not very strong mind, but who in his mellow moments, which were not rare, was always vaunting his powers and capacities as a *jagher*, and the number of roe-

deer, hares, and partridges that had fallen beneath his unerring aim. He even hinted to some distant and wonderful adventures with stags and wild boars, but it was not until he had arrived at his sixth or seventh *chopine* of Geisenheinner that he ventured upon these dangerous grounds, and even then with a sort of nervous uncertainty, that evinced he had either forgotten or was not well acquainted with the subject. It was by his introduction that I became acquainted with Herr Gogel—the worthy proprietor of a fine old *hostelrie* not many miles distant—broad in the shoulder, broader in the beam, radiant of countenance, every dimple in his broad face beaming and glowing with the sun-set tints of the choicest vintages from his cellars. It was a fine sight to see him standing in the ancient court-yard of his own inn, surrounded by oaken beams, wine tuns, and narrow windows, like the illustration of “*Der lied von der Glocke*.” I was introduced to him as an “*echtergl Engländer*,” a good sort of Englishman, and soon procured permission from him to fish in a small stream that ran through some meadows behind his house, and contained both trout and grayling, on condition of my either sending the produce of my sport to the hotel, or paying for the same by weight, at the rate of a half *gulden* per pound, about three times more than they were worth! This was, however, generally satisfactorily arranged by my sending the contents of my creel to the hotel, where I not only dined or supped, but washed down many a *forellen gebraten* with divers flasks of my hosts Rauenthaler, and in his excellent society. Indeed, such intimate friends had we become, that he invited me to a great shooting party that was about to be organized by himself and several of his friends, over the surrounding country, in fact the opening of the *chasse* for that year; in other words, our 1st of September.

Some time before daylight I was aroused by what I imagined was a discharge of grape-shot against my window,



a proceeding very well adapted to break the glass and my sleep most effectually, and which was simply a *mitraille* of gravel from Herr Gogel, to hint to me that it was time to rise and don my clothes, and join my companions of the *chasse*.

How very seldom in Europe does one ever see a really fine morning. In another hemisphere it is widely different. In Australia I have witnessed such a morning, just after sunrise, as our first parents may have been supposed to hail with rapture even in Paradise, where the atmosphere, clear as crystal, but yet light, bracing, and elastic, inspires the most enfeebled frame with renovated spirits and vigour. Horace Walpole says that he should not know seven o'clock in the morning if he were to see it. Very few mornings are similar. If you get a fine and beautifully clear sunrise, ten to one, particularly at this period of the year, you have showers or drizzling rain for the rest of the day; and *vice versa*, if the morning is dark, damp, and misty, fine weather succeeds; and it was on such a dark, steaming, shower-bath looking aurora that Herr Gogel awakened me from my comfortable dreams of trout-fishing, partridge-shooting, and Rauenthaler, in happy confusion, and appeared before me in all the complicated paraphernalia of a German sportsman, his broad face shining like the sun through a November fog, and we started on our way to the *chasse*.

We passed the village, which looked just as sleepy, and muddy, and miserable as all villages do on such occasions, the great hotel, the mineral *brunnen*, which in a few hours, if the weather cleared up, would be surrounded by devotees to the shrine of Hygeia, in the shape of invalids, real and imaginary, old ladies who were supposed to be princesses in disguise, fat German consumers of every imaginable greasy comestible, and ancient warriors, with ribbons and orders of all colours and sizes; passed the old walls of the ancient *schloss*, and emerged upon the slate road that led up the hills towards the

table land, which, and the woodlands in the vicinity, were to be the field of our operations..

We were neither of us in a very talkative humour. The weather did not inspire us with much confidence, and the truth is, if it must be told, the worthy Herr and myself had been indulging in rather too copious draughts of his favourite Rauenthaler on the preceding evening, whilst talking over sporting souvenirs, and anticipations of our sport on the following day. He had asked me down into his *keller*, the deeply hidden emporium of his vinous treasures, to try some of the vintages of which he was so justly proud, and had carried with him several of those emerald double wineglasses which date their existence with the first growth of the grape in the Rhenish vineyards, a long glass tube, and a candle. Having arrived at this temple of Bacchus, he extracted several of the bungs from the casks, and, by carefully insinuating the tube into their contents, extracted glass after glass of the golden liquor. How long this state of things may have continued I know not, had not a stop been put upon our proceedings by Herr Gogel dropping the tube in a cask, my breaking the wineglass I held, and stumbling over the candle. I think it ended at last by both of us falling asleep, and dozing very comfortably until a door opened above our heads, and Frau Gogel awakened us from our pleasant dreams by exclaiming, with stentorian lungs—

“Heinrich! en Gottes namen, was de henker machen sie so lang im keller.”

According to infantine phraseology, we caught it, and no doubt deserved to do so; and from the London Docks to minor establishments of the same kind I have ever since eschewed those vinous exhalations, which, arising either from the fungi or the cobwebs, and partly no doubt from the contents of the casks, are apt to have such a somniferous effect upon the cerebral system. Thus we were not quite as merry

as we ought to be; but as the day began to brighten up, the mist cleared away, and more particularly when we had passed the first little *dorf* our spirits began to rise in a wonderful manner. It is no great matter to the reader to be acquainted in what manner the little *dorf* contributed to this change in our animal equilibrium, sufficient that it did so, and we felt infinitely better after it, and trudged up the mountain sides like giants refreshed to the flat table land that lay spread out before us for miles, with deep valleys and ravines intervening, trending towards the Rhine, and marked out by the tops of the lofty beeches that grew on their sides. The harvest was all cut, so that there was little to relieve the monotony of our walk; now and then an old and wrinkled dame might be seen pottering about some patch of turnips or mangel-wurzel, but there were no men. What on earth can become of them in this part of the world? No one ever sees them in the fields after ploughing is over, and not always then. It is useless looking for a young woman—no female being ever seen between fourteen and forty, when they are withered crones.

No farm-house was here visible—no homestead with its accompaniment of corn-ricks, cattle, and all the cheerful elements of such an establishment at home—no neat garden and well-trimmed hedges—no sparkling alder-shadowed brook, with the cows standing mid-leg in the clear water, enjoying the cool green shade—no farm-boys taking their sleek and well-fed horses to the half ploughed stubbles—nothing! The harvest had been all got in; not a sight, bird, beast, or tree, to put me in mind of home—all flat, bare, and brown.

It is true that the peaks of distant mountains and the well-wooded heights of the Taunus before us gave some interest to the landscape, but there was a deficiency of incident that afforded little to relieve the eye.

Men in search of a breakfast, however, are not the best judges of scenery, which we expected to find prepared for us at the next *dorf*, and which we were now fast approaching ; indeed, the rendezvous was heralded to our ears by all kinds of convivial sounds, and we soon found ourselves in the midst of our party. It would take a far more graphic pen than mine to describe the extraordinary collection of costumes that presented themselves on this occasion. The leather gaiters, with buckles and straps half-way up the legs, the eccentric caps, guns with broad worsted belts, always in the way, coats contrived with innumerable pockets to carry all, and indeed a great deal more than all, that was necessary for any sporting expedition on the most extended scale. Powder-horns, shot-belts, copper cap-boxes, and pipes slung about their persons by green cords, always terminated by the invariable tassel, and to finish the "*Der Freischutz*" *toute ensemble*, a long knife stuck in the girdle.

We were received with many congratulations, and a mighty pannier was soon produced which contained most varieties of German *plats de prédilection*, amongst which figured a cold sucking-pig, that would have gladdened the heart of a New Zealand chief, yards of bread, and a multitude of bottles, with the ruby-coloured Rauenthaler beaming through their sides, for which even the last night's surfeit had not destroyed my preference to any other produce of the grape in this part of the world.

The breakfast was soon spread under the few stunted apple-trees that grew around the *dorf*, and we enjoyed it with all the appetite that our previous walk and the expectation of another and much longer one engendered. The wine passed pretty freely, considering the time of the morning, songs and choruses were the order of the day, and any gentleman who had the slightest regard for his personal safety would have been perfectly justified in either remaining where



he was, or, at all events, in not risking life and limb in a shooting-party with so many extra-convivial individuals.

Very few Germans possess any of our own views of sporting in general. They talk a great deal about it, and write, and certainly sing the best songs in the world on this subject, but it is not in the actual sport they take much delight. Fond of all the convivial details, the society they meet, the novelty of the costume, and the escape for the time being from their *bureaux*, or other indoor occupations, they enjoy themselves as much, and probably more, than other people, but care little for the quantity of game bagged, or the manner of bagging it. At length, having exhausted the bottles and their whole vocabulary of songs and choruses, we got under weigh, and each one slinging his game-bag, worked in Berlin-wool by some fair object of his affections, over one shoulder, and his gun over the other, and girding himself about with all the betasselled objects connected with his shooting apparatus, sallied forth.

The dogs scampered about with perfect canine freedom, fought, and scratched their fleas, as if the idea of scent had never crossed their imaginations, and the men continued singing and chorusing as if they intended to charm the game with their harmony, but, upon reaching a large extent of rough stubble, prepared their guns for action. Suddenly, in the midst of a well sustained drinking chorus of Von Flotow's, a covey of birds rose at least a hundred and fifty yards in advance of us. To say we fired at them would be a waste of words. The entire line kept up a continual fire from each of their barrels for several minutes.

It is said that our enemies have described the rolling fire from the front of a British column the most destructive and deadly thing that can be met with. This, however, can hardly be said to have been the case with us. I really cannot say whether our column was not rolling enough, or that

it shut its eyes when it fired, or whether the enemy was too far distant; but somehow or other we killed nothing, not even one of the dogs, which surprised me. Whether that hybrid cur, who, placing his tail between his legs, went straight home across country, enlivening his route with the most dismal howls, had received a portion of the rolling fire intended for the partridges, or was merely disgusted with our style of shooting, I cannot say; but off he went, and fortunately for him, and perhaps ourselves, we saw no more of him.

The covey having departed, the singing recommenced. The birds were scarce and very wild, which was not extraordinary, considering the noise we made, yet still, by steadily firing volleys, one came down now and then, which occasioned an infinity of squabbling as to whom its death was to be attributed, though merely a fraction of the original partridge generally came to hand, the rest having been devoured by some of the dogs, or scattered into air by the united charges it had received.

I got rather fatigued, not to say alarmed, at this kind of sport, and hinted to Herr Gogel that the best thing we could do would be to steal away from our companions, and try and get a little sport on our own account, which object we managed to accomplish, and leaving our friends, whose passage over the plain was marked by fire and smoke, we managed to pick up a few hares and birds, but the heat soon became so intense that we were regularly brought to a standstill. My fat friend threw himself upon the ground, and I laid myself beside him, in order, if possible, to get a little of his shadow.

Here we waited for the approach of our friends, whose advent was heralded from afar by the same firing and singing as when we left them, and in a few minutes we were re-united, discussing the remains of the breakfast and

quaffing a fresh supply of light wines, brought up by a party of ragged boys from Herr Gogel's cellars.

It is a common remark that light German wine is not worth drinking. Bah ! Just try a bottle of real pure juice of the grape, such as any of the vineyards between Coblenz and Mayence produce, after a burning morning's shooting, and not your brandied, burnt-sugared sherry, or any other fiery mixture, and then abuse pure German wine if you have the conscience.

Would whisky, would sherry, would, with deep respect be it spoken, even really good ale brewed by such commanders of the Order of *Malt O!* as Bass and Allsopp, have produced half the fun that those dozen of green bottles did amongst us ? We gave it no fine title, it was in fact a simple produce of the country, and took its name from its birth, honest *Zwei und veirziger weisse wein*. It was both light and good. The effects of so much beer on the joking powers of our party would have been fatal ; as it was, they rolled out thick, and heavy, and sometimes very long but time-honoured puns, and slightly improper ballads ; and not until the last morsel of the cold pig had vanished, and the last long neck had been drained, did we proceed on the business of the day.

Jolly, simple-minded fellows, rejoicing in their short holiday, revelling in their temporary freedom, with no one to control them, or spy over their words and actions, they chorused manfully—

“Nur wo die geinsen springen  
Kaun man von die Freiheit singen,”

and refreshed, they bent their steps towards a part of the country which afforded a promise of sport more suited to their inclinations than the hard stubbles over which they had been trying their boots and their tempers in the morning.

Though the table land which we had been traversing the greater part of the morning appeared almost boundless, yet at a short distance towards the Rhine it began to dip, and although the country appeared tolerably flat, yet deep ravines ran through it, some of great breadth, with steep sides and level bottoms, their sides clothed with beech-trees, all running down towards the larger valleys that led towards the Rhine. Down these we went, beating our way through the thick underwood, and sinking often up to our knees in some green and treacherous bog, but shooting nothing, and seeing nothing to shoot, and rather incapacitated for making the rapid descents and ascents peculiar to the country, from our previous conviviality.

At last, on reaching rather a more favourable spot for our operations, a thick patch of beechwood lying on the slope of one of the little valleys, it was determined to beat it out properly; and the party so disposed themselves as to be able to get shots at whatever might be found in the small circle, or driven from it, assigning to me what was considered the most favourable position. After a few minutes' shooting and hallooing, out jumped a venerable fox, and, with brush erect, took his line across country. I uttered impulsively a loud view halloo, when, to my astonishment, up came the whole party, with wonder and fear imprinted on their countenances, to know the meaning of such unmusical sounds. They evidently thought I had been frightened by the fox, or some other and more formidable beast of prey, and could not be made to understand that this was the usual way of saluting Reynard in England, and bewailed my misfortune in not shooting so fine a *reineke*. I devoutly hoped that if another fox was in the cover he would not come in my way; but alas! fate was against my wishes, and scarcely had the drivers recommenced their yelling, when out bounced another within a few yards of me, and with a kind of spasmodic



desperation I fired, and had the cruel satisfaction to see poor Reynard roll over, struck by nearly the whole charge. I raised a melancholy whoo-hoop, which very much amused my companions when I informed them it was the British method of singing a dirge over the dead fox. I fancy they looked upon my religious creed with some suspicion, and considered me more than half an idolater.

Our next noble game, as we wended down the cover, were two or three squirrels, which we knocked off the trees, and at last, seeing how things were going on, I made up my mind to shoot everything I came across, from a tom-tit to a tinkers' donkey.

Out burst the singing again, but not of so long duration as before. We were getting rather tired, and were approaching some woods where we expected to find roedeer. We pressed on to the beech woods, where we disposed ourselves for a drive in regular *battue* fashion. I found myself in company with a man on my right, a thick screen of underwood before me. On looking towards him, I perceived he handled his gun in a very primitive and dangerous manner, that augured very badly for the safety of my legs. Almost at the same moment a fine roe burst out before us; my friend fired both barrels at once, and the roe bounded apparently untouched through the underwood, but immediately a most unearthly yell resounded from the line of beaters, and presently several approached, bearing one of their companions, who lamented being cut off in his youth (he was not much more than fifty), in most feeling complaint. On closer examination we discovered that he had received a shot a little below the knee, which, by greasing it with a *metallic* plaster, soon ceased to cause him much inconvenience.

Instead of any compunction for thus wounding a fellow-creature, my friend seemed rather elated than otherwise, and glancing towards him I observed, to my horror, that he

was loading with ball, in order to make sure of a kill on the next opportunity. This was more than flesh and blood could stand, and I swore that if he did not keep his distance, I would give him a taste of No. 4 that would put an end to his reckless proceedings, which evidently had some effect upon him, as he changed his quarters immediately.

Our little discussion had apparently been heard and appreciated by the beasts of the forest. I stood at my post, straining every nerve to catch the sound of a crackling branch, or other indication of the approach of a hare, roe, or some other inhabitant of the woodlands, and for a long time could see or hear nothing but the monotonous tapping of the woodpecker, or an occasional squirrel, which I could not make up my mind to shoot at; and I was on the eve of shifting my quarters, when a slight rustling made me cast my eyes towards the opposite path, and I observed a fine roebuck in the act of springing across it. He hesitated a moment, and that moment was his last, as he received my charge behind the shoulder, and rolled over stone-dead.

A short time afterwards the drivers came up, hot and tired, and our little party being assembled, and several good jokes interchanged with each other, we were only too glad to retire homewards; the smoke of our pipes streaming up in the calm evening air, and the choruses of our songs awakening the surrounding echoes.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## TROUT-FISHING AT BRUKENAU, IN BAVARIA.

DURING the summer of 18— I was attracted, together with a multitude of valetudinarians, real and imaginary, pleasure-seekers, and summer tourists, to the baths of Kissingen, in Bavaria. This watering-place, in consequence of the eulogiums passed upon it by Dr. Granville, in his work on the "Spas of Germany," had gained great popularity in this country, and was the resort of dyspeptic sovereigns and overfed magnates from most of the German States, where they hoped to wash away the effects of previous excesses, and enable their constitutions, or rather digestions, to support a fresh tax upon their powers.

I took the usual route by the Rhine, Frankfort, Aschaffenburg, and through the beautiful forest of Speissart to this place, and found it crowded with visitors from all parts of the world.

Fishermen are generally drawn towards each other by some mysterious sympathy; and I had not long joined the motley throng of water-drinkers on the daily promenade, when I formed an acquaintance with an amateur of the gentle art, who, after his usual sanitary process in the morning, devoted his days to trout-fishing excursions in the environs. He had discovered several pretty streams, and by paying a fee to the proprietor, or purchasing the weight of fish he killed, managed to get some very tolerable sport; but as the rivers were continually netted, for the sake of supplying the different hotels with trout, our success was rather uncertain, although we now and then killed a large fish in

some of the deep holes and eddies inaccessible to the very primitive nets of the German fishermen.

After the lapse of a few weeks, I was tempted by the offer of a gentleman, then as celebrated as a sportsman as he is now as an able and accomplished statesman, to take a seat in his carriage to Brukenau, then the lovely and favourite summer residence of Louis, the late King of Bavaria, who was alike celebrated for his taste for the fine arts and his admiration for fine women.

Nothing can be more picturesque than the approach to this little watering-place. The richness and variety of the foliage, the beautiful undulations of the landscape, the noble forest trees, and the artistic and tasteful manner in which the drives, glades, and avenues are formed,—all tend to create a *coup d'œil* seldom equalled. Upon passing through the valley in which the village is situated, *en route* to our hotel, I was greeted by a sight of more interest to me than all the scenery I had previously witnessed, which was a small river, meandering through the richest and most verdant meadows, and disclosing in its course all those beauties and attributes in which an angler delights. Rapid falls, swift-running shallows, curling eddies, were all significant of the favourite abodes of trout and grayling, and the frequent rises—and some very heavy ones—we observed whilst passing over a bridge, tended to establish this presumption.

Upon making inquiries at the hotel as to the possibility of fishing in the stream in question, we were informed that it was a royal preserve; that the king only allowed a certain quantity of fish to be taken from it by privileged fishermen, in order to supply the *tables-d'hôte* of the place, and that no individual could fish without the express permission of his Majesty.

It was the custom at that period for all visitors at these baths, on their first arrival, to pay their respects to the



king, by sending in their names to the chamberlain, who appointed an hour in the morning for them to attend a sort of levee at his Majesty's residence. The only difference necessary to be observed in the usual toilet was the adoption of a white neckcloth, or white choker, as it was irreverentially termed, and from the sale of which (expressly for these occasions) a pretty little Munich milliner gained a fair amount of profit, as she not only sold them, but fitted them (they were usually stocks) on the necks of the devotees at the shrine of royalty.

We, of course, had to go through the same ordeal, and as my friend was a member of a noble family, and a person of some consequence in England, it was arranged between us that if an opportunity presented itself, he should attempt to obtain the desired permission to fish in the royal stream, of which we had made a closer inspection since our arrival, and were more impressed than ever of its being an actual piscatory paradise.

King Louis, who, as everybody knows, was a most accomplished gentleman, but possessed certain peculiarities, received us perfectly *sans façon* in the little parlour of his temporary palace the following morning, and commenced the conversation, or rather asked a few questions in English, chiefly in connexion with our domestic relations and political views. As far as I could judge from the few minutes we passed in his society, he considered the first duty of a man was to have a large family of children, and the second, to be a high Tory in politics; and had formed some dreadful ideas of the character of Mr. O'Connell, who was then in the zenith of his fame. Upon asking us, as a *finale* to the interview, how we liked Brukenau, my friend made a desperate effort, and after passing a glowing eulogium upon its beauties, added that he should consider it quite perfect as a residence, with the facility of fly-fishing in the charming river. "Ah!" exclaimed

the king, "you are like my friend Mr. C—— (quoting the name of a late high Tory English Member of Parliament); he was very fond of fishing, but I think he would rather have had O'Connell on his hook than all the fish in the river."

It ended, however, in his graciously granting us permission to fish as long and as much as we pleased, with which we departed, much gratified by his Majesty's kindness and condescension, if not edified by his moral and political opinions, to prepare the little tackle we had for a campaign that promised to give ample work for its powers of endurance.

We had merely a few common flies, such as several varieties of the palmer, cock-a-bundy, March-brown, &c.; and, by way of trial (we were then in the month of July), I fitted three of different kinds on my casting-line. Never shall I forget my first cast! It was certainly in a very tempting spot, beneath a beautiful fall near the bridge. My line was hardly in the water when whiz went the reel, as though I had hooked a 10lb. salmon. Exactly the same thing occurred to my friend, who was fishing on the other side of the stream. Upon checking the line, and reeling up, after the first burst, I found I had hooked a fish upon each fly; and, as far as I could make out, they consisted of two grayling and a trout, averaging at least a pound each. My casting-line, however, which was old and fine, broke very near the top, and left me with only one of my three captives, which I managed to land, and he turned out to be a fine, well-fed grayling of more than a pound weight. My friend had also lost all his fish by a similar accident. It was evident that no delicacy need be observed with such gluttons as these, and that fine tackle and a variety of flies was quite thrown away upon them. Accordingly, we selected the strongest gut we possessed for our casting-lines, and the coarsest and largest flies, of which we used only one, and between us, in a couple of hours, killed upwards of 70lb. weight of trout and

grayling, some of the trout weighing from one to three pounds.

It was evident that some time must have elapsed since the Member of Parliament alluded to by his Majesty had treated them with the sight and taste of a London-tied fly, and that few, if any, British anglers had succeeded him. What the German ephemerae may be I know not, as I never saw one in an artificial form, and never took the trouble to make a microscopic examination, in order to imitate them, as I always found my own stock of ready-made ones quite good enough.

The voracity of the Brukenau trout I imagine arose solely from their vast numbers and the novelty of the attraction, as they were taken only in the clumsy nets of the local fishermen, a hole being *laded* out, or the water let off some particular spot to facilitate their operations.

We continued for some days to meet with extraordinary sport,—in fact, to catch any quantity we pleased, with which we supplied the *table-d'hôte* of the hotel,—of course, *gratis*; but it became rather an expensive amusement to us, as the fishermen, who were accustomed to sell their daily amount of fish, of course looked to us to make up the deficiency, which we could not well refuse. We became perfect Waltonian lions. The ladies came in parties, and of all nations, to witness the *pêche à la mouche artificielle*, screaming with delight when a good fish was landed, and begging to be allowed to try the experiment of throwing a fly themselves, much to the danger and damage of our rods and tackle. In fact, we had achieved too great notoriety, and, like many other great men, were fast becoming victims to our own ambition.

We could not move on any part of the banks of the river during the day-time without hosts of followers, some to admire, and others to envy; and the fishermen who had lost

their occupation (although paid in the interim) evidently regarded us with anything but benevolent feelings.

A week of this amusement, during which time I am afraid to say how many trout and grayling we caught, was enough, for the extreme facility of the sport almost took away its interest. I tried some of the most likely places, such as the deep holes and weirs, with both worm and minnow, and killed several large fish. The finest (which I sent to the royal *cuisine*) weighed five pounds and a half, and was a round, well-fed, beautiful fish.

Trout-fishing, however, was not the only diversion this delightful residence afforded. Some description of *chasse* is always going on in Germany, and although midsummer, yet stag and roedeer were occasionally hunted and shot. We were invited to accompany the king's aides-de-camp in many very pleasant *battues*, at which several fine stags, roebuck, and *foxes* were killed. I must own that it was a long time before I could conquer my reluctance to fire at the latter animal, but as a fox in a Bavarian forest and a fox in a Leicestershire cover are two totally different things, or rather, placed in different circumstances, I finished by "doing in Turkey as the Turkeys do."

His Majesty King Louis never joined any of these shooting parties, but devoted his time almost exclusively to the society of the ladies. He was particularly partial to that of English girls, several of whom, who were then staying at the place, considered, no doubt, the royal attentions as a great feather in their caps. Invitations were daily issued by the chamberlain, and a train of open carriages was always in attendance at the palace, for the purpose of conveying a large party to some pic-nic or *fête champêtre*, where the king always acted as Master of the Ceremonies.

Romping games were those most in vogue, and it was no uncommon spectacle to observe, in some glade of the forest,



the sovereign of these realms running about with a handkerchief tied around his eyes, and followed by a group of rosy and laughing girls, or taking part in some juvenile game not exactly in accordance with his age and position. However, this was the season, and Brukenau was the place, where he sought amusement and relaxation after the cares and anxieties of state, and he seemed determined to pursue both in the way most suited to his inclinations; and certainly, if in after days he had maintained his popularity amongst his subjects at Munich as effectually as he did then amongst the young ladies at Brukenau, he would have had no occasion to abdicate the Bavarian crown.

## CHAPTER XX.

## DEER-SHOOTING IN HUNGARY—THE CHATEAU OF MARIENTHAL.

VIENNA is celebrated throughout Europe as a city of pleasure. Every physical enjoyment, and all those diversions in which the mind does not take an active part, are sufficiently numerous to make us forget for some time the more intellectual features peculiar to a free country; in fact, that perfect freedom of mind, body, and speech, which is only to be found in London or Paris. Amongst the variety of amusements to be met with in Austria, none stand forward more pre-eminently than the chase. Here the smallest landed proprietor is certain to possess a vast quantity of game around his diminutive castle, which all his dependents and vassals are forced to preserve with scrupulous care. Subsequently, indeed, to an edict issued by the *quasi*-liberal Joseph II., who ordained, to the great displeasure of the nobility, that the destruction caused by the game should be at the expense of the landlord, the seigneurs invite to their periodical massacres the most intelligent of their vassals, such as the bailiff, the notary, the surgeon, and perhaps the curé; but they complain sadly of the diminution of their game. Where they were accustomed to kill fifteen hundred hares in a day, they say they have difficulty in shooting seven or eight hundred, and that it is really pitiable to see the *chasse* so reduced.

To a sportsman nothing can be more tantalizing than to inhabit Vienna during the spring months, when every kind of *chasse* is closed. He can see before him daily the Styrian mountains, where the capercailzie feeds in company with the chamois. He walks through the imperial parks, where the

wild boars wander in troops, with the stag and fallow-deer, or in the plains, where thousands of partridges and pheasants have their nests, and hares are as thick as flocks of sheep; and all this is merely the programme of a delightful entertainment, in which he can take no part. Indeed, a sportsman who resides at Vienna during the spring deserves the palm of martyrdom.

I had passed about three months of this kind of purgatory, when I was recompensed for my sufferings by an introduction to the Prince F—— S——, one of the most amiable and intelligent of Austrian magnates, and who, without any cold or haughty demeanour, was proverbial for his frank and cordial hospitality towards strangers.

This Prince, a great sportsman himself, took pity on me, and proposed that we should go and kill some deer on one of his estates in Hungary.

Our departure was soon arranged. Leaving Vienna at daybreak, we traversed the charming promenade of the Prater. Attracted by the new-mown hay, herds of stags had advanced as far as the first houses in the Faubourg of Leopoldstadt. Some were ruminating beneath the trees of the different avenues; others lay stretched upon the road itself, and our coachman was absolutely forced to drive them out of our way by strokes of his whip. We soon arrived at the Danube, and the place of embarkation of the steamboats.

The Danube, that king of European rivers, changes its aspect completely after leaving the capital of Austria. I had descended from Lintz to Vienna, where, like the Rhine, it flows through a mountainous country, and between hills covered with dark pine forests; after passing Vienna, on the contrary, its course is through a level plain, rich with verdure and cultivation of all kinds. At rare intervals, indeed, at some angle of the stream, can be descried an ancient tower,

remains of some old castle or fortress, erected as a defence against the invasions of the Turks or Wallachians. I floated down this magnificent river with feelings of respect and admiration; this great European artery, which, completely governed by the power of steam, and connected with the Rhine by railways, cuts Europe completely in two from the German Ocean to the Bosphorus. We breakfasted at Presburg. It happened to be a market-day, and I had a good opportunity of observing that curious and interesting spectacle of an original physiognomy beneath a national costume. The men all wore fur caps, or great hats of black felt. Some were dressed in the embroidered pelisse of a hussar, which is the true Hungarian costume; others in the large and heavy white mantle of the Slavonian; besides this, it was easy to distinguish by a certain mark the inhabitants of the two countries. Every Hungarian had moustachios, black, brown, red, grey, or white, as nature and age had appointed; the Slavonians were close shaved. As to the women, they were completely enveloped in their long woollen shawls, of a red, blue, green, or other colour; nearly all had naked legs and feet, and the few that adopted the luxury of a *chaussure*, wore, like the men, heavy and coarse nailed boots. Here, as in most other parts of Germany, they are condemned to the most laborious occupations both in towns and in the country. The women hand the hods to the masons, manufacture mortar, and carry bricks up the ladders, a species of occupation where decency suffers as much as humanity. Our journey along the high road was full of curious objects to a stranger. We sometimes met whole trunks of colossal trees placed upon a carriage, composed of two wheels, drawn by those enormous grey oxen, with gigantic horns, which are only met with in Hungary, *en route* from the mountains to the river. Sometimes little wicker carts, in which a whole family was stowed together like a bundle of dirty clothes;



now and then a small *char-à-banc*, where alone, and drawn by a diminutive pony, sat a petty farmer or villager of the higher class, whom the Hungarians designate as “*Dominus respectabilis*,” and files of poor peasants, with naked feet and heavy baskets on their heads, on their way to the market of Presburg. We crossed a fertile plain, intersected by vineyards, until we arrived at the foot of the Krapac, or Carpathian mountains.

The habitation of the Prince was situated in a charming valley consecrated to the Virgin (Marienthal). It was an ancient convent, one of those suppressed by Joseph II., that mad philosopher, who, for this cause alone, deserved the bronze statue erected to his memory, with its inscription, “*Felicitate publicæ non diu sed totus*.” There remained of the ancient monastery a very handsome church, and seven chapels or stations, beneath the lofty trees of the valley, where pilgrimages were still made on the occasion of the *fêtes* of the Virgin. A vast and magnificent amphitheatre of mountains, crowned with noble forests, arose above these towers and minarets. From the heights the view was prodigious. On turning towards the extreme angle of the Carpathians, the eye embraced on the right the whole of the Austrian dominions, as far as the Styrian mountains, crowned by the frozen and lofty peak of the Schneeberg. To the left, Hungary, to the hills of Buda, which, two centuries ago, were the frontiers of Turkey; and amidst this splendid landscape the Danube meandered and sparkled like a silver thread.

The interior of the convent, metamorphosed into a chateau, was not less curious than the environs. The original form and internal distribution were preserved. Long vaulted galleries, with Gothic cells, still remained, only it was easy to perceive that it was no longer inhabited by lazy monks. In the entrance-hall were suspended flags, warlike trophies, and

armour, and the principal gallery was filled with stuffed eagles and vultures, targets riddled by balls, and horns of stags, fallow deer, roebucks, and chamois. One room was devoted entirely to arms, ancient and modern, from the old arquebuss to the modern pocket-pistol: another, where coffee was usually served, contained a rich assortment of pipes; I counted more than eighty, ranged upon shelves. Here was a fine collection of engravings, that appeared more appropriate to the boudoir than the sacristy. There was an excellent library, full of the best ancient and modern literature. The furniture of the rooms was in the same style and taste; the bed-carpets were the skins of bears and leopards, and every chair and bureau was ornamented with curious and valuable wood-carving.

The chase of the stag, which had been my inducement for a journey into Hungary, is conducted in various ways. It would be here next to impossible to hunt on horseback, owing to the steep declivities of the mountains and the deep ravines. When dogs are used, they are of a very small breed, not so large as our beagles, which beat a certain extent of cover at one time, and do not drive the game to a greater distance than their little sharp tongues can be heard. Grand *battues* sometimes take place, but the most common and the most successful mode of shooting is at the same time the most simple that can be imagined. Without followers or dogs, the sportsman starts alone with his rifle, stalking the stag through the forest. Sometimes the animal is found reposing, at others, his track is followed up through the snow or damp ground. Generally he is perceived from a long way off by his red colour amongst the green boughs, and then the only difficulty is to get within shooting distance. There is nothing very difficult in all this, but at the same time it requires a knowledge of the country and the habits of the animal, as well as a clear sight, coolness, watchfulness,

and patience; in fact, according to the old proverb, "the eyes open and the mouth shut."

The Prince had selected as my guide one of his keepers, a man of middle age, of Herculean proportions and agreeable countenance. He had been formerly a notorious poacher, and the Prince considered that the best way of preserving his game was to give this man the charge of it.

Like smugglers who have turned coast-guards, or thieves that have become police-officers, he was the terror of his old companions, whose schemes and resorts he was well aware of, and was not less skilful and determined in the capacity of a sportsman. Although his step was heavy and his pipe always lighted, no one was better able to guide me, or initiate me into all the mysteries of woodcraft. He possessed the eye of an Indian, the strength of a Slave, and the calm of a philosopher; and as to silence, which was so essentially necessary, there was not much danger of our breaking it. My guide, who was named Piotr (Peter), spoke nothing but Hungarian; he did not even know a word of German. We had no means of communication, therefore, but the language of signs, which was nearly sufficient for all purposes, rendering gossiping impossible, and, above all, making no noise.

As it was not late when we arrived at Marienthal, I commenced my first campaign that very evening, and got a shot at a stag, which my guide perceived with a sort of second sight by a small red speck that was just apparent through the thick branches of the trees. Not having made a pact *à la Freischutz*, I lodged my ball in one of the branches that covered the body of the animal. Piotr cut it quietly out of the wood with his knife, put it into his pocket, and by a sort of pantomimic action, tried to prove to me that, had it passed to the right or left of the obstacle, the animal would have been killed, as a consolation for returning with empty hands. The Prince, who had taken another direction (as two



stalkers rarely go out together), had not been more fortunate than myself, but remarked at supper that he would show me much better sport in the morning.

I had hardly composed myself into my first sleep, after reading some pages of a romance, when Piotr entered my room, cap in hand, and made signs to me respectfully to get up immediately. I jumped out upon the bear-skin, my eyes half opened, and dressed in haste by the light of a candle he had brought. It was exactly one o'clock in the morning. Our lantern went out after we had crossed the park, and we were left in total darkness. The obscurity was so complete that I could not distinguish a tree. I walked behind my guide, and, although he knew every inch of the way, and passed along it 365 times in the year, he had some difficulty in making out the road with certainty. We had passed a slate-mine, where the poor labourers, even more matutinal than ourselves, were already at work, and were gradually ascending the bottom of a narrow ravine near a torrent, the noise of which served us as a guide for our steps. In the most difficult places, Piotr always stopped to offer me his hand. At one time, indeed, when it was necessary to cross the torrent, he took me without ceremony upon his broad shoulders, and carrying a gun in each hand, we thus traversed the river.

In spite of these nocturnal difficulties, we arrived at our post one hour before daybreak. It was on the point of an ascent, where, on the first approach of day, we could perceive all the valley that lay at our feet, and the opposite slopes of the hills. The morning air was very cold, and the heavy clouds above our heads discharged a rainy mist of a moist, icy, and penetrating character. I was much heated by my walk and the ascent of the mountain, and the reaction of the cold was so great, in my present inactive position, that my teeth chattered, and I felt completely benumbed. The



good keeper took pity on me, and seemed to entreat me by the most pathetic gestures to return. He pointed out the threatening appearance of the sky, the road to the house, and even made a rude representation of my pillow on which I was so comfortably sleeping. His mute eloquence was, however, unsuccessful. I had not come 400 leagues for nothing, and seeing I had made up my mind to remain, Piotr was not long in making his own arrangements; and buttoning up his long grey coat, with green facings, close to the chin, he squeezed his huge person into a thicket, struck a light for his pipe, and soon a thick volume of smoke, issuing from his nest, gave it the appearance of a charcoal furnace. I remained, however, firm in my position, as a sentinel on duty, the wind whistling around me, and the rain falling in gutters from the corners of my shooting-cap. At the first gleam of twilight I perceived, or thought I could make out, for I could not well judge of the distance, a brown mass, which certainly was no shadow. I attempted to point my rifle, but could not distinguish the sight. To shoot at random was to risk all the chances of frightening any deer in the vicinity, for an uncertainty; besides, I had only a confused vision of the beast, and it might be one of those diminutive and half-wild horses which are suffered to range about the country. I abstained, therefore, from trying the dangerous experiment, and was rewarded for my pains. The daylight soon began to appear, and at the same time the rain ceased. Piotr issued from his lair, and leaving me standing as a sentry, went to make a reconnaissance of the surrounding country. He returned with a quickened pace in a few minutes, and by his animated gestures I saw he was the bearer of good news. Indeed, after having led me about fifty paces from the post I had quitted, he stretched his arm towards the opposite slopes, and directing my sight by the barrel of his carbine, pointed out the cause of his cheerful-

ness. It was a noble stag, in a position worthy of the pencil of an artist. He was standing in the midst of an open space, his head and neck extended upwards, and, notwithstanding the distance, we could count the numerous branches of his magnificent horns. Near him was a group of hinds and fawns. There he stood, the true sovereign of the forest. It was an easy and agreeable occupation to admire this beautiful group, but the most difficult part remained to be accomplished—to get within shot of the stag. By a long circuit, under cover of the woods, we might be enabled to approach much nearer to him, but even then we could not arrive within at least three gunshots, and the interval that separated us was a short coppice of a year's growth, where he was grazing with his seraglio, as if they were in a meadow. I lay down at full length on my left side, holding my rifle in the right hand, close to my body, and by the aid of my elbows and heels, glided gently through the wet grass like a snake. Two cuckoos, with their morning song, assisted to drown the slight rustling noise I made in my passage, and by dint of many scratches, and much perseverance, I managed to arrive within shot of the stag, who continued to graze without dreaming of coming danger.

I half raised myself, the light was favourable, no cover protected the victim, and taking steady aim I placed my ball just behind the shoulder. The poor beast made a tremendous bound upwards, and fell upon its head, uttering a low cry. He was stone dead. Piotr came running up breathless with joy, and proud of my success. We tied the four legs of the stag together, and, passing a long pole between them, carried him with much difficulty, one behind and the other before, to the house, where I was glad to return, tired, hungry, scratched all over, wet to the skin, and with a violent cold; but, at all events, I had killed a stag of ten branches in the Carpathian mountains.

Daily shooting excursions followed this, my first campaign in Hungary, and I will spare the reader the recital of the shots I missed, which were numerous, for novice as I was in this mode of shooting, I was always excited by the sight of a *red skin*, and fired too soon, or rather at too long a distance; nor need I relate all my successes, which comprised on one occasion two stags and a fawn; all I can safely say is, that I found the convent of Marienthal a terrestrial paradise—a beautiful country—a delightful residence—a cordial reception—a royal *chasse*—the best wines of Buda and Tokay—and the finest air in the world. *Centenaires* abound in this happy country, and if you are to believe all the stories you hear, some people do not die at all. It is there a sportsman might finish his days happily.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE CHASSE IN PRUSSIA, 1845 AND 1846.

AT Vienna I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of the Prince F.S——, who treated me with noble hospitality, and afforded me much excellent sport at his Chateau of Marienthal at the foot of the Carpathian mountains. The same good luck attended me at Berlin some short time subsequently, where I received the kind permission of the Comte de R—— to inhabit the chateau as long as I pleased, and sport over his forests of Lancke.

The journey was not long, as two-thirds of it were accomplished on the railway to Stettin, which connects Berlin with its seaport, and terminates the great line between the Baltic and Ostend.

The *chasse* in preparation for the following day did not commence, so far as I was concerned, under very happy auspices. I had passed a night of anguish and torture at the house of the Comte's bailiff, or intendant, not arising from any fears of tempests, robbers, or incendiaries, but still sleepless and wretched. The fact was, I had slept! no, I had occupied, a real Prussian bed; and as many of my readers are in all probability ignorant of what a Prussian bed consists, I will attempt the description for their information and guidance. A Prussian bed possesses neither mattress, sheet, or counterpane. Summer and winter two narrow, short "edredons" or sacks of down, enclosed in large pillow-cases, one above and the other below, compose the whole material of the sleeping accommodation. Upon going to bed it is necessary to glide carefully between those two feather-beds,



and to remain perfectly still and well doubled up, otherwise, upon the slightest movement, the upper covering is certain to roll off, exposing you to the cold, which is pretty severe in this country, or, owing to its extreme brevity, the legs project some distance beyond it, and suffer equally from exposure. Should you, however, be enabled on a first experiment, and by a careful adjustment of the limbs, to accomplish this sandwich-like position, buried between two mountains of feathers, you feel not only nearly suffocated, but undergo all the effects and sensations of a vapour-bath. In fact, like Milton's description of the infernal regions, you are ever between the extremes of heat and cold. No better illustration can be given of a patient under this treatment than an excellent one on this subject contained in that amusing little volume, Hood's *Up and Down the Rhine*, and no system for sweating down a jockey or a prize-fighter could, I imagine, be possibly more effective.

Weakened as much by the effects of this terrible night as by a two months' fever, I had scarcely strength enough left to carry my rifle. Happily, I had not much fatigue to undergo. We commenced operations by a species of sport, which, like a Prussian bed, has no resemblance to any other, and which takes place neither on foot or on horseback, but in a carriage, and is here called *purschen*. Two *chasseurs*, occupying the hind seat of a small double *char-à-banc*, and driven by a coachman, so that they can command each side of the road, are conducted through the woods without taking any other precaution than that of complete silence. A pipe or cigar, indeed, is not prohibited, without which no German could exist two hours together. Notwithstanding the noise of the wheels, and the crashing of the branches, this equipage causes less terror to the wild animals of the forest than the sight of a single human being. Shots are easily obtained in this manner at stags and roebucks, which the Germans

call *red game*; for the *black game*, wild boars, more savage and more cautious, remain concealed during the day in the most impenetrable thickets.

This mode of shooting is certainly one of the most agreeable that can be conceived. It has all the advantages of any other, without fatigue. The *purschen* was in fact a pleasant drive, and at this season of the year we enjoyed a sight of those splendid northern forests where, in addition to noble pine, larch, and fir trees, the oak, elm, and ash flourished in beautiful luxuriance; but, alas! no opportunity presented itself for a single shot. It was not from any scarcity of game, for we came across herds of deer and roe. It was not from any want of attention on our parts, for we were silent as Trappists, and our eyes keen as a hawk's upon his prey. No, the reason why we passed the morning without either killing or shooting at anything was an excess of gallantry.

The reader may perhaps imagine by this prelude that some young and pretty *Prussienne* had taken her place between us on the seat of the *char-à-banc*; no such agreeable episode, however, was the cause. The German *jagher* makes it a matter of conscience, a scrupulous point of honour, never to shoot at a female where males are to be found. Whoever infringes upon this law either from premeditation or imprudence, is not only subject to a heavy fine, but becomes an object of contempt and persiflage to his companions.

I admit that this forced abstinence was extremely tantalizing. Amongst all the animals we saw, none but the females came within shot. The males kept at a cowardly distance, or hid themselves behind their mates. Every now and then some elegant hind or doe boldly exposed herself to our fire, and, like a charming emissary of the god of Love, made our hearts beat with the temptation. One would have imagined that those Eves of the forest were aware of the privileges awarded to weakness and beauty. Although at the

first sound that met their ears, at the first sight of our rolling machine, they bounded away as if in fear, still, like true daughters of Eve, they stopped short with coquettish curiosity, and taking up the most graceful *pose* in the world, gave the sportsman an opportunity to admire their attractions, often repeating the same manœuvres, and similar to Virgil's Galatea, who fled towards the reeds, but at the same time wished to be admired, "*Et se cupit ante videri.*"

During this long drive we only met with two objects unconnected with the sport we were pursuing. One was a vast flock of sheep, which were cropping the young shoots of grass, more plentiful at this time in the woods than in the plain. The shepherd of the flock, wrapped in a woollen cloak with about thirty capes, was occupied in knitting a pair of stockings and smoking a long pipe. On one of his arms was suspended an earthen pot, containing his daily repast, and beneath the other he carried a large Bible—food for body and soul. The other *rencontre* was of a very different description, and by no means so flattering to the morals of the country. With the eyes of a hawk the keepers discovered a poor peasant who was loading a small wheelbarrow with dead leaves and branches. In a moment he was surrounded, seized, and his rake taken from him, to serve as a security for the fine which the offence was sure to be visited with. He could in no way have injured the proprietor, for he only took away objects of no value, to make a bed for his cow, and which in another country any one would have been permitted to make use of. It was in vain we pleaded in his favour. The forest laws in Prussia are inexorable. They told us that in this case the fine would be doubled, because the offence was committed on a Sunday. I could not help reflecting on the extreme injustice of this proceeding, or rather the two sides of the question. We, the rich and idle, had the privilege of slaying at our ease the wild animals of



the woods, and feasting upon their delicate flesh; the poor peasant was denied even the withered grass that these animals rejected. To us on the Sunday every pleasure was permitted; to him even necessary labour was forbidden. Alas! for human justice, when will it cease to be absurd and contradictory?

We had started at daybreak. A white frost covered the ground, and the sun had risen through a discoloured and misty atmosphere. It was an unlucky prognostic, for frost and sun together are bad omens, as far as the weather is concerned, and there was every appearance of rain towards the middle of the day. Indeed, we had scarcely taken our seats in the neat cottage of the keeper to breakfast on some sandwiches of sausages and bread-and-butter, with some excellent Bavarian beer, when some drops of rain, aided by a violent wind, beat against the windows. It was a just punishment of Providence, and a well-deserved vengeance for the poor peasant and his rake, and taught us that at all events the rain falls on rich and poor alike. We received the lesson with resignation, but our *chasse* was not put off on this account. Our intention after breakfast was to substitute small *battues* for the *purschen*. Three keepers only were the staff employed as beaters, if, indeed, a small dog, which was held in leash by one of them, did not pass for a fourth; he was called "Bellement," and his appearance was by no means flattering. I have no idea to what species or variety of the canine race he belonged; of a dingy brown colour, small, thin, with short ears, and lack-lustre eyes, he kept his tail between his legs, and trembled in all his limbs as if he had an intermittent fever. We set out in this manner—three shooters, three beaters, with the little dog into the bargain, and the *chasse* commenced at the very doors of the cottage.

Small as was the space we beat at one time, we



were very unfortunate in the positions we took up. We found game everywhere, and the sharp notes of "Bellement," who gave tongue two or three times upon a roebuck, and about twice as many on a stag, warned us to be prepared with both hand and eye. Nothing, however, broke cover near us; it was always either to the right or the left, behind or before, too soon or too late, never in the nick of time and place. Sometimes we distinguished in the distance that gentle gallop or rather canter over the dead leaves (*quadripedantem sonitum*) so welcome to the ears of a *chasseur*. The sound approaches—a form appears amongst the trees—our rifle is at the shoulder—the finger on the trigger, but alas! there are no more horns than on my hand—a hind or a doe! It was too provoking. The time sped onwards, the evening was approaching, and we had not fired a shot; but hope, which never leaves a man until death, does not abandon the sportsman until the close of night.

At length, from one beat to another, we arrived at a spot I recollected having noticed in the morning. It was a coppice of young pines, from eight to ten years old, and planted so near to each other that they almost resembled a palisade. I was posted in a narrow ride or path in the centre of this cover, and already distinguished the noise of the keepers approaching, and the strokes of their sticks upon the trees; already "Bellement" had arrived to warm himself between my legs. There was nothing to expect from this beat. The rain still continued to fall, not in violent showers, but with a slow and steady obstinacy. Leaning against a tree for a little shelter, and covering the locks of my rifle with the tail of my shooting-jacket, I rested sometimes on one leg, sometimes on the other, like a fowl on its perch, and, despairing of any sport, lit my cigar, and gave a free course to my reflections.

I was almost lost in reverie when I heard a slight move-

ment amongst the leaves just behind me, and, upon turning round, perceived an immense boar, that was cautiously passing the ride from an opposite direction into the very plantation we were in the act of beating. I quickly brought my rifle to the shoulder, and fired, when he disappeared in the recesses of the wood.

Although it was almost a guess shot, yet, as I had a full side-view of the *black game*, it took effect behind the ribs; still he continued his course as if untouched, but I was soon apprised by the sounds of "Bellement's" tongue, who had started valiantly in pursuit, that, instead of taking a straight line, he was making a circuit of the beat. He was evidently wounded, and I very soon perceived that he stood at bay. "Bellement" howled with all the fury and power of his lungs, and I made my way into the cover with all the force of my arms and legs. It was almost impossible, however, to effect a passage through this impenetrable plantation of pines. Like a swimmer, who husband his strength by swimming alternately upon his stomach and his back, I pushed my way into the thicket, sometimes in a forward, sometimes in a reversed attitude, but I tore my hands in vain; in vain I exposed my face to the rebound of the branches, with the expectation of leaving one of my eyes at the extremity of some thorn-bush. I advanced but miserably slowly, still I did advance, and, in spite of all the noise and confusion I created, the gigantic boar and the little dog were so much occupied with each other that they allowed me to approach close to them. I was now not above ten paces from the field of battle; "Bellement" was howling between my legs, and I could distinguish the hoarse grunting of the enemy at bay in a thicket close by. At length, either having perceived me, or understanding the powerful aid that had come to the dog, the boar beat a retreat. I observed a dark mass rushing through the forest, bending the young trees before it as

though they were so many reeds. I again brought the stock of my rifle to the shoulder, but not all my force and excitement was sufficient to raise the barrels, which remained entangled amongst the branches. The wounded animal again disappeared. I continued the pursuit. He had again passed the ride, and returned to his original retreat. "Bellement" followed, giving tongue in the most determined manner. He was now seen by one of my companions, who lodged two balls in his body without bringing him down. When I arrived, all out of breath with a fresh scramble through the wood, I found my friend re-charging his rifle in the ride, and pointing to a thicket where the animal was again at bay. Having approached nearer, what a spectacle greeted my eyes. With his back against the trunk of a tree, in the posture of the antique boar in the Florentine Gallery, with bristles standing on end, eye on fire, his head lowered, and his mouth covered with bloody foam, the boar was endeavouring to gore with his enormous tusks his feeble and contemptible enemy. On one side and the other, behind and before, "Bellement" redoubled his attacks, and a whole pack of hounds could not have done more. The poor dog, hitherto so small and insignificant, had become a positive hero. Covered also with blood, but the blood of his enemy, active both in the charge and the retreat, displaying a courage and determination only equalled by his skill in avoiding the tusks of his formidable adversary, he fastened on with his teeth to the thighs, neck, ears, and even the muzzle of the boar. I was at ten paces from the group, and afraid to fire, lest in the attempt I should wound the courageous little animal. At length, however, shaking the dog from him by a violent effort, the boar stood exposed, and my ball took effect full in the centre of the breast. He made one bound, and with an eye like a coal, rushed upon me, but had scarcely made the first effort when his strength failed him, and falling

upon his knees, he rolled over on his side, and very soon a convulsive movement in all his members announced his death.

"This is an old rascal that has often escaped us," exclaimed one of the keepers, who had recognised the animal. It was a *solitary* and very old boar, and, upon examining his tusks, sharp as a double-edged sword, we shuddered at the risks poor little "Bellement" had incurred. As to the dog, satisfied, but not vain of the victory, he was stretched upon the ground close to the monster, and quietly licking the blood from his feet and nose. The *char-à-banc* was sent for to carry away the body of the victim, with the addition of two roebucks which we added to our list; after which, on the same evening, furnished with a certificate in regular form as to the legitimate source of the game we carried with us, we repassed the gates of Berlin without being arrested as poachers, and forwarded the produce of the day's *chasse* to the *Compte de R*——, as in former days Meleager presented to the warlike Atalanta the head of the boar of Calydon.

There is a great charm in travelling through a country one has never before seen, but I consider that a greater still exists in revisiting scenes full of pleasant associations, and this pleasure awaited me in Prussia upon my second trip to Berlin. Once more I repaired to the village of Lancke, with its vast empty chateau, capable of holding a regiment of soldiers, its immense park, where an army might manœuvre, and its noble lakes and forests. I found the three gamekeepers at their posts, whose honest and cheerful faces were more easy to remember than their names, and last, though not really the least, the little "Bellement," my hero of the former year, concealing the heart of a lion beneath the modest appearance of a poor little dog. I was cordially received by the *Ober Forster*, an old soldier, with white hair and black moustachios, a true Prussian—grave, silent, rarely opening his



mouth, except to bite the stem of his pipe, but an excellent sportsman, and taking more care of the game under his charge than of the poultry in his own farm-yard.

Upon my arrival at Berlin I had heard some very unfavourable accounts of the sporting prospects for the coming season. An epidemic disease had attacked the larger species of game during the summer, particularly in the royal forests, more than four hundred carcasses of stags, hinds, and roe-deer had been found, and this terrible scourge had extended even to the wild boars and foxes; I shall not add wolves, which have been nearly as completely destroyed in Prussia as in England. All, however, had not perished, and the game of the *Compte de R——*, more fortunate than that of his Majesty, had to a certain extent escaped the grievous infliction. A proof of this I am about to relate. With a Russian nobleman as my companion, I started one morning with the *Ober Forster* in the old *char-à-banc* for the *chasse* called *purschen*, which I have previously explained. We had scarcely commenced our drive beneath the wide-spreading trees of the forest when we perceived in the distance a mass of red-coloured objects perfectly motionless, which less experienced eyes might have mistaken for branches covered with dead leaves. It was decidedly a herd of what the Germans denominate red game. By observing proper tactics, and beating up like a ship against the wind, we approached without disturbing the troop, and were able both to count and distinguish them. At first we could make out nothing but hinds, which successively raised their heads, made a bound or two, and then stopped to regard us with curiosity; at length one of the last of the herd, upon "lifting up his countenance," displayed a fine pair of antlers, garnished with six or seven branches. He was the happy sultan of this numerous seraglio, and to him alone were our attentions to be paid. A new manœuvre, and a circular march, conducted

with skill and prudence, brought us into close contact with him, that is to say, within a hundred yards: no great distance for a good rifle, when the target is the body of a red deer.

The object of our pursuit stood quietly inspecting our manœuvres, whilst the female squadron defiled off at a slow canter, as though he bore between his horns the miraculous vision which disarmed St. Hubert, and caused the dogs to fall on their knees in prayer.

My friend the Russian, who had done much execution amongst bears and wolves, had never in his life killed a stag in these temperate climates. I placed my good rifle in his hands, and pushed him gently out of the *char-à-banc*, which the horses continued to drag onwards at a snail's pace. When he was well established upon his legs, he took a steady aim at the stag, but with that kind of nervous emotion which the newspapers describe as inseparable from a first *début*. His ball lodged in the trunk of a young pine-tree, the splinters of which were scattered around, whilst the stag, with a bound which would have done honour to a Vestris, disappeared with his wives, his concubines, and his offspring. "Ah! my good friend," I exclaimed to the Muscovite, "what a pity it is there are any trees in the forest!" Thus finished our *purschen*—by a bad shot and a foolish speech.

After breakfast, as usual, we changed our mode of shooting to the *battue* with the keepers and the little dog, and I shall not exhaust the patience of the reader with a description of the numerous drives we made, where we saw nothing but hares and foxes, or, if we came upon any of the larger game, it was always of the female gender. Sufficient to relate that towards evening, upon leaving the forest, we arrived at a small hill in the midst of an amphitheatre of woods, and covered by a plantation of young pines. Placed with our backs to the forest and our faces to this eminence, we perceived the green foraging-caps of the keepers just

peeping above the tops of the cover, whilst "Bellement" was beating the hidden retreats beneath. Two foxes and three roedeer were successively viewed, but none of them came within shot of us; at length, at the extremity of a small ravine, immediately opposite, I observed some dark object suddenly issue, then return into the cover, and repeat the same manœuvre several times, as if undecided as to its movements. The sharp tongue of the little dog, however, soon put an end to the hesitation of this wandering phantom, and I beheld a large wild-boar, with head bowed and tail erect, galloping down the slope of the hill, and making for the forest on my right. I ran as hard as my legs would carry me to cut off his retreat, and finding myself distanced, fired almost in despair, but he only ran the faster, and disappeared beneath the beech-trees, the nuts of which he had been feasting upon. My shot was soon answered by two others at no great distance, and some plaintive sounds announced that these had been more fatal than my own. What I had taken for a boar was an old sow, who in her flight had abandoned a family of thirteen great *marcassins*, in fact, nearly half-grown pigs. The keepers had killed one. I pushed my way into the cover head foremost, and shortly another *marcassin* bolted nearly between my legs, but not being able to get a clear sight of it through the thickets, I fired in the direction of the moving branches, and the whole troop were soon scattered about in all directions, leaving us only a very small tithe of their number.

In the meantime "Bellement" had disappeared. We called, whistled, and fired in the air, but could hear nothing of him, nor could imagine what was become of him. We searched carefully around, halloed, whistled, and used the most caressing epithets, but no signs of the hound.

"Either the dog is killed," remarked one of the keepers, "or another *marcassin* is wounded."

Returning to the spot where I had fired at hazard, he searched the ground for any traces that might remain, and, after a careful examination of the dead leaves that were spread around, had not advanced above fifty paces when, with a keen intensity of vision, which none but a forest *jagher* could possess, he pointed out a small speck of blood upon a leaf. No doubt the animal was wounded. We followed upon the track, guided only by these slight indications, which re-appeared from time to time; but soon an impenetrable thicket presented itself, and the evening was closing in. What was to be done? Another keeper proposed, as a last resource, to return to the lodge, and bring back two pointers to search for poor "Bellement." The experiment was successful, and they soon discovered their lost companion, who was seated on the ground, close to the wounded *marcassin*. The latter, seeing the reinforcement that had arrived, managed to scramble upon his legs again, and make his way through the thicket. "Bellement" did the same, and the keepers informed me that they could observe them, at some distance further, stretched upon the ground together, more like two friends who had been travelling in company than mortal enemies. The night obliged us to beat a retreat, and to return with the two pointers. "Bellement," however, remained game to the last, and did not come back to the lodge until the following morning—nor, indeed, until the wounded animal had, as it were, breathed the last sigh in his arms, for the next day the body of the *marcassin* was found, pierced with a ball through the loins.

After this short preface I might conscientiously relate other adventures of the same kind, such as another wild-boar killed at bay, a stag brought down from a *char-à-banc*, or a day's sport, which consisted of four foxes, twenty hares, and nine roedeer, but had rather proceed to another description of shooting in Prussia on which I have not hitherto touched.



During the months when the partridge and pheasant-shooting is nearly over, and the ground is covered with continual frost, snow, and ice, the hare *battues* commence in Germany. I can only compare them to the periodical dragging of productive fish-ponds, for in this *chasse* profit is considered quite as much as pleasure. It is by this that the proprietors of the soil, or the renters of manors, make a revenue of their game; and this season of the year unites two advantages, being the least injurious to the reproduction of the species, and the best opportunity for disposing of it to the dealers, who (as it can be kept in a state of preservation for a long time) will give more for it than at any other period.

These *battues* are of two kinds; one in the woods, and the other, and most important, on the plains.

They are conducted in various ways; sometimes in the usual manner, the shooters on one side and the beaters advancing towards them on the other; sometimes by a peculiar mode called *kesseltreiben*, from *kessel* (a boiler) and *treiben* (to track), or a circular *battue*, and as to this—but in place of explaining it I shall rather describe one in which I took a part, and as they all resemble each other in the form, and only differ in the results, I shall take the first at which I was present, adding by way of parenthesis, *ex uno disce omnes*.

It was about the middle of December—a slight coating of snow, *avant courier* of a hard and severe winter, covered the roofs of Berlin and the surrounding country—I received a shooting invitation from a celebrated artist, a native of that city. The rendezvous was at the terminus of one of the five or six railways that run in all directions around the capital of Prussia. Our short journey was completed in a sufficiently short time to bring us to our ground just as the sluggish winter sun was appearing above the horizon. We did

not travel stretched upon the luxurious cushions of first-class carriages, but packed, to the number of about thirty persons, in a third-class wagon. We had, in fact, engaged a sort of special *convoi* to ourselves, which was to bring us back at night at a certain hour, and certainly this war-chariot, or moving block-house, poured out as much smoke through its open windows as the chimney of the locomotive, so many pipes and cigars were in a state of combustion. We were smoke-dried, like so many Westphalian hams, but fortunately no sparks fell upon our powder.

The beaters awaited our arrival at the rendezvous in numbers about equal to our own, and the two troops united, each formed into a battalion of close companies; an officer took the command, the proprietor of the *chasse* who had invited us. With a quick eye he measured the field of battle, fixed the extent, and marked out the limits.

By his orders two subordinate officers, chosen from each troop, set off to the right and left, converging by a semi-circular direction towards the point indicated for their junction. When these two *avant gardes* had advanced fifty paces from the group, two others were despatched upon their traces successively, and at the same distance; after a shooter a beater, and after a beater a shooter. The two processions thus gently extended their flanks, and, when the circle was formed, a signal was given by the chief to halt. Every one obeys: right face! left face! and all the members composing the great circle find themselves opposite to each other, intermixed with the beaters, who are hallooing at the utmost extent of their lungs, and sounding a sort of rattle they carry with them. The whole party march gently forwards towards the interior of the circle, which, when it gets so much concentrated that shooting becomes dangerous, a halt is again called by the commandant, and the beaters alone advance towards the centre, the sportsmen remaining

stationary, and only firing at such hares as pass through their ranks on the other side.

I really cannot say, as to the results, whether this form of *battue* is preferable to the other, but all I can judge of, from my own experience, is, that it is much more amusing, and that the *kessel* is a vast amphitheatre where each performer exhibits and takes a part in the drama. In these vast plains, without trees, without hedges, or even bushes, everything is visible. One observes the poor hares leap from their forms upon the white surface of the ground, running here and there within the circle by which they are enclosed, crossing and jostling each other, and, at length, making a last effort at full speed, with their ears thrown back close to the skin, to break the line of their assailants. Every shot is also *coram populo*, no resources for the braggart, not even the usual excuses, "I have hit him!" "I have fired at too long a distance!" "My gun hung fire!" One can conscientiously admire the good shots, and laugh at the bad ones.

After one *battue* was finished another commenced, and so on as long as our ground lasted and the sun shone on our operations; but in the middle of the day the party united around another *kessel*. An excellent luncheon awaited us in a small pine plantation which crowned a gentle eminence. Cold meat, pies, cakes, fruits, wines of France and Germany, were spread upon a rustic table, an immense kettle smoked hard-by, filled with potatoes *en robe de chambre*, the true luxury of sportsmen, where each of us, furnished with bread, butter, and salt, commenced the lining of his stomach; after which the beaters, each taking from his pocket a huge slice of black bread, arranged themselves in their turn around the inexhaustible kettle. The remains were thrown to the dogs which always accompany these expeditions to follow and retrieve the wounded hares that escape beyond

the circles after each *battue*. Our camp presented a very animated and picturesque scene—the group of *chasseurs* and beaters, the dogs ranged in couples, the guns piled up, the game in heaps, the wagon for its conveyance, the table, &c., lighted up by the pale rays of the sun shining through the dark branches of the pines, and causing the white surface of the earth to sparkle like so many diamonds.

Very amusing in itself, our *chasse* was intermixed with certain episodes which added something to our entertainment. Amongst the party was a young Nimrod, very rich, it was said, very noble, but which did not prevent his being very *green*! This is often the case; and, if we are to believe Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the great advantages the law of entail possesses in England is, that it only makes one fool in a family. This living proof of the rash assertion of the celebrated author of “*Rasselas*” had brought with him, for the purpose of shooting hares, a pouch filled with large buck-shot. He asked his next neighbour on the right, who happened to be mine on the left, how many shot were sufficient for a charge. This gentleman, trembling for his legs at the sight of such bullets, answered laconically—Sixty. Immediately the young Baron commenced counting, with as much religious exactitude as a monk would the grains of his chaplet, sixty chevrotines, which he dropped, one after the other, into the barrel of a gun, the calibre of which was not as large as the circumference of my little finger, upon a very small charge of powder. Upon our mutual neighbour relating this circumstance to me, I advised him to be prepared to perform double duty, or to fill up the gap that would be occasioned by the bursting of the Baron’s fowling-piece, which, if it exploded, would be inevitable.

At the risk of tiring my readers, I shall relate a *battue* of a different description, to which I had the good fortune to be invited shortly after the former one.



The Princess of S—— possessed at G—— one of the most important seigneurial estates in Prussia. It is situated not far from Frankfort-upon-the-Oder, in a rich valley watered by this river—rich, indeed, in comparison to the sandy steppes of the Spree which surround Berlin in all directions. These plains are named the marshes of the Oder (*Oder Bruch*). Immense herds of horses, cattle, and sheep graze upon them, and the value of the property is calculated by the number of beasts, as in Russia by the heads of peasants and the number of souls. The Princess possessed more than six thousand sheep, which would require a great extent of land. The soil was also favourable to many kinds of agricultural produce, and, although the snow was deep—for we were now at the end of December—we could distinguish here and there, by their bare and dried stalks, several large plantations of tobacco, the leaves of which had already been employed in the fabrication of Havannah and other cigars in the Government manufactory. But I rather think the marshes of the Oder are more famous for their hares than their cigars. The great annual *battues* that take place at G—— may well be called royal, and the more so as the king often takes a part in them, without any pomp or pretension, mixing up with the *chasseurs* like brother-sportsmen, or equals. The *chasse* possesses the same privileges as love and death—it annuls all distinctions. This year, however, affairs of state detained his Majesty at Berlin, but the Prince of Prussia, his eldest brother, had accepted the invitation which was sent to him, together with many other persons of distinction, and some strangers, amongst whom I had the good fortune, through the interest of a friend, to be included. We were received by the Princess and the Comte de S——, her husband, in the most amiable manner, and with splendid hospitality.

Upon arriving at nightfall at the chateau, many of the guests who had preceded us had amused themselves during

the day with a little preliminary shooting, and had killed two hundred and eight hares. Obligated, in order not to keep the party waiting, to leave Berlin at midnight, in spite of the rigour of the season, the Prince of Prussia arrived punctually at the hour of breakfast on the following morning, and very shortly afterwards the whole army that formed the *cortége* commenced its march into the country. We numbered more than sixty guns and three hundred beaters. Each of the latter carried his number attached to his button-hole, and a rattle in his hand. They were divided into two equal troops, commanded by a general in green uniform, who, galloping at their head and along the line, gave the orders and signals for their manœuvres, all the different *battues* having been measured and marked out beforehand. Whilst one division of beaters were occupied with loud shouts in tracking the space assigned to them, another marched in silence to the spot where the next *battue* was to take place, and arranged themselves in a semicircular form along the line of their position. In this manner the sportsmen passed, without losing time, from one place to another, and the *battues* succeeded each other with as much celerity as good order; added to this, a military band belonging to the Princess followed the *chasseurs*, and, posted behind the line of battle, intermixed the music of waltzes and marches with the incessant reports of our guns. Never did I witness such preparations for a *chasse*, or one so well-conducted and so successful.

We had quitted the chateau at eleven o'clock, and the night soon closes in here at the end of December; still, in less than four hours, we had killed three hundred and sixty-six hares. The next day another shooting-party took place, which commenced earlier, finished sooner, and occupied about the same space of time. This was not on the plains, but in the small woods that surrounded them. More than

half of the guests had quitted the chateau, and two-thirds of the beaters had been dismissed, but we brought back a hundred and sixty-two hares, besides three foxes and two roedeer. Thus, during three short days' sport, we had bagged a sum total of seven hundred and thirty-six hares, which number, when the wounded that had been picked up afterwards were added, might easily be augmented to eight hundred. Still, this was considered a very unfavourable result, and much inferior to some years; indeed, our noble hosts almost asked pardon of their guests for the bad sport they had shown them. Such frequent massacres, such "Sicilian Vespers," are sufficient, I should have imagined, to destroy the whole race of hares in the country. But besides the number of shots missed in one of these *battues*, a circumstance occurs in alleviation of the general carnage, and opens a gate of comparative safety to the poor animals. When the shouts of the beaters and the noise of their rattles are in full operation, after some moments of hesitation, crossing, jostling, and running about in contrary directions, they soon form into little troops, like sheep in files, and taking one direction, attempt to break through the line or circle at a particular point, so that the two *chasseurs* between whom they pass, after having fired their two barrels each—or four if they have a spare gun—are left *hors de combat*, and the mass of hares have escaped.

It is a curious and singular sight at first, but soon loses its charm; one takes pity on the miserable animals, massacred in this wholesale manner, which are seen struggling in the agonies of death in all directions, and whose piercing cries are mixed up with the sound of the music and the beaters. Besides, it is accompanied with no exercise, no fatigue, no variety! It cannot be called sport, and it is quite sufficient to witness it once during a year. Eight hundred hares appear rather a heavy bag, but during dinner

on the preceding evening I heard the Prince of Prussia mention that three weeks previously, in Prussian Saxony, during two *battues*, which had lasted five hours, the king and his *suite* had killed one thousand three hundred and sixty-seven hares. Another day, sixty-eight wild-boars; and upon another occasion, I forget how many stags and fallow-deer; but the last *chasse* was remarkable from a curious incident. In the first drive they came upon a herd of deer so numerous and so compact, that the king, firing into the midst of them, had killed three fallow-deer with his first barrel, and two with the other!

By way of citing one more instance of the quantity of game sometimes killed in one day in a royal *chasse* in Germany, I shall transcribe the official list of several that took place during the month of October, 1847, in the domains of the Emperor of Austria, and at which Lord W——, our minister at the Court of Vienna, was present. The invitations for these Imperial shooting-parties are imprinted on large cards, on one side of which is inscribed the rendezvous, the day, and the nature of the *chasse*, and on the other is traced a small map, which gives a very good idea of the topography of the ground. These shooting-parties lasted three days, and were of three different descriptions. The first, with pointers only, took place on the plains of Laxemburg, and below I have transcribed a note of the game killed and bagged in less than three hours.

Pheasants . . . . .	559
Partridges . . . . .	1514
Hares . . . . .	8
Rabbits . . . . .	1
Hawks . . . . .	1
Owls . . . . .	1

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Total . . . . . 2084



The second was a *battue* on the plain of Schekatt—

Hares . . . . .	1118
Partridges . . . . .	172
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Total . . . . .	1290

The third *chasse* was a *battue* in one of the woods of the park, with rifles only, and the game of the largest description.

Stags . . . . .	36
Hinds . . . . .	48
Wild-boars . . . . .	22
Mouflons . . . . .	4
	<hr/>
Total . . . . .	110

But the next day, after having retrieved the wounded beasts, the number amounted to one hundred and sixty-seven. To those who refuse to believe in these calculations, I shall simply say, go and judge for yourselves; or, still better, if possible, get invited, (and if you happen to be a sovereign prince, an ambassador, or, above all, a rich banker, perhaps you may succeed,) and do me the justice to say that I have been the means of procuring you an enjoyment, the *souvenir* of which will remain implanted in your memory for the remainder of your life.

After winter comes the spring—after Berlin, Dresden. When one has admired every day for a whole week the “Madonna” of Raphael, the “Virgin” of Holbein, the “Night” of Correggio, and all the wonders of the gallery of Augustus III.—when the library has been visited, the collection of armour, and the curiosities of the *Grüne Gewölbe* explored, it is time to leave Dresden, to follow the banks of the soft-flowing river, and inspect the fertile plains and beautiful amphitheatre of mountains that surround it. I addressed one of

the chief merchants of the city with my usual question, "Is there any shooting to be had?" "Impossible!" he replied, at the same time seizing one of my wrists with a grasp sufficiently strong to destroy the last spark of hope; "at the end of May there is no shooting, except the larger kind of game." "Well?"—"And that is only found in the royal forests." "Well?"—"Permission must be obtained." "Well?" Here the merchant made a long pause, and looking at me with mute astonishment, replied, with accents of pity, "What are you thinking about, my dear sir? Why, you are not even a baron!"

I was more fortunate in the following month of November, just at the moment when the winter *chasse* begins. Almost in the centre of the vast German empire, Saxony unites to simple manners and ancient hospitality a very extensive knowledge of agriculture and different branches of industry. That most difficult of problems, how to live well and at the same time economically, can be here realized. Of all the countries through which I have travelled, I should say that Saxony (including all classes) is the most prosperous and happy, as Ireland is decidedly the most miserable.

This time I was not likely to receive the same answer I did on a former occasion, as the *chasse*, under certain restrictions, was open to everybody. I addressed, therefore, the same question to the same individual, and the following day, with an air of quiet satisfaction, he placed in my hands a sheet of paper, regularly signed and sealed, which contained five permissions to shoot over five *chasses royales*. I was delighted. I beheld myself in imagination amidst herds of deer and troops of boars in the royal parks; but alas! we must never judge by appearances. These permissions were for the open plains only, where nothing but partridges and hares were to be found; besides, the hares were royal property, so that the partridges only remained,

of which I might kill as many as I pleased; but, in the month of November, when the ground is as bare as the palm of your hand, permission to shoot partridges seemed very much like a mockery, or, at all events, a very bad joke. The Germans, however, are too matter-of-fact a people, and far too kind, to laugh at strangers. The merchant who obtained the permission, and the Government functionary who gave it, knew very well what they were about, and, although the centre of the cantons was most religiously preserved for his Saxon majesty, bad luck to the hares that strayed to the borders.

One of the great advantages resulting from my five permissions was the proximity of the ground. The five cantons are at the very gates of Dresden, on the left bank of the Elbe, and I could get to my ground in a drosky, or fiacre, for the modest sum of ten groschen. A young under-keeper was sent to conduct us (my friend and myself), who had still all the privileges of a superior officer, for he carried a very good gun, a prize which he had taken from some delinquent, and one of three, according to his own account, he had seized from sportsmen shooting without permission; in Germany the keepers being permitted to disarm all persons found under similar circumstances, which is generally the only penalty inflicted.

I started seven hares in the first field I set foot in, and my companion about the same number, but we were in the midst of the king's preserves, and surrounded by eyes and ears. It must not be understood by this that the King of Saxony is a sort of feudal tyrant, who owns in his proper person all the soil in his kingdom—far from it. The old king, father of the reigning prince, had made a gift to the state of all the domains of the crown, reserving to himself a very small civil list, and leaving himself at the mercy of his subjects; an example rarely followed. Still he had retained some of the ancient prerogatives of the crown, and amongst them the

right of *chasse* over a great part of the lands of his subjects, and particularly all the country, including a large circumference, in the immediate neighbourhood of Dresden. The King of Prussia possesses the same privileges over nearly the whole of Germany; the right of shooting is separated from the proprietorship of the soil, and the state lets out for hire the shootings over forest, plain, and marsh, as a part of the revenues of the crown. At the termination of the plain we arrived at some charming slopes, where thick bushes were scattered over the almost naked rocks. These banks were very steep at the end of the valley, and bordering a rapid torrent, but the bushes were the favourite retreat of many hares and foxes. The keeper and his dog, scrambling with much difficulty along the sides, drove the game upwards towards us on the summit of the rocks. It was a very singular position. The wide valley beneath our feet, the hills in front, and the river in the background, formed a curious panorama. We enjoyed a fine view, a good walk, and excellent sport, having filled an immense wicker-basket with hares and partridges, that a vigorous peasant, who accompanied us, carried on his shoulders. We made several excursions of the same description, and each time, on our departure, the man with the basket emptied its contents before us, like a poulterer displaying his stock to tempt us to make purchases. The game, in fact, here, as everywhere else in Germany, belongs to the proprietor of the *chasse*, and the shooter can only take away what quantity he pleases by paying a certain fixed price per head. This custom may be rather repugnant to our own feelings, but where it is established I cannot help approving of it. First of all, it is just, and very convenient for strangers, as it puts them at their ease, and does away with the obligation they would otherwise incur when requesting permission to sport over the lands of casual acquaintances.

From Dresden I floated down the Elbe to Hamburg, one



of the most sumptuous and richest cities in the world, and certainly the finest in the north of Europe. It is a proof of that somewhat paradoxical fact, the utility of great fires. Nothing, in fact, is a more effective method of beautifying and improving a city than burning it down. Such was the case with London in 1666, Moscow in 1812, and Hamburg in 1842. Since the great fire, Hamburg seems not only to comprise two cities, but two cities of different nations and different periods. The old one, with its tortuous canals, crenelated roofs, and multitude of windows, is completely Dutch, and reminds us of the middle ages. The new one, on the contrary, with its broad, straight streets, and its large brick houses, is altogether modern English.

Hamburg is not only a handsome, rich, and flourishing city, but it is also a free city—perhaps to this last epithet she owes the former three. Very different from her sister Frankfort-on-the-Maine, completely under the control of Austria and the Germanic Diet, their edicts do not extend to the north of the Elbe, and this Venice of the north is a true republic, a true democracy, without court, without nobility, and without privileges.

Twenty-four senators are elected from amongst the most distinguished persons in the city, and form the government, the administration, and the high courts of justice. Fifteen tribunes of the people, chosen by the five parishes of the city, under the name of *ober alten*, regulate and control the authority of the senate; four syndics, who exercise the functions as responsible ministers of the interior, finance, justice, and the army and navy; four burgomasters, who hold the executive power. Such is the simple, solid, and regular organization of this primitive government.

Hamburg owes much of her prosperity to the weakness and rivalry of the little states that surround her, and to the necessity felt by both England and Russia of protecting this

great commercial port as a means of conveyance for their products over the whole of Germany.

But all this is little to the purpose of my subject—the *chasse*. What sport is to be had in a town without any surrounding country, whose frontiers are the end of the streets?—a city confined between two rivers, and almost close to the sea, not even, as I had reason to hope, any marshes,—for the Elbe and the Ester, frozen over half the year, are covered with wagons instead of boats; admirable country for sledges and skaters, but sad and desolate for sportsmen, fishermen, and other amphibious creatures. But what cannot riches effect? Hamburg possesses no territory, but her merchant princes, by virtue of their gold, make use of the lands of their neighbours; they hire vast tracts of shooting ground in Mecklenburg, Denmark, and Hanover. If they felt disposed they could purchase the two Duchies and the two kingdoms. I had scarcely expressed my wishes to an opulent resident of the place, when I received several invitations, given with the most cordial affability. I soon perceived that if English habits and customs are prevalent almost everywhere in Hamburg, in the city itself, in the charming villas which surround it, and which resemble those on the banks of the Thames, still that on one point, one point alone, she has remained firm in her attachment to her old national traditions. The *chasse*—dogs, guns, and the usages of the *chasse*—are all German! This contradiction, or rather exception, exciting my curiosity, I discovered, by questions and otherwise, why *battue*-shooting in Germany is the only method in favour of making war against the whole host of game quadrupeds, from the humble hare to the royal stag. The simple reason why the Germans deprive themselves of the noblest of all kinds of sport, that of hunting the king of the forest, or other beasts, with all the accessories of hounds, horns, and horsemen, is that this species of *chasse*

not only frightens all the game in a canton, but drives it away, from the preserves to other districts, whereas the *battue*, less noisy, and circumscribed at will, does not disturb the whole population of a forest.

Our first *chasse*, which was a *battue* on the plains, took place in the Duchy of Holstein. To arrive at our ground we had to traverse Altona, the twin-sister of Hamburg, and only separated by the Faubourg of St. Paul, so well known to sailors of all nations, who, upon their return from their voyages, dissipate the greater part of their earnings upon the violins and Circes with which this celebrated quarter abounds. We were stopped some time at the gates of Hamburg, which are opened at seven o'clock in the morning, by an interminable funeral procession, one of those sumptuous interments quite peculiar to this city, and conducted with a ruinous, useless, and absurd expense.

Notwithstanding this sinister augury, our sport was excellent. In the middle of the day we were invited to a splendid luncheon, spread in a village cottage. The cottage, like most others in this country, was a model of cleanliness and neatness, a circumstance that confirmed me in a conclusion I have long formed in my own mind, which is, that the inhabitants of the sea-coast, in almost all countries, are more careful and neat, with regard to taking care of their homes, than those of the interior. We returned with about fifty hares and several foxes.

I was shortly afterwards present at another shooting-party. This took place near the centre of the province of Holstein, which may be compared to an omelette, the sides of which are more savoury than the middle. Although the frontiers are fertile, and contain a large population, the centre is a wide desert of fir-trees, sand, and heath, and contains only a few scattered villages. At the *chasse*, however, to which we were invited, and which was in the forests of the

King of Denmark, we did not perceive any want of population, for at the rendezvous, which was a solitary cabin, we found an army of beaters more numerous than those I have before mentioned at the Princess of G——'s, in Prussia. Their number astonished me, and the explanation of the cause still more. At the very gates of a free town, I understood that when the *chasse* in the royal forests of Denmark was duly proclaimed by the appointed officers, and for the profit of their master, the beaters are summoned by requisition, and arrive from all points of the compass without receiving either pay or food.

Another singular circumstance connected with this day remains implanted in my memory. When we had arrived at the entrance of the first wood we were about to drive, and the poor conscript-beaters were sent to take up their posts, the sportsmen arranged themselves in a circle round the *ober forster* who commanded the double army. Having mounted a small eminence, he read with a loud voice, from a paper which he held in his hand, the laws and ordinances of the *chasse*, in very nearly these terms :—

“A fine of eight schellings\* will be levied from each chasseur who does not put himself in communication with his neighbours to the right and the left before the *battue* commences, that he may both see them and be seen by them.

“A fine of one mark against each individual who does not carry his gun in a horizontal position over the shoulder whilst marching in company.

“A fine of three marks twelve schellings from any one who is perceived to have his gun cocked whilst in company with others.”

This comprises the first clause of the regulations, and

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\* The schelling is not quite twopence; sixteen make a mark-current, and twenty a mark-banco.



really there is nothing to find fault with in it. The second part of the forest law may be also fraught with some beneficial results, such as to enforce much more care and attention, but at the same time very advantageous to his Danish Majesty, or his agents.

A fine of two schellings is pronounced for each shot that misses a hare.

A fine of four schellings for a fox.

A fine of three marks ditto for a stag or a roebuck. No excuses, such as wounding them, &c., are admitted; the game must be produced, or the fine paid.

And lastly, a fine of one golden Frederic, the largest in amount of the penal code, against any sportsman who, by accident or design, shoots at a hind or a doe, whether or not he hits or misses.

Bearers of guns or rattles, voluntary soldiers or impressed conscripts, we all faithfully executed the manœuvres prescribed by our general-in-chief, so much so, indeed, that the night had set in before the last *battue* was over. This, they said, was the best, but what good was to be done when it was impossible to descry the form of a hare trotting through the wood, or scarcely the sights of our guns? I could just see a troop of roedeer gallop by me with no other effect than adding a little to my animal pulsation, but very soon afterwards I heard a slower and much firmer step advancing towards me; a larger shadow became apparent, and a slight moonbeam glancing through the branches fell upon the huge antlers of a noble stag that was gently moving through the trees, and only a few paces from me. I slipped down upon my knees, and having neither ball nor rifle, but simply my double-gun loaded with swan-shot, I awaited till he turned his head a little on one side, and then gave him the contents of both barrels in the neck. He fell stone dead, with no other movement than a contraction of the legs, and

no other sound than a deep-drawn breath, in which his last sigh passed away.

Soon afterwards a general discharge of guns in the air took place. The *oberforster* dismissed his recruits, who made their escape like so many schoolboys after lessons. The game was heaped up together, the fines paid, which were only for shots missed, when he received our thanks and bid us adieu, but, before departing, he once more ascended a bank, and read us the bulletin of the campaign.

“Chasseurs and beaters, I am satisfied with you. You have all done your duty. The enemy’s line is broken, and they are retreating in all directions. Two stags, five roebucks, eleven foxes, and more than fifty hares are the trophies of this memorable day.”

Upon returning to Berlin, after leaving Hamburg, and recalling to mind the numerous promises of shooting invitations I had made to me previous to my departure, I expected to meet with excellent sport for the remainder of the winter. Indeed, upon my arrival I heard nothing but wonderful accounts of the success of my friends and acquaintances. One had just returned from Silesia, where he had killed in two days eighty-eight hares; another from Hanover, where he had killed, in six days, a hundred and seven foxes;—truly a prodigious number. And at a certain butcher’s shop opposite my lodgings I daily witnessed the arrivals of cart-loads of half-frozen stags and roebucks; but all this was the shadow without the reality. Not that these promises were made without the intention of fulfilling them, and with the best intentions, but in Germany nothing is done in a hurry, and there were many reasons for the delay. In the first place, the intense severity of the cold, the thermometer marking every morning sixteen degrees Reaumur, and no one daring to expose his nose or his fingers. The “grippe,” or influenza, which was also exercising its ravages over the

whole population of the city, and few families escaped the infliction. Prior engagements, affairs, difficulty in making arrangements for a party; in fact, if you wish to have everything ready for a shooting expedition in January at Berlin, the best plan is to go there in the month of September, and I had only arrived a little after Christmas.

One evening, upon returning to my lodgings, I found upon my table an oval piece of pasteboard, about the size of both my hands, together with the visiting card of the Prince de C——, grand huntsman to the crown of Prussia. Upon the top of the pasteboard were engraved different trophies of the chase, surmounted by the head of St. Hubert's stag, carrying a luminous cross between his horns, and in the centre an invitation for a royal *chasse* on the following day, including a description of the nature of the game, the canton, the rendezvous, the hour of departure as well as that of return, and the means of conveyance. Nothing was deficient, and my own name appeared at the bottom of the document. I could not divine by whose intercession I was so fortunate as to receive this invitation, but did not sleep much during the night, fearing that the cold would prevent my awakening in time, and arrived at the railway station before the office was open. Our *chasse* was situated on the road to Silesia, by Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and carriages awaited us at the station to convey us rapidly to our ground, and indeed waited upon us during the day to transport us from one track to another. The manœuvres were conducted by the grand huntsman in person, none of the royal family being present, but all was organized exactly in the same manner as if such had been the case. Tickets for the different posts were drawn in a lottery by each chasseur, and with the number contained a list of wise and prudent instructions as to what precautions to take to avoid accidents. The officers of the chase, of all ranks, on horseback and in full uniform, took

the command of the army of beaters, who were, however, well paid for their services, and carried their numbers suspended from the neck in large characters.

Trumpeters and horn-players marched along the flanks of the troop, to give the signal for departure, to mark the extremity of the beat, and keep the beaters in line. A vast number of hares were destroyed, but no other species of game. Three days subsequently I received a second invitation to a *chasse* at Copnick, near Berlin. The ground was a series of small plantations in the midst of fields. There was neither red or black game, but only what is termed mixed. Still, at the end of the day, we might have erected a large tumulus with the trophies of our sport. The carts carried away twenty roebucks, sixteen foxes, one hundred and thirty-three hares, and a partridge.

The king and the princes were present at the third *chasse*, which took place in the plains of Lichtenburg, at the gates of Berlin. This was a round *battue*, or *kessel-treiben*, which I have formerly described. Those invited formed a group of about forty shooters, and a whole battalion of the royal Guards acted as beaters. This plain had not been shot upon for five or six years, and the knowing ones prognosticated that the *chasse* would be a failure, because the greater part of the hares would have betaken themselves to the woods; but, notwithstanding this prophecy, the sport was good, although very short,—circumscribed, indeed, between a late breakfast and an early dinner, and only composed of two *battues*. In the first, three hundred and ninety-three hares were killed; in the second, two hundred and forty-eight; making a sum total of six hundred and forty-one, without counting the wounded and those picked up afterwards.

The first *battue*, during which a prodigious quantity of hares were seen, would have been more productive, or rather more destructive, if Heaven (protector of innocence)



had not taken the part of the poor animals. At the moment of its commencement, a fine but penetrating storm of snow, accompanied by a north wind, covered our persons, and not only half-blinded us, but thoroughly wetted both ourselves and our guns, and whilst every one was firing almost by chance, without judging of the distance, not more than one-half of the guns exploded. Still, considering that not one person killed a tenth of what he fired at, the execution was enormous.

I have already given my opinion of these *battues*. They are regular massacres, which it is quite enough to witness once or twice a year. One agreeable spectacle attending this—the last at which I was present in Prussia—was the gracious affability of the king and royal family to every one. They conversed in the most familiar manner with all present—sportsmen, soldiers, and peasants, without being recognised by any of them, and with nothing in their dress or appearance to lead to such recognition. The other magnates present followed their example; generals, ambassadors, counts, dukes, and princes had each drawn their number in the lottery, and each occupied the place assigned to him. As I before observed, the *chasse* levels all conditions, and this is more evident in Germany than in any other part of the world.

## CHAPTER XXII.

GUINEA-FOWL SHOOTING IN THE ISLAND OF BRAVA, CAPE DE VERD  
ISLANDS, 1853.

THE morning was as bright in the early spring of 1852, and the sky as radiant, as any one that these tropical islands could boast of, still the Trade breezes that blow almost continually in these latitudes fanned the surface of the ocean, and considerably moderated what otherwise might have been considered oppressive heat. The good schooner *Vibilia*, in which I was a passenger to Australia, was swinging to her anchor in the quiet little harbour of Brava, and at a very short distance from her lay a small Portuguese man-of-war corvette, an acquaintance with the officers of which vessel I had made in the following singular manner:—

Upon our arrival and anchoring the previous day I observed a number of large falcons hovering about, and darting down upon every stray object that floated from the few vessels then in the harbour. I could not resist the opportunity that offered itself of getting a shot at one of these miniature eagles, and was not long in winging one, which, to my great annoyance, fell straight upon the person of a Portuguese officer who was sitting upon the deck of the above-mentioned corvette in a sort of dreamy abstraction, with his cup of coffee beside him and his cigar in his mouth, upsetting the former, and evidently very much disturbing the equanimity of the latter. I was not long in jumping into our boat, which was alongside, and on my way to apologize for the inadvertent rudeness I had committed. My apologies were not only received in good part, but an acquaintance and inter-

change of civilities arose in consequence, which very much added to my pleasure during the few days we remained on the island.

Amongst other courtesies, as they saw I was a *chasseur* (our conversation was carried on in French) from the adventure of the falcon, they invited me to accompany them the following day on an expedition to shoot guinea-fowl, which I need not say I was delighted to accede to.

This island, about twelve miles in circumference, is the last of the Cape de Verd group, and situated within a short distance, and nearly opposite the volcano of Fogo. It rises to the height of nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and on every side the land presents a brown volcanic appearance, with no signs of verdure or cultivation. The stranger, however, who has an opportunity of exploring the hidden recesses of the interior, will be most agreeably disappointed, and confess, perhaps, that amidst these arid and barren mountains he has witnessed an oasis rarely if ever equalled in richness and beauty; or at least such was my impression upon penetrating, or rather ascending to the summit, of the island, in company with a merry party, and by paths and tracks I verily believe inaccessible to any animal but a donkey by long experience accustomed to the locality. Such, indeed, was our mode of travelling, and more wonderful specimens of the asinine genus I suspect were rarely collected together.

After clambering up more than two thousand feet of the mountain side, through the most rugged and impracticable paths, and meeting many similar specimens of our own steeds descending, loaded with water-skins, fruit, vegetables, poultry, and pigs, the character of the soil began to change, and instead of the dry, rocky, and volcanic surface, to be everywhere covered with a thick creeper of beans or scarlet-runners, furnishing that universal Spanish and Portuguese

delicacy, which, with its accompaniment of garlic and oil, is called *frijolos*, with here and there patches of Indian corn. Presently we arrived at a sort of crater or huge basin at nearly the summit of the island, embracing several miles of circumference, and in which, embosomed in the most luxuriant tropical shrubs and fruit-trees of all descriptions, was situated the town or capital of Brava.

The whole citron family, from the smallest mandarin orange to the largest shaddock, and which were at this period in full ripe maturity, and bearing down the branches with their weight and luxuriance, shed a golden lustre over the dark foliage of the coffee, guava, arbutus, and other shrubs. White cottages, with green windows and verandahs, were visible here and there, and now and then a building of superior pretensions, in the midst of a forest of orange-trees, signalized the presence of some of the wealthy inhabitants of these islands in this enchanting spot. The atmosphere, considering that we were only fourteen degrees from the equator, was delightfully fresh and invigorating, and laden with the perfume of fruits and flowers. In fact, this place, from its superior salubrity over all the other and more important islands of the group, was the occasional and favourite residence of the governor, bishop, and other authorities of the Cape de Verds, and the two former were residing there at this period.

Our donkeys, which seemed to know their own way, requiring no guidance of ours, and were quite as much at home amidst the umbrageous labyrinths of the valley as they were on the precipitous sides of the mountain, conducted us straight to the *casa* or villa of the hospitable Captain of the Port, as he was termed *par complaisance*; as from the few vessels that touched there I should imagine his duties were not very onerous, and must have been rather confined to the cultivation of his oranges, vines, coffee, and other produce of



his pretty little domain. A diminutive, fat, and very dark elderly gentleman, in a very loose white costume, received us at the gate, shook hands with us all round, and, without wasting any time on words, ushered us through a perfect bower of orange-trees, which, indeed, completely overshadowed it, into the interior of the *casa*. Here, in a neat whitewashed apartment, with the invariable green window-frames and blinds, the board was laid out, and upon which shortly made its appearance a vast soup-tureen, the contents of which, as far as I was able to investigate, were composed chiefly of grease, garlic, and raisins, and gave me no very exalted idea of our host's *cuisine*. In this, however, I was doomed to be agreeably deceived, as upon the disappearance of this inevitable forerunner of all Portuguese repasts, a most appetizing mixture of island delicacies was placed upon the table by the captain's wife and domestics. A plump little porker, lately torn from the maternal embrace, and looking ready to burst from its crisp and golden crackling, reposed in a bed of thin slices just cut from the fragrant lime. A dish of red mullets, *en papillote*, that a few hours before had been sporting in the pellucid depths of the bay, formed a charming *vis-à-vis* to a delicate *cabillaud à l'Hollandaise*, and the rear was brought up by a capon, that, for dimensions and quality, would not have disgraced a *cabinet particulier* at the "*Trois Frères*," or furnished our immortal bard with an apt simile for the identical bird that he described as lining the interior of a middle-aged justice of the peace. Sweet potatoes, yams, and other vegetables peculiar to the soil, and amongst which I thought the *frijolos* might as well have been omitted, filled up the interstices, and a very palatable light red wine, of his own growing and manufacture, was served with profusion. The *entremets sucrés* I considered problematical, and having done ample justice to the previous course, abandoned myself to the postprandial, or rather post-déjeuné, luxury of

such a cup of coffee as I never tasted save on this favoured spot, and a delicious *puros*\* given me by one of my new acquaintances. Fruits, comprising every variety of orange, shaddocks, pine-apples, guavas, figs, and bananas, replaced the more solid materials, and, in honour of the English guest, a couple of bottles of exquisite Madeira, of most remote antiquity, were uncorked with no small degree of pride by our host, who remarked at the same time that it was very unlikely he would often again taste anything like it, or perhaps at all, as the grapes on the island of Madeira were at this time totally destroyed by the disease.

This important part of the day's proceedings being concluded, preparations were made for the shooting expedition, and for this purpose a very dirty and mysterious-looking personage, yclept Peter, was sent for. I had before seen the same individual acting as a pilot, in which capacity, when he directed the course of our schooner into the harbour, he made a great display of a few words of English that he had picked up, and evinced the presence of the bump of cupidity to an extraordinary degree. Everything he saw he either tried to pocket or expressed a desire to possess; and I remember whilst in the cabin of our vessel, after he had begged for a lump of rotten cheese he saw in the steward's pantry, which he had immediately transferred to some part of his person, he made a snatch at a small comb that lay on the table, observing—"My wife got plenty l—e!"

Peter on this occasion had thrown aside his marine occupation, and instead of indicating the presence of rocks and shoals, had volunteered to point out the whereabouts of rabbits and guinea-fowl. He was followed by two dogs, equal in grotesque appearance to himself; one was of the large double-nosed Spanish pointer breed, but literally all

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\* Real Havannah cigar.

head—the body, either from poor diet or some other attenuating causes, getting “small by degrees and beautifully less” as it receded from the great square frontispiece; the other was an unhappy concentration of various canine genera, but represented, at least to my eyes, a half-starved admixture of the lurcher and colley. These he regarded with evident admiration, explaining to the Portuguese part of the audience their numerous beauties and perfections by a vast display of pantomimic action, but of which, I could see by their smiles, they were rather incredulous. At length the word was given for starting, and following our loquacious guide, who enlisted several urchins on the road (perfect impersonifications of Murillo’s “Beggar Boys”), we proceeded to the rough ground on the side of the mountain, which I have before stated was thickly overgrown with creepers of many kinds, but chiefly the scarlet-runner or lentil. I did not much like the appearance of my friends’ guns (which were of a most ancient and fragile description), nor their manner of carrying them, and should have been very glad to have given them a wide berth had there been an opportunity, but as we could scarcely make our way through the tangled creepers that reached to nearly our middle, and the soil was of so treacherous a nature that we were continually slipping, it was not easy to make progress of any kind, and all we had to do was to follow the movements of Peter, with his dogs and “ragged staff,” as well as we could, which was no easy matter, as he was quite as much at home on his native hills as he was on the blue waters of the bay; and when he found it inconvenient to make his way in an upright position, followed the example of his four-footed companions, and crept beneath the tangled matting, emerging from some opening at a distance, like a swimmer after a long dive.

At length a combined rushing of the dogs beneath, and an exclamation of Peter above, proclaimed the game was on

foot, and the united discharge of several guns, in much closer proximity to me than I admired, that it had been seen, and the howling of one of the dogs, that something had been hit, which was indeed the case, the bulldog-headed pointer having received some shots in his jowl; but no appearance of any game could I see. I was told I must "look low," and keep my eyes fixed on every opening and comparatively thin part of the scrub, as the guinea-fowl never rose unless they were very hard pressed. The under cover, as we descended, or rather scrambled down the mountain, became much thinner, and by the movements of the dogs we could perceive that the birds were running before us. The great object of the sportsmen was how to head them, or, at all events, come up with them, in which attempt some most ludicrous and rather dangerous adventures ensued. A gallant lieutenant of her Majesty Donna Maria, who had been pushing forward at a great pace on the comparatively open ground, with hopes of being in time for the "bouquet," when the game emerged from the cover, slipped, and fell backwards on the shifting soil. The last glimpse I caught of him, as he vanished from my sight round a corner of the hill, was sliding in an impetuous fundamental course, his gun, which he still held upright, and always cocked, having exploded between his legs. I very much feared that he would be dashed down some precipice, but he was afterwards discovered brought up by, and ensconced amidst some bushes, and more frightened than hurt. In the mean time, my companions, who had either better eyes, or, at all events, were more accustomed to this kind of shooting than myself, discharged their guns frequently at some objects amongst the creepers, which I presume were guinea-fowl,—an hypothesis I was confirmed in by the colley dog making his appearance, after a long absence, his mouth covered with the feathers of one of those birds, the carcass of which he had probably



devoured; but as yet I had not been able to distinguish one of them, and having the example of the *missing* lieutenant before my eyes, did not like to hurry over the slippery and treacherous surface of the mountain. At length the cries of Peter and his boys, and more shots evidently at some objects in immediate contiguity with the shooters, who I suspect aimed at the long grass and plants agitated by the movements of the birds underneath, denoted the immediate vicinity of the guinea-fowl, and the probability of their soon breaking cover. Never having seen this variety of the gallinaceous tribe in its wild state, I was very anxious to get a fair shot at them, and shifted my quarters to a piece of standing maize, or Indian corn, where I considered they would very likely direct their course; indeed, I had not long taken up my position, where I could command a small strip of bare and open surface lying between the cover and the maize, when I perceived a column of these curious yet beautiful birds stealthily creeping out in single file in the direction I had anticipated.

I managed so to get their heads in line as to kill, or rather pot, two with the first barrel, and knock over another by a *running* shot with the second. The whole flock, amounting to about twenty in number, were now in the standing Indian corn, which was thickly interwoven with weeds at the bottom. This we surrounded, or rather they did (as, fearing the over-excitability of my Portuguese companions, I kept at a respectful distance), and by dint of the strenuous exertions of Peter and his boys and dogs, six more guinea-fowls were added to our bag. They were very fine fat birds, and weighed several pounds each. Their plumage was much the same as the tame species in our own farmyards, but rather darker. I had an opportunity of testing their flavour at the cabin table of the corvette, where I was invited to dine with my fellow-sportsmen the same evening,

and although rather hard and tough, from want of keeping, they were by no means bad eating as a *rôti*, and, with certain vegetable additions, made an excellent soup.

The following morning, having completed our supply of provisions and water, and filled every spare cranny of our little craft with oranges, pumpkins, and bananas, we bid adieu to this interesting and hospitable island, with little chance of sighting any other shores on the broad expanse of the Atlantic and Southern Oceans until we arrived at the golden coasts to which we were bound.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

PORT PHILIP—MELBOURNE—ANECDOTES OF NEW ARRIVALS—OLD SPORTSMAN—SHOOTING IN THE DANDENONG RANGES—SNIPE—BLACK SWAN—LYRE-BIRDS—FISHING—DEPARTURE FOR BALLARAT—RIDE TO BALLARAT—THE DIGGINGS—ANECDOTES OF MURDER—BUSH-FIRES—GAME BIRDS AND ANIMALS OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD—FOREST SCENERY—CRESWICK'S CREEK—LALLAL—WILD TURKEY—SHOOTING AT CHEPSTOW—A SQUATTER.

HAVING given my impressions of Australia in general during the years 1853 to 1855, in a short volume of travels which I published during the early part of this year, I shall confine my descriptions of that extraordinary country in the succeeding chapter more particularly to the different kinds of sport that I have myself met with during a three years' residence, and the capabilities it offers for the pursuit of the few varieties of game indigenous to that vast island; or, at least, to the settled parts of it.

I arrived at Melbourne in the early part of the busy, bustling winter of 1853, when emigration and speculation seemed to have approached their culminating point, and when men's minds were so absorbed in the grand operation of money-making in some way or other, they had neither time nor inclination, with very few exceptions, to think of amusing themselves in any other way, and these exceptions were generally confined to Government officers, a class of men who preferred to *vegetate* upon their salaries rather than undergo the fatigue, exposure, and risk of gold-digging, and who, generally speaking, had not brains for other speculations. However, having been myself an aspirant to the former employment, it would ill become me to say anything in disparagement of my co-officials.

I was dining, not many days subsequent to my arrival, at the table of a hospitable *medico*, and one not more distinguished for his wit and conviviality than for his surgical skill, and partaking of some excellent roast teal and black wild-duck, when the doctor happened to mention that, in consequence of the rains, wild-fowl were cheap and plentiful, not being more than ten shillings a couple ! This appeared very extraordinary to me, as I had observed large flights passing over the town and adjoining country every evening, and had no doubt that they must have been abundant and easy of access in some of the swamps and morasses in the neighbourhood of the Yarra-Yarra river, which was indeed the case, but nobody took the trouble to go after them. An old broken-down sportsman, upwards of sixty-five years of age, and who had been a game-preserver in England, too old and feeble for the gold-fields, was making at the rate of a thousand pounds per annum by his gun, and it was from him my friend always purchased his game at the *low* figure of ten shillings for a couple of teal ! It is true that at the same period they would have brought twelve shillings in the market, where ordinary fowls were selling for twenty-four shillings a couple, and geese and turkeys at about two pounds each.

The same paradoxical state of things existed with regard to the supply of fish. Here was a bay (Port Philip) absolutely swarming with every variety of the finny tribe, which, in their aboriginal simplicity, only *asked* to be seduced by a temptation, however simple, but nobody to respond to the invitation, or at least in anything like proportion to the demand ; and the consequence was, that the most common descriptions, such as bream and flat-heads, were sold for most exorbitant prices. A species of white mullet, which attains a large size, and is christened salmon, but a most unworthy representative of its European relation, was retailed at twice the price of the finest Severn, and the delicate little guard-



fish was certainly worth its weight in silver. Certain employments, which had been proved and were known to succeed, occupied and monopolized the attention of most new-comers of strong and active frames and determined perseverance, and amongst these occupations none was more common and profitable than driving a dray and horse, at which a hardy and industrious man might realize from two to five pounds per diem; the original cost of his *turn-out* averaging about one hundred pounds.

Nor was this *métier* confined to the labouring classes alone. Many a broken-down scion of aristocracy, who had the *pluck* to succumb to circumstances, and consult nature instead of his pedigree, was doing a good stroke of business in the dray-line! and I remember being very much amused by a scene I witnessed at the *table-d'hôte* of the Port Philip Club Hotel.

A very gentlemanly-looking man, "a new arrival," who was seated at the table, was attracting the attention of most of the guests by the expression of his features, the convulsive movements of his hands, and other signs of some great agitation, when, upon being questioned by a neighbour as to the cause of his excitement, he exclaimed, pointing to a dray-load of goods, just driven up to the door, "You see the driver of that cart—that man, sir, is my brother!" The tone of surprise and despair in which this sentence was uttered was inimitable. He was evidently "not the man for Australia." The very torrents of water that rushed down the streets at this season of the year would have made the fortune of a London crossing-sweeper by the employment of planks as temporary stepping-places, but here people had to stem the torrent in the best way they could, and to restrain their feelings when they read the frequently advertised fact in the newspaper, "Another child drowned in the streets of Melbourne."

A very near relation of one of the first British dukes was exhibiting his talents as a conjurer and magician, but I fear with no very magical results, as his next investment and speculation was in a gigantic wheelbarrow, which he employed in the service of his patroness, "the washerwoman," at so much a load, of either dirty or clean linen, to their respective destinations. Fortune, however, did not smile upon his efforts, and I caught a last glimpse of him, before going up the country, quietly smoking his pipe before a stationary apple and orange stall at the corner of Burke-street, and yet looking as little like a vendor of those delicacies as it was possible to conceive.

I am, however, losing sight of my original theme, "sporting," whilst relating some of the many and extraordinary freaks of fortune that have been, and no doubt still are, witnessed in this extraordinary country. My friend the doctor, who well knew all the resources of the interior for many miles round, was a good sportsman himself, and kept some excellent dogs, invited me shortly after this to join a shooting-party to the Dandenong hills or ranges, a district some thirty miles from Melbourne, on the southern side of Port Philip heads. Snipe and wild-fowl were the chief objects of our pursuit, but it was possible we might meet with kangaroo and wallaby, and there was just a chance of finding that extraordinary and beautiful specimen of Australian ornithology, the lyre-bird. The scenery was also said to be of the most beautiful and romantic description, and being most anxious to get some insight into the sporting capabilities of the country, I was delighted to accept the invitation. It was true it was not exactly the best time of year; but an Australian forest is composed of evergreens, and is always beautiful. Our creature comforts were to be provided for at the cottage of a squatter, whose station was situated in that district. The doctor sent on a cart-load of

beer, wine, and extra luxuries, and we followed the next day on horseback, a party of four.

After crossing the handsome granite bridge that spans the Yarra-Yarra at the western entrance of the town of Melbourne, we passed through a city of tents, very appropriately called "Canvas Town," skirted the shores of the bay and the beautiful village of St. Kilda, from thence to Windsor, and, after traversing about twelve miles of country, all in process of clearing and enclosing from the primeval forest, our route lay straight across an open grassy valley, under swelling hills of the same description. Each of these presented peculiar and different features, but I could not decide which looked most beautiful; one was open and covered with rich turf; another was woody, indeed that was the general character of the country. Nothing could be seen beyond the woody range. The summit of the high ground was thickly covered with stringy-bark and gum trees of large dimensions, together with *Banksiæ* and *casuarinæ*. The shrubs, upon the whole, reminded me of those in the wooded parts of the sand-hills on the shores of Port Philip bay. We travelled over about ten miles of this very fine country, the scenery being completely park-like, and at length came to a little vale in the bosom of a woody range, where the station and cottage of the squatter were situated to whom we were about to pay a visit.

A fine clear morning gave full effect to the beauty of the country which I now saw to the eastward. The summit of the hills above Melbourne crowned the distance; and immediately beneath us lay in bright perspective the "heads," opposite coast, and magnificent harbour of Port Philip.

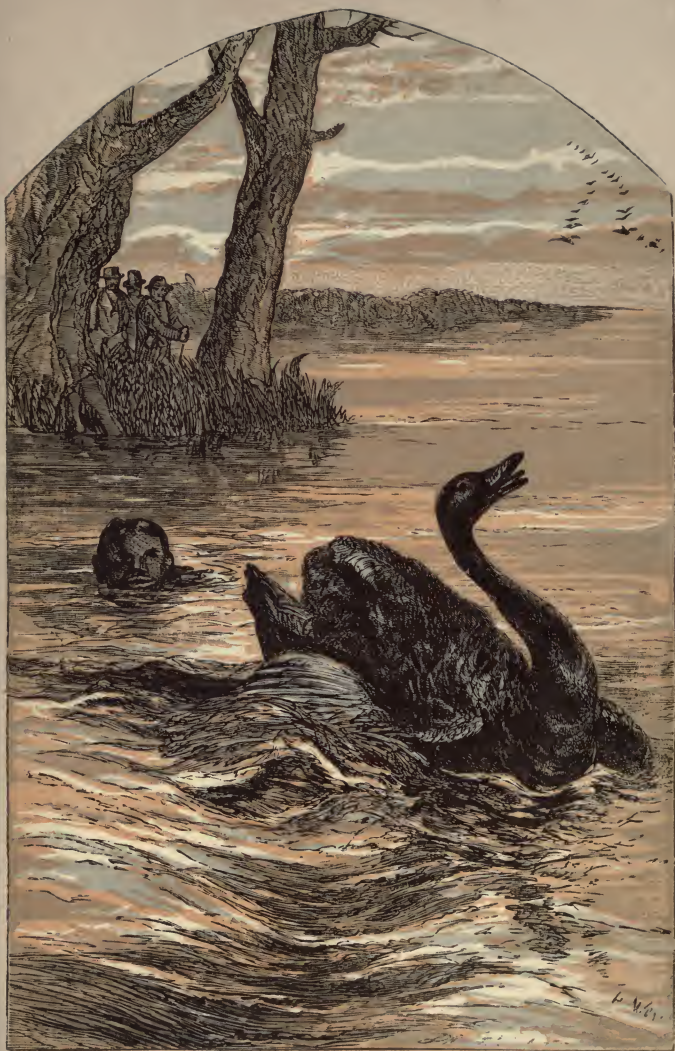
We soon arrived at the hospitable station of Mr. —, and after an excellent breakfast, in which the various products of an extensive dairy figured to advantage, we started on the object of our expedition under the guidance of Mr. —, who was himself a sportsman. After travelling some miles

we found the ground sloping to the southward, and some small lakes, and swampy hollows, with reeds and high grass in them. Wild ducks of several descriptions were swimming in the lakes, and we frequently roused from the grassy swamps we were traversing a very large and peculiar species, which is here called the "mountain duck." We now left our horses under the charge of one of our host's stockmen, and proceeded to the business of the day. We found snipe in abundance, but the ducks were very wild; and after making up a good bag of the former birds, we continued our route towards a much larger lake, at some further distance, where black swan and wild geese were said to resort, and I had now for the first time in my life an opportunity of witnessing the great variety and beauty of the parrot tribe in the forests of Australia, as they flashed by us screaming and darting in every direction, from the small grass parrot, not larger than a sparrow, to the beautiful lemon-crested cockatoo, and others, of all the colours of the rainbow.

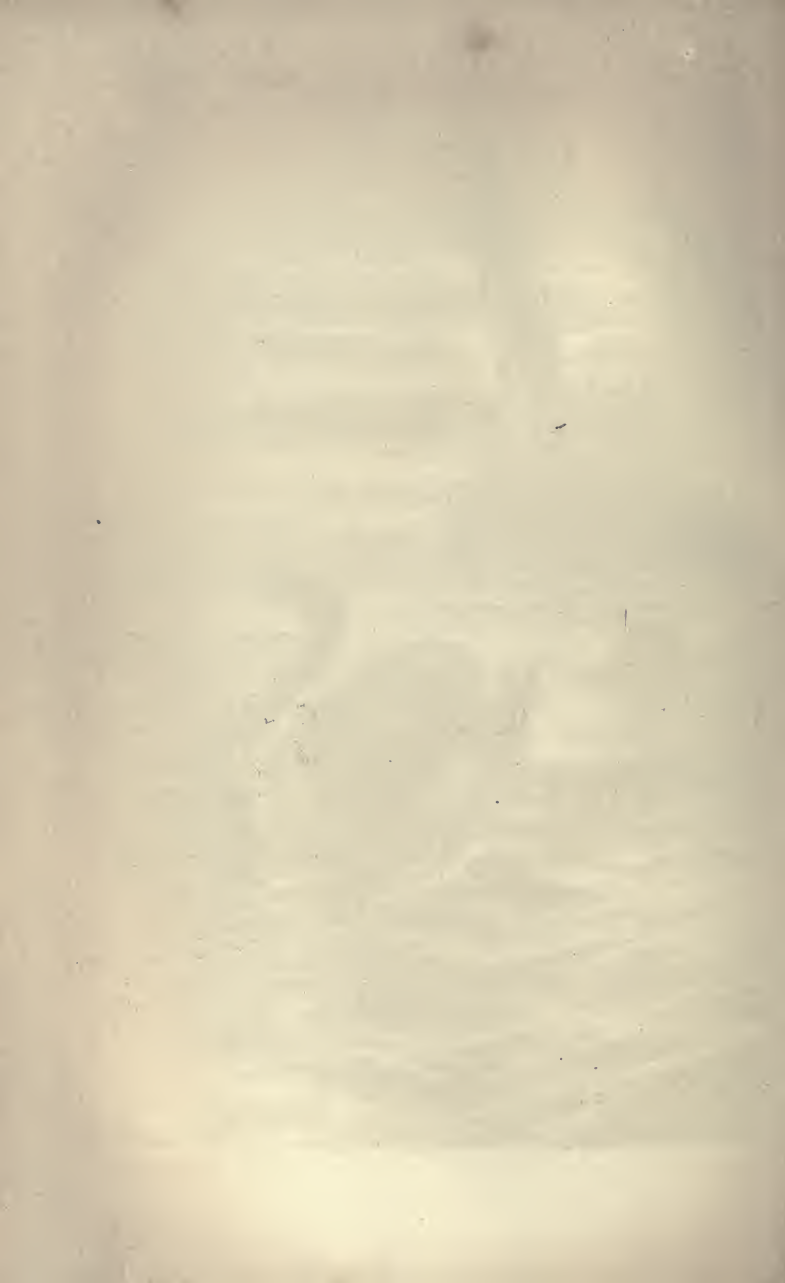
These birds, indeed, are made use of by hungry emigrants, and even others, as an article of food, and I have known parrot-pie even esteemed a delicacy by some; but I must own, from my experience, that I have always considered it to be a very tough and tasteless esculent, and that I have not been able to appreciate even the superior excellence of that bush delicacy, cockatoo soup. The waters of the lake of which we were in search began now to glisten through the trees, and I could distinctly make out, through a vista in the foliage, a noble troop of black swans, swimming in graceful single file at no great distance from the edge of the bank we were approaching. Wild-fowl were reposing upon or skimming over the surface of the waters, and here and there a solitary pelican was standing in quiet contemplation on some remote promontory or isolated rock. One of our party had brought his rifle with him, and was well known as an excellent



shot, and although a black swan is of no great value for the table, yet being a bird very difficult of approach, and if we have any faith in our early Latin Grammar associations, of considerable rarity, it is always considered a prize in Australia, and in this instance we all fell to the rear whilst our companion made his arrangements for getting a shot at one of the sable band now fully visible some few hundred yards before us. This was to be effected in the following manner :—The remaining three were to go round the lake, which was not more than two miles in circumference, and make our appearance, if possible, on the opposite and most distant side from the swans, which, upon getting a sight of us, if they did not rise, would in all probability approach nearer to our friend, who was lying in ambuscade with his rifle. We succeeded very well in this attempt, and although we roused many flocks of wild-fowl from their previous repose, the swans only glided gracefully onwards in the desired direction. Presently we heard a sharp crack, and the whole flock (save one that lay struggling in the water) rose into the air with a loud flapping of their broad wings, and disappeared over the tops of the trees. A native servant of the doctor, who had accompanied us from Melbourne, very soon acted as a retriever, and not without some difficulty (as the swan was not quite dead, and a stroke from his wing would have been dangerous in deep water) brought him to land. He was a full-grown bird, quite as large as any of the white species at home, and very heavy. My friend's bullet had entered the body about the centre of the right wing, completely traversed the chest, and was lodged close to the skin on the opposite side. The distance of the shot was about one hundred and fifty yards. The lake was too open to admit of our getting any chance at the ducks, so that we contented ourselves with a few specimens of the plover and sandpiper genus, and remounted our



The Rifle Shot.—p. 326.



horses for the purpose of going to another part of the station, where our host promised us a sight of, and perhaps a shot at a kangaroo. The country as we ascended the hills became more dry and scrubby, intermixed here and there with open plains; we had no dogs with us such as are generally used in hunting this animal, and which I shall speak of hereafter. We had drawn our charges of shot, and replaced them with ball, and were making our way in line as well as we were able through a thick cover, interspersed with cherry (a sort of cypress) and mimosa trees, when a very large female kangaroo, accompanied by two young ones, bounded away, about twenty yards in advance of us, from behind the blackened and fallen trunk of an immense gum-tree. The whole family received a volley from us, with apparently very little effect, as they immediately disappeared in the bush, nor indeed did we see anything more of them. We saw several more kangaroos at a distance in the grassy plains during the course of the day, but could not obtain a shot, and returned in the evening to the hospitable mansion of our entertainer with about twenty couple of snipe, several plover, and the noble black swan I have described above. I need not say that we did ample justice to the beefsteaks, and roast wild-duck and snipe which were placed in profusion on the board, to which fare our friend the doctor had made a goodly addition in the shape of the various drinkables he had brought from Melbourne. After a refreshing night's sleep, I arose at a very early hour the following morning, determined, if possible, to get both a sight and a shot at the rare and beautiful lyre-bird (*memora superba*), which was very frequently heard and known to frequent the low and thick scrub with which one side of the Dandenong range was covered, and, indeed, the whole country between Port Philip heads and Western Port. Mr. Haydon, who surveyed this part of the country in 1844,



gives the following account of this curious and interesting bird:—

“I was awakened,” he writes, “at sunrise by the singing of numerous pheasants. These are the mocking-birds of Australia, imitating all sounds that are heard in the bush in great perfection. They are about the size of a small fowl, of a dirty brown colour, approaching to black in some parts; their greatest attraction consists in the magnificent tail of the cock bird, which is in shape exactly like a lyre; but little is known of their habits, for it is seldom they are found near the dwellings of civilized man.

“Hearing one scratching in the scrub close to the dray, I crawled out, gun in hand, intending to provide a fresh meal for breakfast. The sun having just risen, inclined it to commence its morning song; but the natural note (*bleu-bleu*) was almost lost amongst the multitude of imitative sounds through which it ran—croaking like a crow, then screaming like a cockatoo, chattering like a parrot, and howling like a native dog, until a stranger might have fancied that he was in the midst of them all.

“Creeping cautiously round a point of scrub, I came in view of a large cock bird, strutting round in a circle, scratching up the leaves and mould with his formidable claws, whilst feeding upon the small leech, which is the torment of travellers, and spreading open his beauteous tail to catch the rays of the sun as it broke through the dense forest. As I raised my gun, a piece went off within six feet of me; it was one of the black police, who had blown the bird’s head off that had been amusing me for more than an hour.

“These birds, when disturbed, never rise high, but run off into the densest scrub, scarcely allowing the sportsman time to raise his piece before they are out of his reach. Even the aborigines, who are so skilful in creeping up to game of all kinds, seldom kill more than one or two in a day. Their

song is not often heard during rain, or when the sun is obscured. The nest is about three feet in circumference and one foot deep, having an orifice on one side. They lay but one egg, of a slate colour, with black spots. The female is a very unattractive bird, having a poor tail, nothing like the male."

The settlers sometimes call this bird a pheasant, but it is in reality one of the thrush family.

I was conducted by one of the farm servants to the "locale" where these birds were known to frequent, which was a series of thickly-wooded ravines and gullies, extending from the forest in a slope towards the plain, and was recommended to hide myself amongst the bushes, in the most convenient place I could find, commanding a view of some clearing, where I might possibly obtain a sight of one.

A drizzling rain was falling at the time I had ensconced myself in what I considered a favourable position, which was very uncomfortable to myself, and sadly against the chance of seeing any lyre-birds; but shortly afterwards the sun broke forth, and I had not long remained concealed in my very damp quarters when I heard in close vicinity those very mocking notes and tones so graphically described above, but could perceive no indication whatever of the whereabouts of the songster. The circumstance put me very much in mind of the same thing occurring when in quest of jungle-fowl in India. I have heard them crowing around me in all directions by hundreds, but very rarely caught a sight of one. The sounds that now reached my ears were, however, much more clear and distinct, and rendered it doubly provoking that such a fine performer should persist in remaining invisible. Presently I observed a slight movement in the bushes opposite my hiding-place, not twenty paces from me, and a scratching and pecking noise in the high grass was distinctly audible. I thought I observed long feathers protrude now and then above it, and, tired of

waiting, with an eagerness that generally characterizes all my proceedings, I fired both barrels in what I considered the direction of the moving object, and had the satisfaction, or rather the mortification, of seeing a magnificent cock bird, with tail erect, and a lyre that would have thrown Apollo's completely into the shade, emerge from the tufted grass, and dart into the jungle. I threw my gun down in a transport of disappointment, and by a curious coincidence a laughing jackass *in propria persona*, and not by his deputy the lyre-bird, which was no doubt too much frightened to be impertinent, burst out into a loud guffaw on the branch of a tree hard by. Most undoubtedly, had I been loaded, I should have changed his tone in rather a more effectual way than I had succeeded in doing with his imitator, but as it was, I had nothing to do but to retrace my steps, crestfallen, but with a good appetite, to the station, and its attendant breakfast.

This day, which turned out rather wet and stormy, we devoted entirely to snipe-shooting, and in the afternoon returned at a rapid pace, and with all that spirit and endurance colonial horses are capable of, to Melbourne.

This, with the exception of a little bream-fishing in some of the salt-water creeks, and occasionally whipping the Yarra-Yarra where it becomes a clear and rapid stream, some miles above Melbourne, with a small palmer-fly, for a kind of diminutive fish, rarely exceeding half a pound, between a trout and a herring, comprised the whole of my sporting adventures at that early period in the neighbourhood of the capital of Victoria. A very short time subsequently I was appointed police-magistrate at the gold-fields of Ballarat, and there, in the interim of my official duties, I hoped to be able to gain more insight into the few sporting capabilities that this new and extraordinary country presents to a stranger.

On a fine spring morning, having cleared the city, and

mounted on a new purchase, which promised to be a horse equal to getting me out of any difficulties I should be likely to meet with in the still heavy and marshy state of the country I was about to pass through, I sped merrily away, with my saddle-bags strapped behind me, and my pistols in their holsters, *en route* for the far-famed gold mines of Ballarat. Having passed the village of Flemington and town of Keelor, ten miles distant from Melbourne, through a succession of well-cultivated farms and private domains, and upon a good macadamized road, I emerged at once upon the Keelor plains, which are wide and open downs of immense extent, used only for sheep-pastures, intersected here and there by low hills and intervening valleys of swampy ground ; not a tree is visible for miles, but the horizon was bounded in the direction of the road I was taking by apparently well-wooded mountains. Cantering onwards, guided by the tracks of drays and the footmarks of horses and oxen, I observed on the grassy slopes to my right what appeared to me at a distance to be a large party of prettily-dressed little girls at play ; which, upon a nearer approach, I discovered to be a flock of "native companions," occupied with the most amusing gambols, indeed just such as we are in the habit of seeing children practise. This beautiful bird, of the crane species, and which stands sometimes upwards of four, or five feet high, is easily domesticated, and becomes a very interesting pet (hence its name), but is of little use for the table, like most of the stork and crane family. Colonists, however, do shoot them, and *roast* them also, in cases of emergency, but they are a shy and difficult bird to get near, except in the breeding season. The pewit, or common green plover, uttered its shrill cry over my head, and covered the more stony part of the plain in immense numbers. Here and there a bustard was either stalking along, or quietly standing in solitary dignity, although nothing (except perhaps a dray),



was at all likely to get within several hundred yards of him without accelerating his movements. Flights of wild-fowl were reposing on the water of the swamps, or winging their flight from one to the other. A long line of horse and bullock drays, and foot and mounted travellers, were slowly treading the beaten track across the plain, in the direction of the Australian El Dorado, and the scene was interesting and inspiring both to the emigrant and the sportsman.

I arrived at Rockbank Inn, situated in the centre of the plain, and twenty miles from Melbourne. Here a tolerably large, and, in the rainy season, deep creek has to be passed, and at this moment there were upwards of twenty drays and nearly two hundred people on its banks, it having become nearly impassable, owing to the late rains, but the men tailing on to the ropes in numbers, manage to pull both the horses and carts through.

Some were hauling at the ropes, some unloading the drays, some cooking a hasty meal, and some moving off the ground. I refreshed both my horse and myself at this well-conducted little inn, and proceeded over the plains a few miles further, where the scenery changes altogether, and the road is delightful. The land becomes more broken, well-wooded, and timbered like a park. "Ladidak" comes in view, a beautiful ravine formed by the convergence of several hills, at the base of which the river so winds that it must be crossed thrice. To use the words of a contemporary—"Where formerly was silence only broken by the voice of the bell-bird, now bullock-drays, bullocks, and bullock-drivers are shouting, roaring, and swearing up the hill, or descending splashing through the once clear stream. On until the beautiful valley and highly cultivated extent of land called Bacchus Marsh is reached, and here I remained for the night in one of the best hotels in the colony, the 'Wheatsheaf,' kept by Mr. Pike, and celebrated not only for its good cheer, but for the

attention and civility of the host and hostess. The morning breaks bright and fresh, and leaving the rich hay and corn fields of the valley, we mount, by rather a rugged ascent, once more into the upland and wooded country. We reach the Pentland hills, where another encampment has been formed in the long ravine. We trot slowly on; the sky cloudless, a sharp frost nips the uplands. The campers eating, drinking, and smoking,—architects, chemists, booksellers, tinkers, tailors, sailors,—all cold but cheerful.

"At Ballan we find the inn eaten out. A horse passes at speed, bearing on his back two horsemen. We meet sulky parties of the unsuccessful returning, and see signs in small excavations of prospecting parties. The forest grows denser; towards the afternoon we reach the hospitable roof-tree of Lallal, the abode of Mr. F——, a rich settler, where all the laughing jackasses in the colony seem to have established a representative assembly. Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho! and hu, hu, hu! ring forth in every variety of key.

"The cavalcade in motion splashes through the broad river, where one driver in his shirt, without breeches, walks beside and urges on his horses, fearful of his dray sticking on the way. Our next point is the splendid forest scenery and mountain of Warrenheep, where we refresh with a draught from the delicious mineral spring. Two miles from Warrenheep the hills begin gradually to slope to Ballarat. The forest trees are loftier and denser, but the surface soil is not so richly grassed. The road emerges on to a rich bottom of considerable extent, and the left extends upwards in such a gentle slope as to diminish the appearance of its height. Within a mile and a half of Golden Point the tents begin to peer through the trees. The black hill rises precipitously on the right, and the road is visible down which the carriers are conveying their washing-stuff.

"The bank of the creek is lined with cradles, and the

washers are in full operation. Round the base of the mountain, on the further side, runs the river Lee, and for above a mile along its bank the cradles are at work. We descend, leave the road, cross the bottom, spring over a dam, and are amongst the workmen. Rock, rock, rock! swish, swash, swish! such are the universal sounds.

“The cradle is placed lengthwise in the water. The cradleman, holding the cradle in his left hand, with a stick or scraper to break up the lumps of earth, or stir up the contents, keeps the cradle constantly going. The waterman, standing at the head of the cradle with a ladle of any kind, keeps baling water continuously into it. A third man washes carefully into a large tin dish the deposit that has fallen through the sieves of the cradle on to the boards beneath, carries it into the stream, where he stands knee-deep, and tilting the dish up under the water, and shaking its contents, the precious metal falls to the bottom, whilst the earth and sand are washed out by the water.

“After long washing the glittering dust is seen along the bottom edges of the dish. This residuum is carefully washed into a pannikin, dried over the fire, and carefully packed in chamois leather bags. Meanwhile the cradleman and waterman examine the quartz stones in the upper sieve for quartz gold. Occasionally some are found with pieces of quartz adhering, the rest are thrown aside. The cradle filled, the men are at work again; and the ‘rock, rock!’ recommences on the top of the hill. The diggers are at work; the carriers descend the steep side, dragging a loaded sled filled with the gold-impregnated earth; some with tin vessels on their heads, others with bags on their backs. The earth thrown down, they re-ascend the toilsome way; and this is the process ‘from morn till dewy eve.’

“Returning to the road, the outer encampment, on this side of Golden Point, becomes visible. A sound is heard like the

continuous beat of a thousand muffled drums, or the rushing of a mighty waterfall. As we issue from the trees the cause is beheld. From the margin of the forest a broad swamp spreads, through which the Lee runs. Over against you the broad shoulder of a bold hill is pushed out to meet its attacking waters, and round its base run the swamp-waters, uniting with the river. Along this the cradles are arranged for about half a mile on both sides of the creek and down the river, forming the letter T with the ends upturned. They are crowded so closely together as barely to permit being worked; in some cases in triple file. At this distance you see some of the excavations, and the carriers swarming up and down hill with all sorts of vessels, from the bag to the wheelbarrow. The enormous ant-hive swarms like a railway cutting, where the crown of a hill is carried down to fill a valley.

“Higher up the hill’s crest, along its sides, and stretching down to the swamp far away to the right and left, are the tents, thickly clustered and pitched, and far beyond, the lofty white-barked trees form a background. This is Ballarat.”

And such it was on my first entrance upon my own official position as police-magistrate at these most extraordinary and far-famed diggings, and first acquaintance with “Eureka,” the “Jewellers’ Shops,” and “Canadian Gulley.”\*

Having conducted my readers thus far, I shall not trespass upon their patience by any geographical or geological dissertations, but confine myself to the few subjects of sporting and general interest that occurred to me during my residence at that place.

It may be well conceived that amidst such a population, and with a small and by no means well-organized police, I had enough to do in my magisterial capacity, although I must say that the diggers in general I found to be a much

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\* All famous mining locations.



more orderly set of men than I had previously imagined. Acts of violence arising from drunkenness, sly grog-selling (a very pardonable offence), and horse-stealing, were amongst the chief offences brought before the bench. Deliberate murder was very rare, even where so many hardened and desperate villains congregated like vultures around the carcass—a simile well-illustrated by the old ticket-of-leave men, escaped and expired convicts, who always accompanied a rush to any new diggings in search of any plunder they could obtain.

Amongst other instances of this exception that came under my observation, the following may be perhaps not wholly uninteresting :—

I was awakened late one very cold night from a sound sleep on my stretcher, in a small wooden and shingled edifice, that served me for parlour, bed-room, and office, by the sergeant-major, who reported that a man had just come into camp with the information that he had dangerously wounded another by accident, and that the presence of the magistrate was desired to take the wounded man's depositions. He further stated that they were both sawyers and splitters, and resided together in tents in the forest, at some distance from the diggings, in the direction of Warrenheep. It was fortunately bright moonlight when, accompanied by the camp doctor and two mounted policemen, together with the man who brought the information, we threaded our way cautiously through the intricacies and pitfalls of the diggings, and gained the gloomy shades of the forest. Having penetrated these for a mile or two, we arrived at an open glade amongst the trees, where several tents were pitched, and a sawpit and other indications disclosed the occupation of the inhabitants. Several persons were congregated around a tent, and upon entering I saw the body of a man stretched on a pallet, evidently stone dead. The shirt was open over the breast, and a wound on the left nipple gave every appearance of his

having been shot directly through the heart—a fact immediately verified by the doctor. The examination of several witnesses went to prove that the wife or nominal wife of the murdered man had forsaken him to live with the man who had brought the information to camp, and who alleged that being afraid of some violence on this account, with which he was continually threatened, and had been so on the day before this occurrence took place, he always kept a loaded pistol in his tent, and that on this night, at a late hour, he observed the deceased creeping about the tent, with evidently hostile intentions; that he knelt down on one knee near an opening in the canvas, and having hailed him, and warned him not to approach nearer, without receiving any answer, fired his pistol in the direction of his adversary, who fell to the shot, and that having been frightened at what he had done, without waiting to see the result, he had immediately come up to the camp, and made the report he had to the authorities.

All this seemed probable enough in the then wild and unsettled state of the diggings and country, and when fire-arms were always carried, and used upon the least alarm; but it occurred to me, after he had minutely described the manner and position in which he had fired at his victim, to request the doctor to probe the wound in the breast again, and ascertain the exact direction in which the ball had entered, as from the witness's description of his proceedings, it must have entered from beneath and penetrated upwards. Upon this being done, we found the bullet had taken a precisely opposite course, having entered from above and penetrated below, leaving a very fair presumption that the murderer, who was a much taller man than the deceased, had put the pistol to his breast, and shot him through the heart; at all events, completely contradicting his own version of the matter.

He was forthwith handcuffed, and consigned to the care of the police. A coroner's inquest was held, and a verdict of wilful murder returned against him, and I committed him for trial the following day to Geelong. By some deficiency, however, or contradiction in the evidence, he eventually escaped with a verdict of manslaughter, and a light sentence. I was convinced of his guilt.

A few days subsequently to this an American, engaged in a game at cards in a room in one of the small wooden public-houses then common in the diggings, during some altercation with his adversary, drew his revolver, and fired point-blank at him across the table, but missed him; the ball, however, penetrated the frail wainscot of the apartment, and killed a man who was lying in bed in the adjoining room. Not content with this, he fired a second shot, which passed through the hand of an individual who grasped the muzzle of the pistol, and then made his escape from the place. He was taken, however, the same day at Creswick's Creek, about twelve miles from Ballarat, and his appearance before the bench created a great deal of excitement amongst the American residents, who did not consider this display of violence, even with fatal consequences, at all in the same light that we did, and were very much astonished when he was committed to Geelong for trial on a charge of wilful murder. This man's sentence was ten years' hard labour on the roads, half or two-thirds of which would, in all probability, be remitted.

The whole country for many miles around the great basin of Ballarat, which has been nearly totally cleared of timber over a circumference of at least ten miles, is one vast forest. Trees (chiefly gum) of great size and luxuriance spread their branches around, and the ground is everywhere strewn with their blackened trunks, which have fallen victims to accident or design, and where a bush-fire has lately occurred the tra-

veller might imagine that he was traversing a forest of charcoal, as the stems stand upright for some time, and present a most lugubrious appearance.

A bush-fire is a very terrific, and often a very dangerous event. I remember on one occasion leaving Bungingyong, where I had been on duty, to return to Ballarat on horseback (eight miles through the forest), and perceived by thick smoke in the distance that the trees must be on fire somewhere in the direction in which my road lay—a narrow open strip cut from the surrounding wood as far as this place by the Government surveyor. Having proceeded several miles, I found myself suddenly in the midst of it, the wind, being in a contrary direction, not having warned me of its vicinity. The trees on each side of the narrow road, and for many hundred yards behind, were encircled with spiral flames, that crept serpent-like through their various sinuosities, or burst out into broad flame when they encountered any more easily combustible matter. The branches crackled and hissed, the flames roared with a sound like distant thunder, and the air was darkened with volumes of smoke, which, as it was driven by the wind in the same direction in which I was riding, I did not feel much of. After, however, having advanced some hundred yards into this “Inferno,” I did not feel exactly comfortable, particularly as I had been struck once or twice by fragments of burning branches, and was about to retrace my steps, when I distinguished the sound of a horse’s gallop behind me, and presently the postman, with the mail-bags from Geelong, overtook me. He told me our only chance was to ride on at the top of our speed, as if we turned back we risked being suffocated by the smoke. Accordingly, holding our breath, and stooping over our saddle-bows, we put spurs to our horses, who were quite as much frightened as ourselves, and after about a mile’s gallop through the blazing avenue found ourselves in a more open part of the forest



and out of danger, having escaped with a few singes, a strong feeling of having been half-suffocated, and our eyes running with water. These fires generally arise from the carelessness of travellers, who leave the ashes of their bivouac alight after their departure, or carelessly throw tinder away into the bush, both of which causes, during the dry season, are quite sufficient to set fire to either grass or dry underwood.

These fires are not confined to the bush alone, where they are comparatively harmless, but often spread over the grass-land in the dry season, doing infinite damage, and totally destroying the pasturage for many miles in extent. It is a curious and imposing sight to the traveller on the plains, who observes a low and extensive line of flame approaching towards him, or in whatever direction the wind happens to be, leaving the whole country bare and blackened behind it, and devouring every vestige of herbage in its ruthless course.

Although an Australian forest is far more grand and extensive when viewed from an eminence than anything we can form an idea of from European comparison, still it is sadly deficient in what, to all sportsmen, heightens the charms of sylvan scenery, viz., game of almost any kind. Deer, hares, and rabbits are unknown. Of the *feræ naturæ* the wild dog or dingo is the only one, and that is becoming very scarce. No birds, in my opinion fit for the table, are found, except the beautiful bronze-winged pigeon, and snipe and wild-fowl in occasional creeks and swamps. A wood-duck, which perches on trees, is sometimes met with. Of animals, the opossum, kangaroo-rat (the kangaroo frequents the plains more than the woods), and native cat, a species of weasel or genet, comprise the sum total, and they are all very problematical eating. The wombat, or Australian bear, burrows in large holes in the sides of the hills, and only comes out at night.

On the open and cultivated land and low scrub a few quails

at certain seasons are the only specimens of the gallinaceous tribe. The lakes and swamps contain many varieties of the web-footed species, together with the black swan and pelican. The bustard,\* or, as he is here most improperly termed, the wild turkey, stalks alone, or in large flocks, over the solitary and least frequented plains, and is certainly the largest and most delicious of all game birds, making up for Australian deficiencies in other respects. Several sorts of plover, and the beautiful "native companion,"† frequent the same description of ground; and far away from gold-diggings, and with a few exceptions, from civilization, the kangaroo and emu still roam unmolested over their native wilds, but have vanished almost entirely from the settled and inhabited portions of Victoria.

But, as if to make up for the absence of ornithological *gibier*, birds of beautiful plumage, yet worthless flesh, abound in these sylvan retreats. Parrots of every variety of size and colour flash and sparkle like so many winged jewels in the sun. The black cockatoo (a living specimen of which we have as yet been unable to send to England) utters its harsh screams, far exceeding in extraordinary discordance the notes of its white brethren. The laughing jackass, from his leafy bower, pours forth his mocking notes as if in derision of everything and everybody around him. Magpies, dissimilar to our own in plumage, but alike in habits and character, form a very large proportion of the winged population, and the wattle-bird, something resembling a thrush, adds its shrill piping to the inharmonious concert. The scenery where the latter species are certain to be found is well described by a writer on Australia:—

"On every side a labyrinth of gum-trees, with silvery and mottled trunks and feathery foliage, which offers no shade

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\* Otis Tarda.

† Grus Australiensis.

from the burning sun ; here and there huge patriarchs of the forest, with gnarled and twisted trunks and branches in grotesque contortions ; gigantic trees, with the heart and half the lower part of the trunk burnt away by bush-fires, yet retaining their foliage green and flourishing. Dead trees and branches lie half hid in the high grass ; the luxuriant green of the massy foliage of the cherry-tree and the oak contrasts with the meagre and sombre foliage of the gum. Sometimes charred and dead trunks stretch right across your road, and you must wend round them. Now and then you come upon a beautiful green glade, with a limpid creek stealing through its grassy banks. The deep hazy purple of the distant mountains gleams through the green branches. For music, there is the harsh hooting of the cockatoo and parrot, the monotonous, clear note of the bell-bird, near the creeks, and more rarely a melodious trill, which reminds you of the songsters of our own sweet woodlands."

To the disciples of old Izaak, and professors of the gentle art, this country indeed presents few attractions. The creeks, small rivers, and water-courses being most of them nearly dry in summer, and containing no fish, except one resembling a tench, but much darker in colour, and named the black fish, eels, which appear to be universal cosmopolites, and cray-fish. In the larger rivers, such as the Murray and Campaspe, on the confines of the colony, a very large species of river-cod, or cod perch (*Gristes Peelii*) is caught both by natives and Europeans with great facility, and attains a very large size, sometimes as much as a hundred pounds weight ; a coarse hand-line, and a piece of meat for a bait, are sufficient for its capture. In the creeks about Ballarat and Creswick's Creek that curious bird animal, the *ornithorynchus paradoxus* abounds, but is rarely seen, and still more rarely shot. Venemous snakes, such as the diamond and carpet snakes, and the puff adder, are common,

and their bite is supposed to be fatal. A short time previous to my arrival a pack of hounds was kept by a cousin of mine, a large settler, who hunted the country between Ballan and Bacchus Marsh. Wild dogs, emu, and now and then a kangaroo, afforded some excellent sport; but the present great scarcity, and almost extinction of these animals where they formerly abounded, had induced him to give up what was almost a useless expense.

My first excursion was to a spot called Creswick's Creek, beautifully situated amidst a range of wooded mountains, about fourteen miles from Ballarat, and already celebrated for its gold-diggings. Several thousand diggers were assembled there, and, generally speaking, doing well; but I had witnessed quite enough, not only of the means employed, but of the toil, labour, danger, and exposure included in the pursuit of the precious metal at Ballarat, and my present trip was for the purpose of joining some officers stationed there on a shooting party at a station in the neighbourhood, where we expected to find snipe and quail in some abundance.

The country through which we travelled to the station of Mr. G—— was remarkably beautiful. After passing the steep and woody ranges amongst which the diggings are situated, the landscape assumes the appearance of one immense park, with all its dells, glades, clumps, avenues, &c., in fact, everything except a lake or river to complete the view, and in that it is sadly deficient. We arrived at the pretty cottage and station of Mr. G——, which was admirably situated on the crest of a hill, overlooking a brawling torrent that washed its base, and surrounded by a garden of European fruit-trees, with strawberry-beds sloping down to the stream. Mr. G—— was a curious specimen of a squatter, and an instance of the odd effect that this solitary mode of life often has upon a man's mind and habits. At the period of our arrival he drank nothing but water from the



spring, or milk from the cow, was a most active and industrious farmer, and perfectly understood the management of a sheep-farm, having upwards of forty thousand on his station; yet at others he was a confirmed drunkard, and incapable of work or conception of any kind. In fact, he made no secret of his failing and propensity to indulge in ardent spirits, and only attributed his comparative steadiness of purpose in abstaining from them to the difficulty of getting them in this remote station, the expense attendant upon it (he was a Scotchman!), and the natural prudence of his character. He compromised matters between his weakness and his resolution in the following manner:—Once in the year he despatched a dray for groceries and other household necessities to Geelong, which returned loaded, not only with the articles in question, but with an additional burden of various kegs and cases of whisky and Hollands. Upon its arrival, G—— was generally nearly invisible for a period varying from two to three months, and in a daily state of intoxication; fortunately, he took the precaution of engaging an intelligent young man as an overseer, who looked after his interests during this temporary aberration. When the liquor was exhausted, G—— returned to his senses and milk and water, to which he remained steadfast during the remainder of the year, but only to recommence his indulgences after the usual term had expired.

On this occasion, and being aware that it was his total abstinence time of year, we brought a few creature-comforts in the shape of several bottles of cognac with us, which G—— resolutely refused to partake of, although we could see what a pang it cost him. He gave us an excellent breakfast of tea, together with the produce of his own dairy, ham of his own curing, chops cut from his own sheep, and eggs from his own poultry, and also the welcome intelligence that both snipes and quails had arrived at the station.

Small strips of marshy land amidst the plain, extending some distance down the slopes, and about a hundred yards broad, through the centre of which a narrow current ran, or rather oozed, and covered with reedy grasses, were the abiding places of numerous snipe, splendid birds, and rather larger than our own. Being a party of five, including our host, and our ground narrow, the shots were frequent and rapid, and many a poor snipe must have received the united fire of five or six barrels directed at once upon his insignificant body. Many spots of this description being scattered over the station, and snipes frequenting all of them, we had only to change our quarters from one to the other—as, in fact, did the birds—when, having made a bag of thirty couple, and the day being somewhat advanced, we returned to luncheon, clean our guns, and make a campaign against the quail before our departure in the evening.

It was too early for the patches of grain, such as oats and Cape barley, usually sown in the vicinity of squatters' habitations, and the quail were now in the low scrub and brushwood in the marshy valleys, and extremely difficult to flush. We had one tolerably good spaniel with us, but he was too wild to hunt close and do the steady work that was required of him. The birds absolutely rose sometimes between our legs, and, owing to the thickness of the cover, were very difficult to find when killed, and much of our time was lost in searching for them; so that, being rather fatigued with our morning's shooting, we returned with about ten brace to the cottage. On our way homewards I observed a very peculiar bird alight on the branches of a tree near a creek, which, having crept up to with some caution, I killed, and it turned out to be that extremely rare and beautiful species called the cinnamon bird. The back, wings, and head of a bright cinnamon-colour, the breast of a delicate white, and

one very thin light-yellow feather projects upwards in a graceful curve from the head.

On our return to Creswick's Creek, a distance of some ten miles through the bush, we came close upon two kangaroos that were seated upon a fallen gum-tree. We were within twenty paces of them, but, being on horseback, they were out of sight in the forest before we could bring our guns to bear upon them. One was a very large one, of the sort termed an "Old Man."

The hospitable gold-commissioner who presided over these diggings, and in whose tent I passed the night, had provided an unexpected treat for us in the shape of two native delicacies, which appeared that evening at the mess-table. One was soup made from the tail of the kangaroo (one having been brought into camp by some natives), and the other a roasted wild turkey, or bustard, purchased from the same source. Both were excellent in their way, the former very much resembling ox-tail soup, but the latter was, without exception, the best *rôti* I ever tasted in my life. The following morning we had some very good sport in the bush with some small terriers and other dogs belonging to my host, after kangaroo rats (an animal about the size of a rabbit, and a kangaroo in miniature), which inhabit hollow trunks of trees, and upon being bolted afford sometimes an excellent run. We also killed in the same manner, and by the same means, a species of genet, called here the native cat, but which is more of the ferret or weasel genus. On my ride homewards to Ballarat the same afternoon, and by a short cut through the forest, I observed a very large black snake, full twelve feet in length, and very thick in the centre, travelling at a rapid rate through the open ground. Having nothing but small shot with me, I thought it better not to interfere with its movements, and allowed it to pursue its course unmolested.

About twelve miles from the diggings, and on the direct road to Ballan, the first stage towards Melbourne, was situated the homestead of a most hospitable and flourishing squatter, Mr. F——. Nothing could be more beautiful than the position of the pretty cottage and farm-buildings of Lallal. Built on a gentle eminence in a large and picturesque glade of the forest, through which flowed a considerable stream, never dry even in the height of summer, it was not only a charming retreat in itself, but from its water resources invaluable as a station. One of the greatest inconveniences to the owner was that his privacy was so much invaded, and his hospitality so much taxed, by parties continually *en route* to and from Ballarat to Melbourne, and who generally encamped close to his dwelling.

Following the course of the stream downwards, which was bordered on each side by wide swampy beds of reeds and grass, the abode of snipe, wild-fowl, and many varieties of the crane and plover genus, the tourist arrives, about three miles distance from Lallal, at a series of waterfalls, perhaps unsurpassed in beauty for their size and extent in Australia, or any other part of the world. This was, of course, more particularly the case when the creek was full.

After traversing the marshy borders for some time this rank vegetation altogether ceased, and the bright and silvery stream flowed on between mossy banks of green and verdant turf, through a flat and luxuriant plateau, overshadowed by lofty and wide-spreading trees, until it came to an abrupt termination, and disappeared altogether, with no apparent cause. But, upon approaching the spot where this phenomenon seemed to take place, a clear fall of more than one hundred feet in depth, between granite ridges of rocks of the most beautiful and fantastic shapes, met the eye. From the deep pool beneath, the turbid waters rushed onwards in rapid descent, and a series of waterfalls of the same descrip-



tion continued for upwards of a mile in extent, until the stream regained its pristine stillness and tranquillity in the level country beneath, and in fact appeared to have thus far cut its way through the granite mountain, of which the point upon which I was standing when I first looked down upon this extraordinary scene was the apex.

All the parrot and cockatoo tribe seemed to have selected the noble trees and verdant knolls that crowned this beautiful eminence as their especial abode, and filled the air with their harsh notes, screaming defiance to an intruder upon their domain. The intricate retreats and caverns in the long range of granite rocks that bordered the falls, and which were covered with a thick growth of underwood, were the favourite resort of bush-rangers, and other evil-doers, either as a temporary rendezvous, or a hiding-place from the pursuit of the police, which at this period did not present any very formidable obstacle to their proceedings or security.

I often made a short visit to Lallal for a little relaxation from my official duties, and, as the hospitable proprietor had given me a general invitation to his residence, found the same comfortable accommodation during his absence that I should had he been at home. Having heard that the pools beneath the falls contained some very large eels, I determined to attempt the capture of some of them, and looked up the large hooks and strong tackle that I happened to have by me in order to fabricate a line strong enough to hold one of these serpentine monsters, should I be fortunate enough to get hold of him. They were said to weigh ten pounds and upwards, and Mr. F—— assured me that he had seen and eaten them of that weight.

Having selected the best materials I could find, I proceeded to Lallal, and on the evening preceding my fishing operations procured a good supply of lobworms at the station. I had an old trolling-rod that I had brought from

England, with fixed rings, a strong salmon-reel, and waxed line, and some large hooks hung on gimp, so that I considered myself a match for any eel in the world below a conger.

I rose early, and not wishing to disturb any of the inmates of the house, strapped my rod across my shoulders, placed my tackle in my game-bag, and took my gun with me with the hopes of killing a duck or a few snipes on my way to the falls, or at all events, having resort to a little shooting should my piscatory experiment fail.

Having arrived at the edge of the ravine that formed the boundary of the first fall, I was completely at a loss how to descend to the pool below. The sides were nearly precipitous, and completely covered with a thick growth of matted underwood, in fact nothing but a monkey would have attempted the descent. I followed the course of the rocky fissure for some distance lower down, and at length discovered a spot where, with some scrambling and difficulty, I thought I could descend to the bed of the stream, but against which, full of large and slippery stones, and small islets covered with thorns and matted creepers, I should have to make my way for several hundred yards before I arrived at the deep circular pool, immediately beneath the waterfall. Another, and to me very disagreeable objection was the probability of meeting with snakes, for which reptiles I have always entertained an unconquerable dread. Depositing my gun in some long grass, and marking the spot with a peeled branch, I commenced a very difficult and tortuous passage to the realms below, using my rod as a staff when I missed my feet, and had to depend upon another part of my person in contact with *terra firma*, and at length, but not without some severe scratches and bruises both before and behind, found myself knee-deep in the stream below, but with my rod and tackle safe and uninjured. I

had now overcome the chief part of the difficulty, although getting up to the pool was no easy matter. This, however, was satisfactorily accomplished, and, having taken up a convenient and secure position upon one of the large boulders that formed the sides of the deep black basin into which the cascade was impetuously rushing from above—almost taking away the sense of hearing—I sat down to smoke a quiet cigar after the fatigues of the descent, and prepare my tackle in anticipation of a *tartarre*, *spitchcock*, or *matelotte*.

I had not long to wait for evidence of the greedy nature of the inhabitants of the pool, having scarcely made a cast with a very tempting lobworm hardened by moss and cream, when a very significant tug at once informed me that my attentions had been appreciated, and, after some difficulty, my captive having evidently some *point d'appui*, such as stones or rocks at the bottom, I landed a fine eel of about three pounds weight on the shingly bank. Every one who in his youth has practised various clandestine modes of ensnaring anguillæ, remembers the inconveniences and trials of temper he has been subjected to whilst attempting to disengage the hook from the jaws or throat of the fish, the slimy knots and desperate complexity into which his line has been often drawn, and the necessary sacrifice of one half of it on many occasions.

- I have always considered that, if practicable, immediate decapitation of the eel with a large and sharp knife is by far the most convenient mode of proceeding, as the struggles are at once ended, and the twists and convolutions of the tackle are more easily disentangled. Being provided with a knife for this purpose, I was in the act of attempting to place my slippery victim in a proper position beneath my foot for the process of beheading, when I heard myself hailed by a loud voice from above, which I could distinguish through the noise of the waterfall, with "Halloo, mate! what sport?"

and, upon looking upwards, beheld a very sinister-looking countenance, crowned with a cabbage-tree hat, regarding my operations from the summit of the granite edge; and, to add to my surprise and consternation, I observed that the individual who addressed me held my own fowling-piece in his hands, which he now and then pointed at me with a very derisive gesture. I reflected that I was three miles from the house, and in a very solitary and unfrequented part of the station, that bush-rangers were known to be in the neighbourhood, and that, if recognised in my magisterial capacity, I not only ran the risk of being plundered (for which indeed I cared nothing, having no money or valuables about my person), but in all probability very roughly treated into the bargain. I made up my mind at once that discretion was the better part of valour, and my dress not evincing any great indications of aristocracy, answered, that I had only just commenced fishing, that I was employed by a neighbouring squatter, and that when I had caught a few more eels I would come up the bank, and, if he felt hungry, we would have a broil together for breakfast; to this he assented with a grin, and remarking that he would try and shoot a few parrots for second course, significantly pointed to my gun, and left me to my reflections.

I must own that I did not continue my fishing with the zest I had commenced, and did not at all relish the adventure, but, as I was completely at the man's mercy, I saw it was quite necessary to go through with it. I caught several more eels, larger than the first, and having been broken by one that could not have been under eight or ten pounds weight, I put up my tackle and prepared to return. Whilst I was doing this *my friend* reappeared from above, and intimated that he would point out to me a more convenient spot for reascending the bank than the one I had come down by. Accordingly, following the bed of the stream through many



stony and vegetable impediments, I arrived by his direction at a lateral fissure in the rocks, some distance lower down from which, by a steep and rugged ascent, the upper and open country could be gained. A cave or hollow in the rock, about half-way through, was the temporary residence of my new acquaintance, who, for reasons of his own, preferred this shady concealment to the leafy bowers of the forest; and here the tin kettle was already simmering on the embers, into which he threw a handful of tea on my approach. A large piece of damper was undergoing a second process of toasting, and every preparation made for a bush repast, of which my eels were to furnish the chief quota. The occupant was a middle-sized, but well-built, active man, apparently about thirty years of age, dressed in the ordinary costume of a digger; a blue woollen shirt, that served as smock-frock or jumper, being worn over his fustian trousers, and confined by a broad black belt. The stock of a revolving pistol peeped out from his breast, and a large case-knife was affixed to his waist. His manners and language were evidently assumed, and he attempted to conceal a certain superiority of education, which by a few tones and remarks now and then unwittingly transpired, beneath the coarse slang terms in common use amongst that class of men. He treated me, however, with rough civility, and, upon my emptying the bag of eels before him, remarked "that the squatters were very good fellows, but that it was not convenient for him just now to approach a station, as he was making a short cut across the country." As I carried no blanket or knapsack of any kind with me, he saw clearly I was not a traveller, and had no gold with me, so that, not being worth plundering, it was his policy rather to do away with than create suspicion about himself. He told me that he had observed all my movements, from my first hiding my gun to the scrambling descent into the torrent, with some

curiosity, as he could not make out what I was about, and that when he discovered the object of so much trouble, he felt very much inclined to join me in the discussion of a fish breakfast, if not in the sport.

He continued, that he had taken my gun for a *lark* only, and to see how I should be surprised, and pointed it out to me against the wall of the cave, but, as I could easily perceive, with *both barrels discharged*. In fact, he gave himself out for an unsuccessful digger, on his return to Melbourne. He broiled, or rather baked a couple of large eels in the wooden embers, and we made a very hearty but primitive breakfast. A pocket-flask of very fair cognac was produced, and many stories of Ballarat were told, but all tending to strengthen my suspicions of my companion's character and pursuits. My own name was even brought on the *tapis*, and many, and no doubt well-merited, strictures passed upon my conduct in a judicial capacity, and the police in general as the executive. Breakfast being discussed, and such subjects of conversation as my companion chose to bring forward (as I professed to be a new arrival, and not yet to have visited the diggings), he said he must start on his road to Ballan, and having made a bundle of what few necessaries he had in a red blanket, asked me for the tobacco I had about me, and shaking hands, departed in one direction, whilst I took the road to the station, very much delighted at having so easily escaped from what I had at first considered a rather formidable adventure.

Upon my return to Lallal I told Mr. F—— of what had occurred, and we despatched a man and horse at full speed to Ballarat, to inform the inspector of police, and giving a minute description of the individual.

In about two hours afterwards a sergeant and four mounted police were on the spot, to which force I added my own services as a guide. We visited the cave in the ravine, and

explored the forest in all directions on the route to Ballan, but discovered no traces or intelligence of my late acquaintance, either from our own observation or the reports of others, and after a long day spent in this manner, returned to the station as wise as we started. Indeed, I have no doubt he had only changed his quarters to some other hiding-place, much more secure, not far from the place we had breakfasted, and inaccessible to horses, and was resolved in my own mind not to go there on a solitary eel-fishing expedition again just yet, but take advantage of the escort to return to Ballarat. The inspector of police considered from my description that the individual I had met was a celebrated bush-ranger, who had lately committed some notorious robberies on the roads to Melbourne and Geelong, and after whom the police had been in hot pursuit for some time.

About ten days subsequent to this adventure I observed on the charge sheet a case of robbery with violence committed near Ballan, at which place the robber had been identified by his victim, and given in charge to the police. Upon the case being heard I was rather astonished to recognise my old acquaintance of the waterfall, and when I committed him for trial to Geelong, he seemed to be quite aware of the coincidence, and only sorry he had not put it out of my power to pay him this attention.

Australian squatters in general are excellent and fearless riders, mounting horses fresh from the bush, untamed, unbroken, and full of many vices, particularly the formidable one of buck-jumping, in a way that would astonish many an English rough-rider and steeple-chase jockey. Mr. F—— was remarkable for his prowess in this way. He had a large mob of horses on his run, and they were generally notorious for their buck-jumping propensities, and I remember his accompanying me one day on my return from his house to







Teaching him to Jump.—p. 357.

the diggings, mounted on an animal just driven into his stock-yard from the bush. The forest, here and everywhere else in Australia, is covered with the blackened trunks of trees of every size that have fallen victims to fire, and it is a very usual thing for men well mounted to take a straight line across it, leaping over such logs as are practicable. We were amusing ourselves in this manner when we came to one of the prostrate giants of the forest, which, although my horse was a very good one, I should never have attempted to jump, and did not imagine F——, on the little ill-conditioned *weed* he was riding, would think of doing. I was astonished, however, to observe him dig his spurs into the beast's sides, rush him at it, and, as I anticipated, make a clean somersault over the trunk of a tree about four feet high and fully as many broad—horse and man absolutely turning in the air. F—— was accustomed to this kind of practice (as he broke in his own horses), and knew exactly how to throw himself off on one side; and, in this instance, without quitting his hold of the bridle, was on his horse's back again in an instant, and with whip and spur urging him to the charge again. The same result occurred a second time, and now I thought it really was time to interfere, and not allow my friend to break his neck without some remonstrance on my part. He merely waved his hand, and said that he could not afford to spoil his horses by sacrificing to my philanthropy, and ramming him at the leap a third time, cleared it like a buck, observing, that had he not persisted in making him jump the log, he would have been spoilt for ever, and of no use as a stock-horse, but that now he would in all probability turn out well. This was a young animal, between three and four years old. Nothing can equal a confirmed buck-jumper in equine depravity, and he is rarely or ever thoroughly cured of this vice. After the most quiet and docile behaviour for perhaps weeks and even months, and

whilst travelling at an easy pace and loosened rein, the rider finds himself summarily ejected high up into the air, and thence over his steed's head, by a series of gymnastics, yclept buck-jumping, which some sudden caprice or olden recollections have caused him to execute. He fixes his head firmly between his knees, curves up his back and body into the shape of a ball, erects his tail, and simultaneously makes a spring and kick that would unseat almost any horseman either unprepared for it or otherwise.

A small police-station, composed of a party of four men, was situated at an embryo township and pastoral district called Chepstow. This place was about twenty-five miles from Ballarat, and the road to it lay chiefly through forest scenery until the traveller arrived near his destination, when the country assumed an open appearance, almost entirely divested of trees. Ranges of undulating hills enclosed valleys, in some of which were large swamps covered with weeds and grasses, and in others the bed of some creek, or line of water-holes, fringed with the same description of vegetation, and innumerable grasshoppers (it was now the month of February) were chirping in one immense chorus over the whole surface of the earth.

I had been driven over to this place from Ballarat in a gig by the clerk of the bench, who resided at this spot, in the double capacity of a farmer on his own account and a *factotum* to the squatters in the vicinity who acted in the capacity of justices of the peace, and had made the trip for the purpose of shooting wild turkeys as they are called, or bustards in fact, which were said to abound in these plains, and, indeed, had seen several on the road, but which, as usual, I found it impossible to approach on foot, even within many hundred yards distance, so extremely shy and cautious are these birds of the presence of a human being in his natural state. We tried to get a shot at them from the gig,



but with no better success; it was evidently not the vehicle they had been accustomed to, and spreading their huge wings, and darting forward with rapid strides, they sailed heavily away, to alight at no great distance from the place where they had been at first disturbed.

The next day my companion and I arranged our plan of operations by putting the services of an old blind cart-horse and the police dray into requisition, having well covered the bottom of the latter with thick trusses of straw, in which, together with the driver, we ensconced ourselves, so as to prevent, as far as it was possible, any part of our persons being seen above the sides of the cart, or at least to effect this plan when we arrived at our shooting ground. We then steered our course in the direction of the open hilly country I have above described. The ground was hard, rugged, and full of stones, land-cracks, and fissures, so that the motion of the dray was of the most *dislocatory* description, and it was only the certainty of meeting with bustards, and the probability of getting shots at them from this novel conveyance, that enabled us to support the awful bumping we endured; and which, indeed, had we not held on like *grim Death*, would have jerked us out of the cart like racket-balls.

The circumstance of horse and bullock drays continually passing through the country must have familiarized the bustard with their appearance, and lessened the caution with which this bird regards any of the appurtenances of civilized life; at least such was the opinion, and proved by experience, of old Australian sportsmen. Having travelled for some distance in this most uncomfortable manner, and gained the summit of a ridge, the driver (one of the policemen) directed our attention to some moving objects amidst the long grass near the creek below, and which we ascertained to be a line of heads in motion, the bodies not being



visible. Presently they emerged from the cover, and twelve noble bustards marched in stately single file upon the open plain. Our tactics now were not to make straight for the game, but to drive in a sidelong direction, as though we were indifferent to their presence, and yet arrive sufficiently near to get a shot, at the same time concealing our persons as much as possible. In fact, after having well determined upon the exact direction to take, it is by far the wisest plan for all the occupants of the cart to lie down on the straw, totally hidden from view, until they consider that they must have arrived in the immediate neighbourhood of the game, which, being ascertained by a furtive glance, the sportsmen jump suddenly up, and deliver their rights and lefts.

The movement of the cart, and the shock of a sudden stoppage, added to the inconvenient position of the shooter, all combine very often to derange his aim, and it takes a pretty straight shot and a strong charge to make sure of a bustard. Another point to be observed is, that if you miss the head you will never kill them when the wings are closed, and that the best time to shoot them, if you have an opportunity, is at the moment they are spreading their long wings preparatory to a flight, and then aim immediately below the wing with an ounce and a half of swan-shot, and a good charge of powder in your gun. All these measures and precautions were taken in the present instance, except the latter; and as we neither of us had much experience in this kind of sport, it was not surprising that upon finding ourselves in the midst of the flock, the members of which were busily engaged in breakfasting on grasshoppers, and totally regardless of our presence, that we should each of us fire our two barrels from about thirty yards distance at two colossal bustards, and apparently with no more effect than if we had fired at an elephant, as they coolly spread their wings and disappeared over the crests of the hills.

Our next *rencontre* was more fortunate. We came upon a party of five in a low grassy patch of ground, and bagged two, one large bird weighing about twenty pounds, and a young one of not half that weight; the latter, as is often the case, crouched down flat upon the earth upon our approach, thinking to conceal itself in this manner, and, by shutting its eyes to all external danger, avoid being seen in return. We saw great numbers of this noble species of game during the morning, sometimes singly and sometimes in flocks of upwards of twenty, and the result of our sport was seven bustards, weighing altogether near a hundred pounds, and in fat and splendid condition.

If any one bird deserves to be selected from the long list of feathered delicacies that are found in the four quarters of the globe, as uniting exquisite flavour with unrivalled size, the bustard is undoubtedly alone worthy of the choice. Imagine such a *rôti* as I have often seen on the mess-tables of Ballarat and Creswick Creek, weighing twenty-five pounds without the feathers, plumper than the plumpest turkey, the breast and wings of a rich golden-brown, and the legs and thighs of a snowy whiteness; imagine this, I say, with the addenda of a good gravy, bread sauce, and (a piece of dreadful extravagance, I am sorry to say, I was once a party to) a dozen pounds of preserved Perigord truffles in the interior, and you have a reality before you that neither Heliogabalus or Cambacères was able to procure; and when it is understood that a large party can dine on the breast alone, without the trouble of any further dissection, it may be well imagined what a glorious appendage such a bird must make to a bush or camp *cuisine*. The natives, upon being furnished with a gun, powder, and shot, often bring them into camp, and dispose of them for a trifle. Their mode of shooting them is well known. They cover themselves with bushes and the branches of trees, and approach

the birds by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, until they come within shot; indeed, without a gun, they have been known to approach their prey so close in this manner, as to be able to snare or spear them.

On our return towards Ballarat, and not far from the track we were pursuing, I observed a gum-tree that had all the appearance at a distance of being covered with snow, and stood out in striking contrast to its green brethren. Upon a nearer approach, I discovered that this was caused by an enormous flight of cockatoos of the pink-breasted description, without crests. By creeping carefully towards the spot we obtained fair shots, two of which we delivered at the mass whilst perched on the tree, and two upon their rising on the wing. Ten birds fell to our guns, and others kept gradually dropping as they winged their way high over the forest, screaming a most unearthly chorus. These birds, when disturbed and frightened, fly to an immense height, becoming at last mere specks to the vision, but their loud screaming notes are heard even when they are almost invisible themselves. Old inhabitants of the colonies consider they make very good soup, but I must own I never could coincide with the opinion. The flesh is nearly black, exceedingly dry and hard, and has all the appearance, and I should imagine the taste, of carrion.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

SYDNEY AND ITS ENVIRONS—A DRIVE TO BATHURST AND THE TURON  
DIGGINGS.

My first visit to Sydney, the handsome and flourishing capital of New South Wales, was in the beginning of the year 1855. The environs and suburbs, particularly on the coast, are proverbially beautiful. The harbour is one vast inland lake, dotted with numerous islands, and on every side of the bays and opposite shores are erected towns and villages, to which easy and continual access is obtained by steam-boats plying in all directions. One of the most delightful spots in the neighbourhood is a part of the harbour, called the "North Shore," situated rather higher than Sydney, and commanding a splendid view of the city and surrounding country.

Here, in a little nook of the coast, I was fortunate enough to be able to hire a cottage, situated in the midst of a large garden, full of every description of fruit and flower, and embosomed in vines now teeming with innumerable clusters of the nearly-ripened fruit. A somewhat precipitous descent led directly to the sea, where, in a retired part of the rocky coast, was excavated a bath, always full at high-water,—bathing in the open sea being very dangerous, on account of the numerous sharks that frequent the harbour, some of enormous size, and which have often been the cause of fatal accidents.

Immediately opposite, and at the distance of about a mile across the waters, lay the city of Sydney, with all its bustle, dust, glare, noise, and confusion; whilst here the shade, solitude, and repose was as perfect and unbroken as in the midst



of the primæval forest. Behind the cottage was a grove of almost impermeable shrubs, and in front a green lawn sloping to the sea, planted with peach, orange, plum, and loquat trees, and surrounded by Norfolk Island pines.

I had hired a boat, about the size of a Thames wherry, both for the purpose of fishing in the harbour and passing backwards and forwards to the city.

The harbour, for many miles in extent, at certain seasons abounds with fish of various descriptions, most of which, for the Sydney market, are caught with a line; and having formed an acquaintance with one of the most celebrated amongst the fishermen, I often accompanied him on his excursions, having provided myself with tackle for every emergency, from the capture of the lordly king-fish to the little yellow-tail. We generally started from the North Shore on the evening preceding the day we intended to devote to sport, in order to be on our ground for the early morning fishing, and used our oars or sails, as opportunity served, for about five miles down the harbour, as far as Watson's Bay, near the heads of Port Jackson. Here, near the shores, we caught yellow-tails, and other small fish, which were to serve as bait on the morrow for their larger brethren, and slept at a small inn on the coast. On the first break of day we steered for the rocky coast to the westward of the heads, and anchored our boat in about ten fathoms, as much under the lee of the rocks as the distance would admit of.

This was our ground for king-fish, jew-fish, and snappers, all of which, from five pounds weight up to a hundred, were occasionally caught, particularly the former, which is a very large and well-flavoured fish. The latter is of the kind most commonly met with, and, although rather soft and insipid, is still by no means bad eating. Having caught what we considered a sufficiency of the above sorts, after the loss of

many hooks, and much wear and tear to the skin of my hands, during the process of hauling some monster to the surface of the water, where we gaffed him, we changed our ground to more calm and sheltered places within the harbour, and anchoring in some lonely bay, baited our light tackle for bream, mackerel, flat-heads, leather-jackets, and other small varieties of the finny tribe. During the best season of the year, which was about April, we usually returned with our boat half full of fish. It will hardly be credited that, with all this facility for fishing, and great plenty in the harbour and adjacent coast, fish were generally dear in Sydney.

A sportsman has little or no chance of any enjoyment in the neighbourhood of this city, as there is literally no shooting or hunting of any kind; indeed, he must go a long distance up the country before he is likely to meet with any, and that is confined chiefly to snipe and wild-fowl. Should he visit the almost tropical settlement of Moreton Bay, he will meet with a much greater variety of game than on any other known part of New Holland, amongst which the real wild turkey, as well as the bustard, figure conspicuously. Other game-birds of the gallinaceous species are also found, and an enormous quantity and variety of wild-fowl frequent the Brisbane Water and its vicinity.

I was so exceedingly comfortable in the state of dreamy repose which the climate, situation I had chosen, and every thing around me united to produce, that had not other anxieties weighed upon my mind, I should scarcely have known how to tear myself from the charming retreat I had selected. Surrounded by fruit and flowers in fragrant and delicious profusion, and floating on the placid and picturesque waters of the harbour, I visited its most beautiful recesses, and caught an ample supply of fish for my table. But, during the short period that I intended to remain in Sydney, I had other objects in view than mere amusement, and as it

was my intention to make a short voyage to the South Seas, in order to visit a portion of the islands comprised in that vast and interesting archipelago, I was on the look-out for an opportunity to put my views into execution. This I was not long in effecting, having formed an acquaintance with a Mr. John Williams, son of the famous missionary of that name who was killed at Erromanga, in the New Hebrides, by the savages.

This gentleman was about to make a trading-voyage through several of the above-mentioned groups of islands in search of cocoa-nut oil, which article had risen to a very high price in the market at the period I allude to (1855), owing to the war with Russia; and, as he had spent a great part of his youth in many of them with his father, and could speak several of the native languages, he was not only admirably calculated to carry out such a speculation, but the most useful and agreeable person I could possibly have hit upon as a companion and cicerone.

Before my departure, however, I determined, if possible, to make a short trip up the country, as far as Bathurst, the nearest gold-field in New South Wales to the capital, or rather the township nearest to the Turon diggings. There were two methods of travelling there. One was to buy or hire a horse, and ride; the other, to take one of the two coaches which ply daily between Sydney and Bathurst. I was informed that the former plan was by far the most comfortable, and on every account, from my own experience in Victoria, I should have preferred it, but that it was connected with too much expense, and took up too much time. So I engaged my place to Bathurst in the mail-coach, paying two pounds ten shillings for the box-seat, which I was particularly advised to secure. It started from the Post-office at half-past four, p.m., and I met it there at the time appointed. Seeing the front boot left open to receive the

mail-bags, I stood by the wheel till they should be put in, as I could not place my feet anywhere whilst the boot was open. The coachman, seeing me stand there, called out, "Aint you going with us?" "Yes," said I. "Well then, I advise you to get up somewhere, for I shall start the moment the bags are in." This sentence, delivered in a tone and manner that seemed to be studiously made as insolent as possible, was my first specimen of what I soon found was the ordinary mode of proceeding amongst this class of people in this country. The coach was a very good omnibus, with four excellent and well-appointed horses, and I began to think I had been misinformed when warned against the mail. We drove to Paramatta (to which place there is now a fine railroad) in two hours, a distance of fifteen miles. The road was macadamized, and in tolerable order, but the country very ugly and uninteresting. A small portion of it was still covered with forest, but the greater part divided into paddocks, with post and rail fences, with muddy water-holes interspersed amongst them, and now looking very muddy and uninviting to man or beast. There was nothing, however, to distinguish the look of the road very markedly from what one might see in England, except the number of sheep, cattle, and horses which one met, driven by wild-looking stockmen in their shirts, white or blue, with broad-brimmed cabbage-tree hats, long boots, and tremendous stock-whips, and the wool-drays (two-wheeled vehicles, drawn by from four to ten horses or bullocks, generally the latter, and carrying from one to two tons of wool in bales). The public-houses are frightfully numerous; yet it seems to me as if we stopped at all of them, and wherever we stopped, our driver took a glass of grog, and then had a few minutes' lounge and gossip, so that we had to go at a good pace in order to keep our time.

Paramatta, as every one knows, is situated at the farthest



extremity of the Sydney harbour, and as far as what is called the river, is navigable. It is a handsome town, or rather suburb of Sydney. Many of the merchants of that city possess pretty country-houses and beautiful gardens here, and go backwards and forwards to their business by the steamers, which are continually plying in the river between the two places. The Governor of New South Wales has a very elegant and commodious residence at this place, and it was here poor Lady Mary Fitzroy was killed by a sad accident, whilst being driven in an open carriage by her husband.

At Paramatta we were told we were to change coaches, as it was called, or, in other words, to exchange our coach for a vehicle which was a mixture of coach, omnibus, and Irish car, with a driving-seat that held two, and a body that professed to hold six. The new coach had a new driver, and I found that it was not the custom for succeeding drivers to be bound by the arrangements of the former, so that I lost my box-seat. The body of the vehicle was choked up with every description of luggage belonging to six passengers, so as positively to leave no room at all for their twelve legs, which of themselves were more than sufficient to fill it. However, as we had no option, and must either proceed or stay behind, we all clambered into the *machine*, and came down upon each other in a kind of heap, which became more solid as we gradually shook ourselves into our places.

At Penrith, twelve miles further on, I resumed my place on the box, and a fresh victim was placed inside. This was a bad move on my part. Bad as my position was before, it was made worse by the change. The box was merely a bar of wood, without back or sides, and every jolt served to jerk the sitter out of his position, however convulsively he might cling to it. These jolts were not only frequent, but of the most violent description, and it was utterly inexplic-

cable to me how the springs (for there were springs) could endure such a tremendous tax upon their powers.

In almost every civilized country in the world, and some comparatively uncivilized ones, a traveller meets with something like attention and kindness; here, on the contrary, every one he meets with, drivers, passengers, and servants, seemed to take the greatest delight in rude and wanton incivility, so that by degrees I really became almost afraid to address a question to any one, lest it should produce an answer that would tempt me to quarrel with him. It was really frightful to listen to the blasphemous and hideous expressions which the drivers addressed to their horses, and one would hardly have supposed the English language capable of furnishing such horrible epithets as issued from their mouths; nor, indeed, could anything exceed the barbarity with which the poor beasts were treated. I have travelled a good deal in my life, but, for everything that can render a public conveyance disagreeable, insecure, and unpunctual, I never found the mail from Sydney to Bathurst equalled. We did not arrive there until four hours after the regular time.

The distance from Sydney to Bathurst is about one hundred and twenty miles, and we passed the celebrated Blue Mountains, once the boundary of the colony, on our journey. I was rather disappointed with the appearance of these hills, with their eternal gum forests, and have witnessed infinitely more picturesque scenery in the neighbouring colony of Victoria. The little town of Bathurst comprises a population of about three thousand, and has risen in consequence and value owing to its vicinity to the Turon diggings, which are about thirty miles distant from it. I found a tolerably comfortable inn, and hired a horse for ten shillings a day to take me to Sofala, the principal gold diggings of New South Wales. The road from Bathurst is tolerably good. The country is composed of ranges of low hills, with fertile valleys

between them, which, until the gold was discovered, were extensively cultivated, so as to make this district a cheap and plentiful one. Within the last four years, however, the consuming population has so far outrun the producing one that the district draws largely for its supplies both on the Hunter river and the port of Sydney.

On the same evening I arrived at the summit of the hill overlooking the village of Sofala, and looked down on the celebrated valley of the Turon. The hills around are covered with gum forest, and the bed of the river, through the centre of which a small stream trickles in summer, is broad, and encloses a very considerable body of water during the rainy season. Many of the holes, or bed claims as they are called, are situated here, and can of course only be worked in the dry season, and although they are considered richer than the *dry claims*, demand a much greater share of labour to pump out the water which is continually flowing in.

Having seen nearly all the gold-fields in Victoria, there was very little novelty to interest me on the Turon. These places and the occupations of the inhabitants very much resemble each other, except that in a numerous population, bustle and movement of all kinds, the diggings in the former colony very far exceed those of New South Wales, as indeed they do in the quantities of the precious metal discovered. Here the population of miners could not exceed three or four thousand. Everybody spoke in a tone of discontent and dissatisfaction, and expressed their intention of leaving for the Victoria diggings. Still, most of them admitted they were making wages, which means about ten shillings a day, or three pounds per week. I allude to working miners, and not to those exercising trades and occupations of other kinds, and this, from close observation, I believe to be the average gains of the mining population throughout the whole of Australia.

I visited the commissioner's camp, and, having an introduction to the chief officer, was received very kindly at the mess, and after having satisfied my curiosity with regard to the Turon diggings, returned to Bathurst on the second evening after my arrival. Having found the royal mail so abominable a conveyance, I determined to try the opposition coach this time. We started at a very early hour in certainly a better vehicle than the mail; in other respects there was little to choose between them. The horses were just as bad, the coachman just as uncivil, and all the arrangements just as defective; and after a journey of thirty-two hours we arrived at Sydney in safety, which was the more extraordinary, considering that our dilapidated vehicle was conducted by a drunken driver, in the dark, over the Blue Mountains.

After visiting the Illawarra coast, by far the most picturesque and fertile part of our possessions in the Australian Colonies, I made a voyage in a small schooner to the Friendly Islands, and from thence to several other groups of the great South Sea archipelago, which, as I have described in a little work I published at the beginning of the year 1857, and they have been so often depicted by other hands than mine, I shall not incur the risk of fatiguing the reader by repeating what the reviewers call "the old tale of Wesleyan missionaries and interesting savages." Suffice it to say, I returned to Sydney in October, 1855, and the following month sailed with my penates in the good steamer *William Denny*, for the port of Auckland, in New Zealand.



## CHAPTER XXV.

NEW ZEALAND—PORT OF AUCKLAND—COLE'S INN—WILD PIGEON-SHOOTING—  
CURLEW AND DOTTEREL SHOOTING—DEPARTURE.

ON a beautiful morning in the month of January, 1856, and the midst of an antipodean summer, I left Auckland, in company with a very intelligent German gentleman, with the intention of visiting the interior of the island, and of proceeding, for about twenty-five miles, as far as a place called Cole's Inn, where the forest scenery commenced, and where that magnificent growth of foliage peculiar to New Zealand might be witnessed in perfection. Our conveyance was a rather rickety kind of gig, and an equally problematical horse, which we had hired for the occasion, and contained ourselves, a carpet-bag, and our guns.

The first part of the road, which was good and well laid down, led through cultivated farms and hedgerows similar to many in England, but the country was almost completely bare of trees. After having passed a small town or village, about ten miles from Auckland, we emerged upon a vast plain of ferns, interspersed with rocks, and gently undulating hills. Now and then a brawling torrent would cross the road, and large patches of bog and morass, plentifully covered with the wild flax, or *phormium tenax*, were visible in the valleys, but little or no signs of animal life, save a few cattle picking up a scanty subsistence amidst the ferns, met our view. Presently, groves of trees, of gigantic size and most beautiful and varied foliage, appeared on the sides of the hills, and after about twenty-five miles driving, we arrived at Cole's Inn, a small hotel and farm-house, situated on an

arm of the sea, and on the borders of a forest. Here we found no very splendid accommodation, and plenty of mosquitoes, so that we were glad to rise early on the following morning, and, after a delicious bath in a cold spring hard by, take our guns on our shoulders and depart for the forest.

Amongst the wonderful and stupendous works of nature, none stand forward more pre-eminently than a New Zealand forest. Trees of vast size and great variety were covered with blossoms and foliage of every colour, but so intermatted with creepers and parasites that it is almost impossible to make any way through them. In the words of a celebrated surveyor:—“So thick are the creepers and supplejacks, that I have often been bound up by them, like the lion in the net, and compelled to call out to my men to come and cut me out with their bill-hooks. There are many mossy dells filled with leaves and branches of trees. I remember to have once slipped in making my way down a gully filled with trunks and branches, and I am certain I sank through thirty or forty feet of vegetable matter, which might have been there ever since the Deluge. All this is very romantic and enchanting, but how does it suit a farmer? Then the beautiful and meandering streams are constantly in the way, sometimes overflowing the banks, and reducing all the level land to the condition of swamps, covered with the most inveterate flax, the edges of which are almost as sharp as a razor. Sometimes the stream is dammed up by blocks of trap rock, which refuse to wear away, and the consequence is a basin deep enough to float a seventy-four gun ship, which it is necessary to pass round.”

Very few parts of the forest can be traversed except by the tracks made by nature. No animals are indigenous to the country except the mouse and the bat, and

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\* Mr. Brees.

there are very few varieties of birds. Wild-fowl, and a very fine species of wild-pigeon, are abundant, one or two of the parrot genus, and there are no reptiles. A great naturalist, who has penetrated far into the interior, says that New Zealand appears to be in so juvenile a state, that we have attempted to colonize it a thousand years before its time."

All this description we found amply illustrated upon our first entry into a New Zealand forest, and therefore confined ourselves more to the outskirts than the interior. During the early part of the morning we followed the course of a stream that flowed from the woods towards the sea, and saw and shot several teal and widgeon, but having no dog we found much difficulty in retrieving them, and turned our steps to the hills, where, on the borders of the forest, we expected to meet with some of the large and delicious pigeons we had heard so much of, and which at this season were feeding on a favourite ripe berry, and in high perfection. Nor were we disappointed in the objects of our search; for we had scarcely entered some of the accessible and umbrageous glades, when their cooing betrayed their presence in the trees around us, and a native Maori, who had accompanied us, soon pointed them out to us amidst the leaves and boughs, with a practised and infallible eye far superior to our own.

The first bird that I *potted* from his quiet though rather distant perch absolutely burst with fat as he came to the earth, and was about twice the size of our common pigeon,\* and we continued to knock them over for some time in this quiet and unsportsmanlike manner, until we procured quite as many as our attendant could conveniently carry. We observed a smoke at some distance, and, upon approaching,

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\* Specimens of the Wonga-wonga are now to be seen in the Zoological Gardens.

found it proceeded from the cottage of an old pensioner, who had a small government allotment of land, which he cultivated, and subsisted on the produce. He was absent at work for some squatter, but his wife soon plucked and roasted some pigeons for us, which perhaps hunger made me consider the most delicious meal I ever made, and which we eat without bread of any kind, and washed down with water from the spring. She told us that they had resided several years in this solitary hut, on the borders of the forest, with only one neighbour near them, and that pigeons constituted their chief food.

We made many ineffectual attempts to penetrate the gloomy shades of the forest, with the hope of picking up some other specimens of ornithology, but were only successful in one instance, which was a parrot of dark dun colour, with the exception of a reddish tinge on the breast. Having as many pigeons as we could conveniently carry back with us, and satiated our gaze upon the noble woodland scenery, we returned to the banks of the stream, and killed several more widgeon for our supper at Cole's Inn.

On our way back the following morning to Auckland, we arrived at a part of the road where the island forms a narrow isthmus, of about six miles in extent, with deep indentations or creeks on either side, which at low water are vast muddy deposits, and where great numbers of curlew and dotterel frequented as their feeding ground. Upon the change of the tide these birds were accustomed to fly from one side to the other over the intervening space, and a person, by concealing himself in some hollow or convenient spot, was enabled to get some capital shooting at them, as they winged their low and drowsy flight across the island, gorged with the *débris* upon which they had been regaling in the creeks, where, owing to the depth of the mud, it was impossible to approach them. We adopted this mode of proceeding, and



bagged some dozens of these birds, in very fat and heavy condition. As this country, although a fine field for the emigrant farmer, under certain circumstances, is literally devoid of any kind of game except such as I have enumerated, and as in these short sketches I do not profess to enter into any political or statistical accounts of the different places through which I have wandered, I shall not detain the reader with any more remarks upon it, except that I found Auckland, although a magnificent climate, an extremely dull and uninteresting residence, and by no means the important commercial emporium or thriving colony I had anticipated. The Maoris or native inhabitants are a very fine, active, and industrious race, and from English example and education are beginning to get so thoroughly aware of some of the injustice with which they consider they have been treated, that at that period they seemed likely to give us a good deal of trouble. Land speculations, and those only generally profitable to the favoured few who were old residents at the place, and *stood in* well with the authorities, were the chief occupation and source of profit to the foreign inhabitants, and many a poor speculator who had arrived at this part of New Zealand, tempted by the delusive advertisements and accounts of land to be bought cheap, and in good situations, had to bewail his credulity, or take himself and his capital to some other part of the world.

The settlement of Port Cowper and Canterbury is now unquestionably the finest field for the industrious emigrant possessing some capital, and is thriving in a proportion far beyond the others.

About this period, having received news from England of the death of a friend, from whose interest I had some hopes of procuring a colonial appointment in this place, I had nothing further to detain me; and as it was my intention to return to England, I determined to do so by the route of

China, a country I was very anxious to see. A ship had just arrived at the Port of Auckland with passengers and goods, which, after discharging, she was about to proceed to Shanghai, in the north of China, in ballast, and take a cargo from thence to England; and this being a good opportunity of putting my intentions into execution, I took my passage on board of her, and once more embarked on the Pacific, to visit new lands and new scenes, and every preparation being completed for our departure, sailed from the port of Auckland for the Celestial Empire, on the 6th of February, 1856.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

CHINA—SHANGHAI—SNIPE AND OTHER SHOOTING—EXCURSION TO THE  
TAI-HOU, OR GREAT LAKE—PHEASANT-SHOOTING—CORMORANT-FISHING—  
SOU-CHEOU-FOU—TAI-HOU, OR GREAT LAKE—ISLANDS AND SCENERY—  
SHANGHAI RACES—DEPARTURE FROM CHINA.

AFTER rather a long voyage from the port of Auckland (New Zealand), we dropped anchor in the Shanghai river, and opposite the town of Woo Sung, in the month of April, 1856.

The surrounding country presented an appearance of illimitable space, perfectly flat, covered with standing crops of all descriptions, intersected by ditches and canals, and dotted with towns, villages, joss-houses, and other curious-looking Chinese buildings. Few trees were visible, and these chiefly consisted of clumps of bamboo in the immediate neighbourhood of the houses. The river is guarded on both sides by prodigious and solid embankments, to prevent inundations during the rainy season. These form a pleasant and convenient promenade, and from the summit a good bird's-eye view may be obtained of the surrounding country. The canals and intersections are all spanned by bridges, so that there is no impediment to the traveller on this highway. Several sampans or small Chinese boats being alongside of us, together with a fellow-passenger I took my gun, and landed on the left side of the river. Having ascended the bank, we observed amongst the fields, in the immediate vicinity, several ponds or rather tracts of standing water, evidently the remains of former irrigation, and some large flocks of what we considered to be wild-fowl swimming on the surface. On a nearer approach we discovered that the

ducks were all tame, but that plenty of teal and widgeon, some of very beautiful plumage, were scattered here and there, and when we arrived at the reedy banks of the ponds, snipe rose before us every minute. Our shot was rather too large for these, and we reserved our fire for the widgeon, of which we killed some very fine and fat specimens, determining to devote another day to the snipes. The inhabitants whom we met in the fields, or on the pathway, observed our proceedings with the most perfect indifference, and did not obstruct us or annoy us in any way; indeed, several passers-by offered us a whiff from their long pipes, and other civilities. We flushed one very fine old hen-pheasant, but let the old lady pass by with impunity, as she had doubtless just left her nest; and even in China, where no game-laws exist, it would have been a piece of unpardonable barbarity to have shot her. After several hours' very tolerable sport, we returned to our sampan and the vessel with six couple of teal and widgeon, and a few snipe and curlew, which, after a two months' voyage, formed a very agreeable addition to our table. From what we had seen of the country, and its shooting capabilities, we anticipated much sport during our intended stay.

The captain of the vessel being absent at Shanghai, fourteen miles higher up the river, and being uncertain when she would leave her present anchorage, we despatched a Chinese with his sampan to procure some small shot, and on the following morning started early in pursuit of snipes, which we found in large quantities, but very wild. The season had not arrived when general irrigation takes place over the country, and they lay principally on the bare open fields that were about to be inundated, for the purpose of rice sowing. They were precisely the same description of birds as those found in Europe, and of two kinds—the full and the jack snipe. We saw plover of several sorts, as well



as curlew, herons, and water-rail in great variety, but the difficulty of approach prevented our getting many specimens. One *pot* shot we were fortunate to obtain I shall never forget. I observed a small piece of water at the corner of a field, and immediately under a high embankment, covered with some dark objects which I took at first to be weeds, but upon a nearer approach proved to be teal and widgeon. We had nothing to do but to creep quietly under this bank, and be almost certain of obtaining a good shot into the midst of them. Accordingly, we put these tactics into execution, agreeing, if possible, to fire one barrel each at them whilst they were in a sedentary position, and the remaining two upon their rising on the wing.

Everything favoured our intentions, and having crept to within twenty paces of the unconscious game, we gently ascended the bank, and gave them a volley in the above-mentioned manner. Eight birds lay dead, and about twelve more were wounded, diving and fluttering about in the water. They were all widgeon, and of that beautiful plumage resembling the mandarin duck, and exceedingly plump and fat. We met with great numbers of bitterns, of different sizes and plumage. One of them (a small species) of the most delicious cinnamon colour. The feathers of these birds I consider would be invaluable for the manufacture of artificial salmon-flies.

The whole surface of the country being covered with grain, we had no opportunity of finding any hares, which are said to abound, but flushed several pheasants, one of which, a magnificent cock, with a ring of white feathers round his neck, I could not resist knocking over; but although very pleasing to the eye, he turned out a very tough morsel to the teeth. Upon regaining the embankment on the river-side, we observed our own vessel with all sail set sweeping upwards with the tide towards Shanghai. We had no diffi-

culty in overtaking her in our little gondola, and found our captain had returned and brought a pilot with him, that he had been chartered by a mercantile firm to take a cargo of tea and silk to England, and that we should probably be detained two or three months at Shanghai. This was by no means disagreeable news to me, as I was very anxious to see something of the interior of this curious and interesting country, and could not have arrived in the north of China at a better period than during the comparatively cool spring months, although not the best time for shooting, with one exception, that of snipes, which appear in immense quantities for a few weeks in the beginning of the month of May, and during the time that the inhabitants irrigate the land from the various ditches and canals, previous to sowing rice or paddy.

Having given a short description of the settlement and city of Shanghai, in a little volume of Travels I published at the commencement of the year 1857, and it having been so much better and more ably described by other writers, I shall say no more on that subject, except that I was treated with princely hospitality by several of the resident British merchants of that place, and found several fellow-sportsmen amongst them who were kind enough to initiate me into the best localities and most agreeable modes of carrying on the war against the snipes, and that during several days' shooting I never saw such enormous quantities of these birds in the same period, and over the same space of ground. The very best sport I have ever witnessed in India does not form an exception. The full snipe is rather larger than they are generally found in Europe, and there are no painted birds, as in India. The solitary snipe is also frequently seen. The first expedition I made was in company with a merchant,\* and the most determined sportsman in the settlement. We

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\* Mr. Aspinall.

breakfasted on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's beautiful steam-vessel *Erin*, then lying in the river, several of the officers of which were to accompany us; and a more splendid *déjeuné* it was difficult to imagine, even in this land of profuse hospitality. We afterwards embarked in a large flat-bottomed sailing boat, and went several miles down the river, and having landed in a sampan on the muddy beach below the embankment, the crew were ordered to keep off and on until they were hailed by us from the shore. We then proceeded to explore the interior of the adjoining country, and having followed the banks of a canal, through standing crops of beans, wheat, barley, and other grain, we arrived near a village where the inhabitants were employed in irrigating the surrounding fields by means of very ingenious wooden chain-pumps, worked by water buffaloes. Many of these fields were sown with vetches, seeds, and clover, and we had scarcely set foot upon the first spot of this description, when the peculiar whistle and whir of the snipe was heard in every direction; in fact, the green and moist surface of the earth, in which we sank nearly up to our knees at every step, seemed to be covered with them. We had nothing to do for many minutes but to load and fire as fast as we could, sometimes killing two birds at a shot.

We continued this kind of sport until the birds were driven away from the immediate spot on which we were shooting; and our guns were so hot that we were glad to sit down under the shade of some trees, near the village, and wash them out. Indeed the weather in the middle of the day was now excessively sultry, the sun very powerful, and we were not sorry to refresh ourselves with that universal eastern luxury—pale ale, a plentiful supply of which we had carried with us. Our party consisted of four; with the exception of Mr. A——, none very first-rate shots; and probably not more than an hour had elapsed since the com-

mencement of our sport, yet our bag contained fifty-three couple of snipes. We returned to the bank of the river, hailed our boat, which was sailing about in the offing, and continued our coasting voyage some distance further; again landed, and repeated the same mode of operations with nearly the same success. Upon returning to the same fields we had beat at first, the birds had come back to their original feeding ground, and we finished our day's sport with a sum total of one hundred and thirty-six couple of snipe, nearly all full ones, and in fine fat condition. Mr. A—— killed three solitary snipe (*scolopax maximus*) during the morning, but I was not fortunate enough to get a shot at one. We also killed several couple of golden plover, exactly similar to the same species in England.

After spending some weeks in this most hospitable and agreeable settlement, and visiting the old city, and most of the objects of interest in the immediate neighbourhood, I was delighted to accept the invitation of an English merchant at Shanghai, at whose house I was residing, to accompany him on a short tour into the interior of China, as far as the Tai-hou, or Great Lake. Our mode of travelling was to be entirely in two boats propelled by sculling, towing, and sometimes even sailing through the different canals that intersect the country in every direction. These were flat-bottomed and very commodious, each containing two cabins, with accommodation in the stern for servants, boatmen, cooking apparatus, &c.; and as the Chinese have a remarkable facility for stowing themselves into a small space, it was astonishing how many individuals composed our equipage.

Everything that could conduce to our comfort, and every necessary, and even luxury that money could purchase, was amply supplied by my friend. Hampers of champagne, claret, and pale ale were stowed away in every available corner, and lumps of ice, enveloped in flannel, occupied the



dark recesses of the hold. A whole armoury of guns and plenty of ammunition were not forgotten. Some intelligent Chinese servants, who spoke English, accompanied us, amongst whom was an accomplished *chef de cuisine*, and in the middle of the month of June, 1856, we commenced our voyage from Shanghai into the interior, by the route of the Sou-Cheou creek or canal.

Our motion was exceedingly slow ; not more than two or three miles an hour, except when the wind was in our favour, or rather right aft, not being able to hoist the sail under other circumstances, as, from the boat's flat bottom and the great top gear she carried, she was very apt to upset or topple over, a by no means pleasant occurrence to the inside passengers. On other occasions our movement was effected either by six men towing us from the embankment of the canal, or by sculling with an immense scull or oar, worked by several boatmen. Our course lay through a perfectly level country, covered with every kind of grain crops, many of them nearly ripe, as far as the eye could reach. At first few trees were visible, except the dwarf bamboos that are always planted in the vicinity of cottages and villages, and the tender roots of which form a great article of food amongst the population, and are, indeed, a very palatable vegetable. We seated ourselves on the low roof of the cabin, which projected about six feet above the deck, and with our guns and a fine retriever dog, belonging to my companion, awaited the appearance of any description of game that might present itself. We were generally able to land on either side of the canal by jumping from the deck of our boat, but if that was impracticable, from the shallowness of the water, we had always a small sampan in readiness for our conveyance to and fro. After having progressed in the above manner some thirty miles during the day, we always anchored at night near some village, the Chinese boatmen having a most super-

stitious dread of evil spirits in solitary places, and of a certain description of river pirates called "Lalle-lungs."

Upon approaching marshy ground of any description we were always certain to find snipe, plover, curlew, and a great variety of the coot species, but no ducks, as these birds, which abound during the winter, had all abandoned the country for more northern quarters; and in those spots where the inhabitants were carrying on the process of irrigation the snipes were found in the same quantity as I had previously seen them near Shanghai; so that our cook had ample opportunity for exercising his skill upon a great variety of *entrées*, of which this delicious bird formed the staple, and amongst which a very excellent *salmi* figured daily. During the early part of the mornings we always observed pheasants feeding on the narrow slips between patches of grain, but as shooting hens that were now breeding was too bad even for China, we confined ourselves to the cock birds, which betrayed themselves by their crowing in all directions. We usually landed, and made our way through the standing corn in the direction of the sound, and they generally rose within shot of us. They were splendid birds, very heavy, and similar to the preserved pheasant at home, but had invariably a streak of white feathers round the neck. Here they were, to a certain degree, exempt from the destruction that is carried on upon them in the neighbourhood of the settlement by native poachers, or rather game-dealers, for sale to Europeans, who are very skilful in the use of snares and springes, and who, after catching them, *riddle* them with iron-shot, to the great inconvenience and danger of the teeth of the consumer, as they have a fixed persuasion that a *barbarian* will not eat any game that is not *shot*!

They dare not, however, offer any pheasants for sale in the settlement during the summer months, as they are likely to

get a good thrashing for their pains, many of the merchants being fond of shooting, and repudiating such an unsportsmanlike proceeding. Not so with the masters of ships in the harbour, who purchase them at a very cheap rate, and distinguish no difference between roast pheasant in the month of June, and the same dish in October.

The chief feathered delicacy that I observed hawked about the streets of Shanghai during the time I was there was a multitude of live snipes, caught by springes, and confined in wicker-cages, several dozen of which might be purchased for a dollar. A very peculiar description of woodcock was now and then offered for sale, but of which I saw no living specimens during my tour. It was something smaller than the same denizen of our woods in England, and the plumage lighter, intermixed with white feathers, but in flavour much the same.

As we slowly threaded the intricacies of the various canals that formed the medium of our passage through this apparently inexhaustible granary, we came upon some very original and curious fishing establishments. The canal was traversed by a very light, elastic bamboo fence, with numerous inlets, conducting into a labyrinth of holes and corners, where the fish are eventually entrapped, and *ladled* out with a large landing-net. The proprietor dwells in a cottage on the bank, where he also possesses reservoirs containing fish in readiness for sale to the different boats that pass by; fish, both salt and fresh, forming the chief nourishment of the common people, in addition to rice. The boats make their way through this elastic fence, which gives way as they pass, and resumes again its perpendicular position.

The cormorant fishing, which we witnessed nearly every day, has been so well described by Messrs. Huc, Fortune, and other celebrated writers on China, that it must appear presumptuous in me to add my humble testimony to the

extraordinary docility and discipline which these birds are brought to by their masters ; in fact, without ocular demonstration, it is almost incredible how much their actions approach to those of creatures endowed with reason.

A small boat appears, punted by one individual, around the sides of which, and at equal distances, are perched a quantity of cormorants of different colours and sizes. Around the lower part of the neck of each bird is tied a ligament just sufficiently tight to prevent his swallowing any large substance. The master carries a light pole in his hand, with which he gently touches those birds whose services are to be put into requisition, and who upon receiving the hint, immediately dive headforemost into the water, the others remaining in their usual position. A very long period sometimes elapses before they make their reappearance on the surface and regain the boat, with or without a fish in their mouths. In the former case, the boatman gently jerks it out of the gullet of the cormorant into a tub that stands in readiness. The birds resume their places on the sides of the shallop, and fresh ones are ordered on the same duty, and so on in rotation, until the fisherman has obtained a supply equal to his expectations, or the poor ministers of his will are completely fatigued, and incapable for the time of farther exertion. Devices for entrapping the finny tribe are quite as various and ingenious, if not more so, than in Europe ; and it is really astonishing to me how in quiet and enclosed waters any fish can escape, except that the vast breeding resources of their lakes and rivers must afford them a great and continual supply. I never witnessed any angling with a rod and line ; John Chinaman preferring, I should imagine, a more wholesale method of proceeding.

Whilst relating the various piscatory experiments I saw practised during our trip, I must not omit the throwing of a casting-net, describing a circumference of at least sixty



yards, and which threw everything I had witnessed of this kind before completely into the shade. The fisherman, a very strong and muscular man, and nearly naked, gathers up the net into a great number of folds, and stooping low, by an apparently great effort throws it in one volume far over his head. It expands whilst in the air, and falls some distance behind him, covering a very large space in a perfect circle.

The fresh water fish of these rivers and canals, with the exception of eels, which are, I believe, common to the whole world, are of kinds unknown in Europe, and of many curious shapes and colours.

After several days spent in shooting, and observing the manners and customs of the inhabitants, from whom we did not receive the slightest obstruction or annoyance of any kind, and passing many populous towns and villages, where fruits, vegetables, fish, poultry, and provisions of all kinds were abundant, cheap, and easily attainable, and where upon appearing on shore we excited much curiosity, we arrived near the great walled city of Sou-Cheou-Fou, one of the largest in China, and said to contain a million of inhabitants. It is surnamed by the Chinese "the paradise of the earth," from the number of sensual luxuries it is reported to contain, and the merchants are said to derive immense profits from the manufacture and sale of the most beautiful silks.

Here rich Chinamen indulge in every species of sensual debauchery in private, not daring to exhibit their wealth in public, owing to the rapacity of the mandarins, who would be sure to squeeze them, as it is termed, on the first opportunity; and the women are celebrated for their beauty and accomplishments, or such accomplishments as Chinese women possess, which are chiefly directed to administer to the worst passions of the opposite sex. Few, if any, Europeans have been able to penetrate within the walls of this city, of which the Chinese Imperialists were at this time exceedingly

cautious and jealous, and were, at the period of my visit, so much intimidated by the presence of a rebel force encamped at no great distance, that the attempt would have been more difficult and hazardous than ever. We navigated the canal (having a good view of everything through the windows of our cabin without being seen ourselves) through the suburban parts of the city for several hours, amidst junks of all sizes and descriptions, and amidst houses, buildings, warehouses, and shops swarming with human beings of both sexes. At many of the windows, composed of trellis work or a sort of enclosed balcony, groups of gaudily apparelled females were gaily ogling the passengers by the different boats, or smoking their long pipes, presenting a picture very similar in appearance to what we have always been accustomed to regard with wonder and admiration on our dinner or tea-services in England.

The male part of the population were following their various callings with all the noise, bustle, and activity which characterize this extraordinary nation, and the sounds that met our ears, the sights that greeted our eyes, and the scents that invaded our nostrils, formed a sum total of abominations that went far to realize the most florid descriptions of Chinese life.

After many concussions, obstructions, and stoppages we encountered amidst this chaos of boats, mercantile establishments, and other impediments, in a comparatively narrow canal, we emerged after some hours' navigation into a broader channel, and obtained a view of the turreted walls of the city, embracing many miles in extent, even on the side from which we could catch a glimpse of it. A broad fosse or moat surrounded it, on each side of which gardens and orchards appeared to be cultivated with care; groves of trees, and stately pagodas rose up in relief far above the ramparts, and tantalized us with the wish to penetrate

within the proscribed limits. Having traversed the suburbs, we again reached the open country, and passed along the base of a range of hills, beautifully wooded nearly to their summits, and covered with pagodas, old tombs, joss-houses, and various relics of ancient Chinese architecture.

The features of the country were gradually changing, and the fields of grain, although still very abundant, were giving way to groves of mulberry trees. We were approaching the great silk district.

We brought up our boats for the night several miles on the left bank of the canal, where the marshy ground, under wide irrigation, promised a fine field for sport on the following day; indeed, with the exception of the banks, which were lined with mulberry trees, the whole surface of the country began to assume a swampy appearance; large beds of high reeds were visible here and there, with aqueous grasses, and plants of all descriptions, and we were evidently approaching some great inland depository or source of the numerous intersecting channels that were now visible in all directions.

On landing early in the morning, and selecting a wide extent of green rushes for our field of operations, I tried the following system of beating for any game that might be found.

Having procured a piece of cord about one hundred yards in length, I directed two of our boatmen to hold each extremity, and placed several others, at equal distances, holding on in the centre. In this position they were ordered to march in line, dragging the rope along the low reeds, whilst we walked a few paces before them. In spite of the numerous obstructions, in the shape of ditches, water-holes, &c., into which both we and our beaters were continually falling, our plan proved tolerably successful; and, in addition to snipe, and a very dark-coloured sort of quail, many kinds of

water-fowl rose before us, amongst which was an extraordinary variety of small bitterns of different plumage.

We returned to breakfast satiated with the morning's sport, and with proportionate appetites.

On pursuing our voyage this day the grain-fields totally disappeared, and we entered a vast inland swamp or marsh, intersected by small canals, and covered with high reeds. Flights of white herons, pelicans, and different sorts of cranes passed continually over us, but not in shot, and no ducks were visible. We attempted landing once or twice, with a view of exploring the immense morass that lay stretched around us, but although we were not easily daunted by a little wetting, and travelled in very light marching order, were very soon glad to return to our boats, and had some difficulty in extricating ourselves from the mud, in which we now and then sunk to our waists. Shooting was out of the question; our retriever, a noble dog of more than half Newfoundland breed, found the treacherous bog too much for him, and felt just as nervous as ourselves, and we had nothing to do but to beat a retreat.

This district, which extends for about twenty miles, and to the borders of the Great Lake, has, in fact, been reclaimed from it by a slow, yet persevering system of draining, and the inhabitants were beginning to cultivate parts of it. During winter my friend informed me it was covered by innumerable flocks of wild-fowl, from every variety of the swan and goose tribe to the most minute teal, but not one of these birds did we see during the course of our tour. Every other description of water-fowl, such as the coot and rail species, sanderling, plover, curlew, bittern, and snipe we found in the greatest profusion and variety, and no wild animals of any kind either greeted our sight or fell a victim to our guns. Towards the evening large groves of mulberry trees skirted the edges of the morass; detached hills, covered



with foliage, appeared in sight, and after emerging from beneath the high and overshadowed banks of a canal, we suddenly found ourselves launched upon the Tai-hou, or Great Lake, here, at the entrance, extremely shallow, and it was as much as we could do to make our way even in our boats, that drew very little water.

We came to anchor near a handsome town constructed of granite (which is here found of the finest quality), at the foot of a mountain, and were quickly surrounded by numbers of boats, attracted by curiosity, as we no longer concealed our persons, as at Sou-Cheou-Fou, and to dispose of fruits and vegetables. The people were all remarkably civil, and we soon landed, with the view of ascending the mountain named Tung-Tang-Ting-San, about a thousand feet high. Many of the natives accompanied us, and several Buddhist priests. We passed groves of evergreens, amongst which the cypress predominated, and where vast numbers of ancient tombs, temples, and joss-houses were scattered about, and on arriving, by a rather steep ascent, at the summit of the mountain, the prospect embraced what might have been termed an inland ocean, studded with islands, the shores of which were lined with towns and villages, and the slopes of the hills covered with pagodas, temples, and tombs, embosomed in foliage. The whole of this magnificent panorama was lighted up and gilded by the setting sun, and in contrast to the flat uninteresting country through which we had hitherto passed, the effect was magnificent in the extreme. The circumference of the Tai-hou Lake, including all its sinuosities, is said to be three thousand eight hundred lee, or more than one thousand miles, but rarely more than a few fathoms in depth. In fact it is a vast inland swamp, continually undergoing the process of draining on all sides, and gradually diminishing in size and depth. We saw no game-birds of any kind, but great numbers of rooks fre-

quented the groves, and large falcons hovered over our heads. Here also I was much disappointed in not finding hares, rabbits, or beasts of any kind.

The next morning we hired a fast-sailing country boat, and visited the sacred island of Tee-Tung-Ting-San, about twenty miles distant, inhabited entirely by Buddhist priests. Their temples are built on terraces formed along the sides of the mountain, amidst groves of evergreens and orchards of fruit trees ; the vine, orange, peach, and loquat being the chief productions, always excepting the mulberry, which is here tended and cultivated with the greatest care ; and almost every individual in these districts, which extend for more than two hundred miles, is an owner and propagator of silk-worms. More raw and manufactured silk is made in them than in the whole of Europe combined during the year, and enormous quantities exported to Europe and America. A total stillness seemed to pervade the island, and everything appeared wrapped in profound repose, which is in fact a leading feature in the Buddhist creed.

Some priests whom we met, like ghosts gliding about in their dingy white garments through their sacred groves, were, however, very civil to us, and pointed out what they considered best worth seeing in their temples, and the finest prospects from the mountain. I sadly disturbed their tranquillity by shooting one of the large falcons which were hovering over our heads, and which fell, with some force, on the head of a sleepy minister of Buddha. The presence of vast numbers of these birds was a sufficient reason to me for the absence of all game ; indeed the only birds of any edible kind that we saw were a few turtle doves, which are common everywhere in China.

The priests regaled us with tea in the Chinese fashion, without milk or sugar. A very old man, who asserted that he was ninety-four years of age, expatiated much on

the advantages of awaiting dissolution in a state of calm repose, and expressed his astonishment that any one should prefer a life of bustle and activity to quiet and retirement.

They did not seem to bestow much attention on the few idols we saw, or trouble themselves with any doctrinal points of theology. Burning a few fragrant *joss-sticks* and *incense* comprised the sum total of their devotions. They place implicit reliance on the immortality of the soul, and pay more respect to the dead than the living ; in fact, except a little outward show, an almost universal indifference to religion is supposed to prevail in China.

After some time spent in this lovely spot we embarked again, and sailed to the opposite coast, where we found the same description of scenery and inhabitants. The islands on the lake are chiefly inhabited by rich private families and Buddhist priests. Immense tracts of land are everywhere taken up by cemeteries of very ancient date, full of groves of cedar, cypress, myrtle, and other evergreens. Granite tombs of great variety of size and form are scattered everywhere, and the joss-houses are very numerous. The same evening we rejoined our own boats, not thinking it necessary to explore the lake any farther, the scenery being exactly the same for several hundred miles, and again ascended the mountain Tung-Tang-Ting-San to gaze upon the glorious prospect from it, probably for the last time in our lives.

We returned to Shanghai by a somewhat different route to that by which we had arrived, avoided the city of Sou-Cheou-Fou, and passing through a chain of small lakes, gained the Shanghai river, at a distance of about sixty miles from that city, down which we floated in a short time to the settlement, after an absence of ten days, spent in the most agreeable and interesting manner. It is true that, in a sporting point of view, our success was nothing extraordinary, but it must

be borne in mind that this was the worst season of the year, when the wild-fowl had departed. Birds of all kinds were breeding, and the ground covered with standing crops.

Shortly after our return from this most interesting excursion, my friend, wishing to show me a Chinese entertainment in the native style, procured an invitation for me, through the medium of his comprador, to a dinner given by a merchant in the city connected with the European hong.

The table was spread in the centre of a light and airy apartment, the cornices and panels of which were prettily gilded, painted, and decorated with pictures, mirrors, and paper lanterns. The party, with the exception of my friend, consisted of twelve richly-dressed and long-tailed celestials, and the board was covered with an infinity of small dishes or saucers, each containing some particular condiment in homœopathic proportions. Before each guest was laid a saucer, a small cup, and a pair of chop-sticks (we had clandestinely brought each a tea-spoon and small fork in our pockets, not being by any means *au fait* to this peculiar method of feeding, and which nothing but the ingenuity of a Chinese could have adapted to this purpose—eating peas with a two-pronged fork is child's play to it), and small pewter jugs, containing samchou—spirit made from rice—diluted, and drank warm, were placed near each cover. Birds'-nest soup, of a thick glutinous substance, was first served in small cups, and of which the Chinese partook by holding the cup to their mouths, and assisting the disposal of the contents by their chop-sticks.

Although possessed with certain feelings of repugnance for this far-famed delicacy, I boldly plunged my spoon into my cup, and found the mixture by no means unpalatable. Boiled rice was freely used on a separate plate, as an accompaniment to almost everything—indeed seemed to occupy the place of bread. To describe the contents of anything like



the variety of *plats* before us is a task far beyond my powers. All the elements had furnished their different contingents. The *beche de la mer*, or sea-slug, obtained from the islands of the Pacific, and dressed in various ways, was a favourite dish; a part of the preserved and cured fins of the shark formed another very high-flavoured *entrée*. Fish of many kinds, and in minute portions, fried, and *à la sauce Chinoise*, ducks, frogs, rats! and vegetables of several kinds, but particularly broad beans, appeared in every shape of oily and greasy preparation, many of which I tasted with a nervous anxiety that betrayed anything but a legitimate appetite.

On the first course being removed, it was replaced by sweetmeats, sugar-plums, and *entremets sucrés*, purely Chinese, amongst which figured ices, a luxury very much appreciated by Shanghai *bon vivants*, and the *finale* of the entertainment was a dessert of all the fruits then in season, or attainable from a distance, and at which was produced, I presume in compliment to the European guests, some bottles of champagne, delightful substitute for the detestable samchou, and which appeared to be very well appreciated by the celestials, who became more noisy and convivial upon its being broached.

About this time the annual races were about to take place, and I saw some very tolerable racing, on a very pretty course that had been made close to the town by the European residents. The horses were chiefly Arabs, imported from India, and other horses from the Colonies. Some of the stakes were very well contested, and the horses well ridden by amateur jockeys. The most amusing part of the scene was, however, the last race of all, which was a plate given by the Jockey Club, to be run for by Chinamen on Chinese ponies.

A Chinaman can use his hands and legs as well as most men, but has little or no idea of equitation. His saddle is a kind of nondescript nest of sheepskins, in which he is

absolutely buried, but from which he often contrives to make his exit upon any playful caprice of his steed.

Imagine, then, some dozen shaggy ponies, of every shape, colour, and size, and resembling bears or other wild beasts far more than any specimens of the equine genus, mounted by Chinese jockeys of the most ludicrous appearance and costume, their long tails projecting far behind, and swinging about at every motion of their steed, and their persons almost entirely hidden by the multiplicity of their garments and the size of their housings. Upon the start being effected, several of them are sure to lose their seats in the first instance, and roll over in the dust, their ponies leaving them to their fate, and following the others. Those who are sufficiently fortunate to keep their seats continue to gallop until some accident occurs, which is generally the case with most of them, and rarely more than two or three accomplish the distance in safety. These, however, can never be persuaded to stop but think it essential to continue their career until the pony himself considers it quite necessary to put a stop to such a tax upon his endurance, and the one who lasts out the longest at this peculiar description of racing gains the prize.

Balls and dinner-parties of the most sumptuous description generally terminate the racing festivities. The tables of the European merchants in China will bear comparison with almost any in the world. A Chinaman, with a little instruction from a French *cuisinier*, soon attains all the knowledge and perfection of his master, and becomes a great proficient in all the light and ornamental parts of the art. Nature has supplied almost every European delicacy, and many that are not found in Europe. Meat of all kinds is good and plentiful; poultry abundant, and in great variety; the markets furnish a wonderful quantity of sea and freshwater fish, many of them of delicious flavour, and game of different kinds is to be had in and out of the season. Vege-

tables of all kinds, including excellent potatoes, are cultivated with care, and arrive at great perfection in China, and most European horticultural specimens, as well as a large assortment of tropical ones, are served up at the tables of these merchant princes. Fruits, including a great proportion of those indigenous to England, such as the pear, peach, plum, strawberry, &c., are grown in and near Shanghai, and all the most delicious products of the tropics are conveyed thither by the steamers which are continually arriving from the south of China. Ice is always procurable, and in great abundance during the hot weather; and Tortoni himself would not be disgraced by many a Chinaman's achievements as a *glacier*. Wines and liqueurs of the finest quality are not wanting to add their genial influence to the festive board.

Our vessel had now nearly completed her cargo of tea and silks, and preparations were made for our departure, although the monsoon (we were now at the latter end of July) was dead against us, and our prospects of working up against it in the China seas were anything but encouraging. The snipes had departed, and the summer season had set in with an intensity of heat and glare that no one who has not felt it can very well imagine, and no European appeared in the open air until the evening. Under these circumstances I was not sorry once more to "brave the dangers of the sea," and upon the 24th of July, 1856, we dropped down the Shanghai river on our homeward-bound passage.

THE END.

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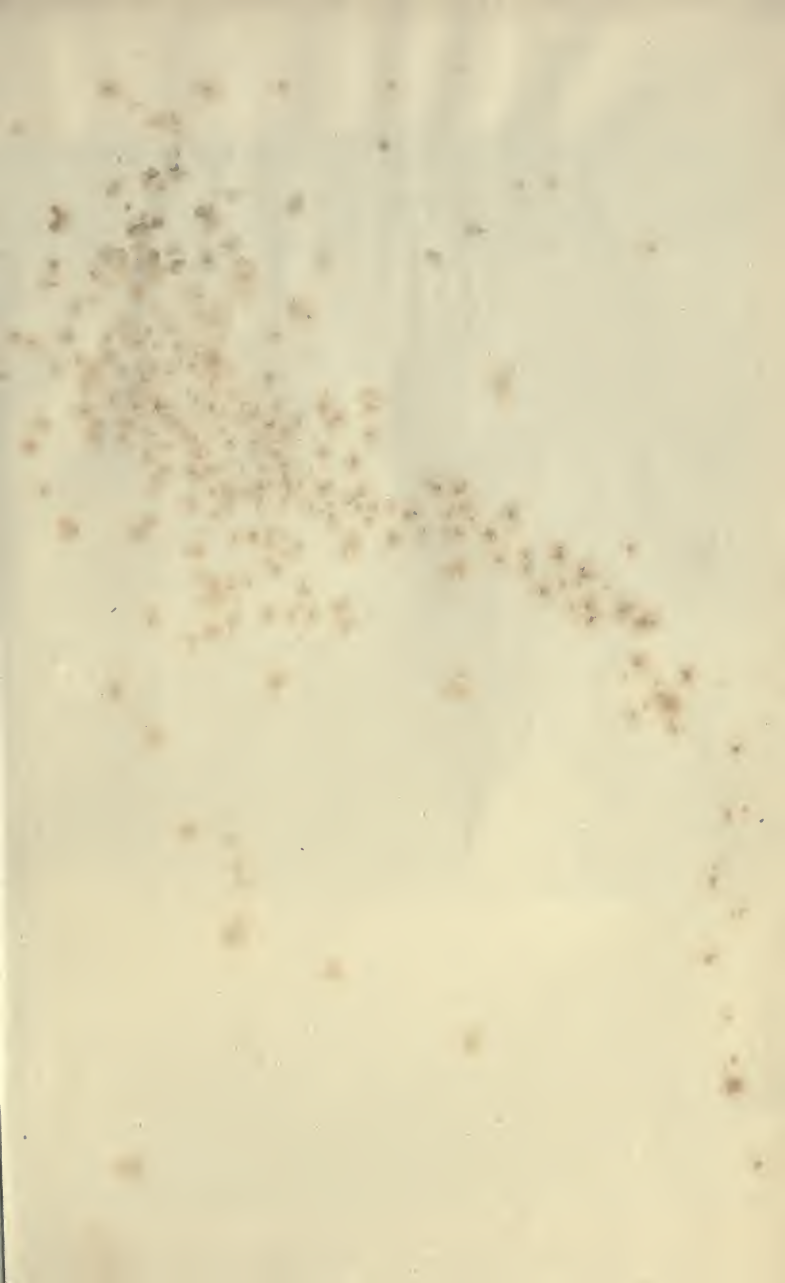
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